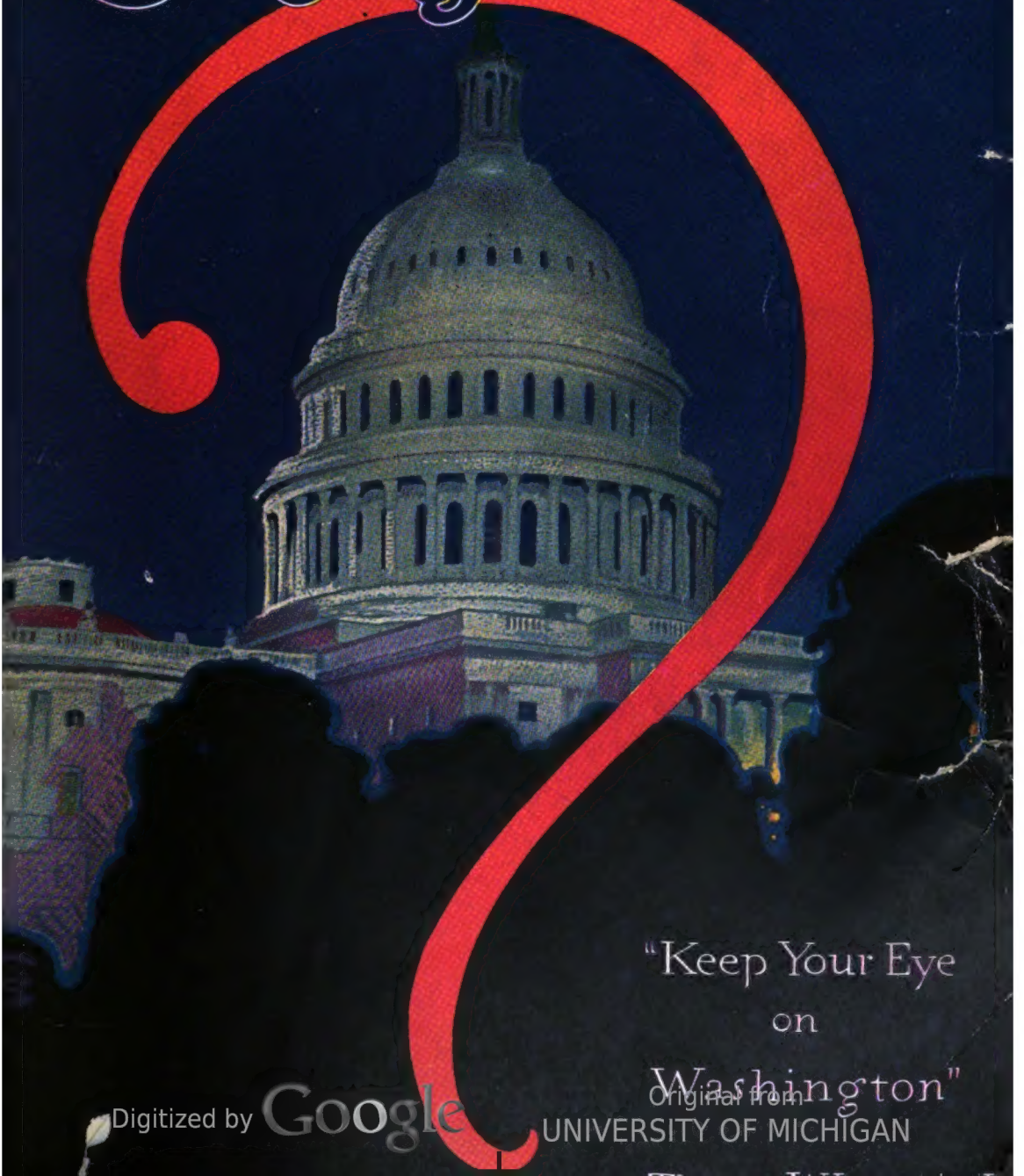
May

15 Cent

Everybody's Magazine



"Keep Your Eye on Washington"

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PLAYING HOOKEY

Painted by Leslie Thrasher for Cream of Wheat Co.

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EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* MAY

MAY *hath* 31 days — *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS — 1913

INTERESTING ITEMS

Two square miles of pine forest would furnish lumber enough for the matches borrowed in 1 yr. 2 mos. 6 da. by any New York newspaper reporter.

This department is trying to find out the name of the man who likes the kind of sherbet served at banquets.

The population of New York City is 5,138,690, of whom 5,138,688 consider Eva Tanguay amusing.

CODILUVIAN JOKE

"Aha!" quoth Father Noah,
"Speaking of this here ark,
It ain't no ocean greyhound,
But it's quite some little barque."

FARMER'S CALENDAR

Automobile lamps must be lighted at 7:13 P.M. on May 1; one minute later each night until May 31.

Now that the warm weather is approaching, farmers may open their windows for an hour in the early afternoon.

About this time plant all the 9% money you can.

This is also a good time to tell the baggage-man at the depot that you don't wholly (hully in New England) approve of President Wilson's Cabinet.

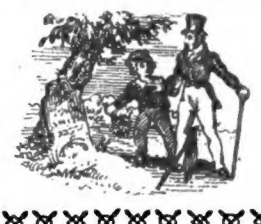
SIGNS OF SPRING

Horace: Book I, Ode 4.
"*Solvitur acris hiemps—*"

Winter winds have blown away;
Shines again the sun of May.
Cows no longer seek the stables;
City folks consult time-tables.

Venus leads the moonlight dance;
Comes a book by L. J. Vance.
Death is bitter and impartial—
(So say I and Mr. Martial).

Soon the best of us must die;
Life is short and so am I.
Pluto's house will soon oppress you;
Fare you well and Heaven bless you!



OLD SONG

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhoudlie sing cuckoo;
Pittsburgh I doe picke to win.
Tel me, quhat thinke you?

1—Th.—Jos. Addison born, 1672. Chicago World's Fair opened, 1893. *About this time look out for wanton lapwings.*
2—Fr. —Federal convention assembled in Philadelphia to adopt national constitution, 1787. Clyde Fitch born, 1865.
3—Sa. —Public wonders why magazine fiction isn't as good as it used to be, B. C. 782.
4—Su. —J. J. Audubon born, 1780. Richard Hovey born, 1864.
5—M. —Napoleon died, 1821. *About this time look out*
6—Tu. —Robert E. Peary born, 1854. *for fuller crimsons.*
7—W. —Noah tells Japheth this is the roughest trip in all his experience, B. C. 3717.
8—Th.—W. H. Vanderbilt born, 1821. Peary reaches north coast of Greenland (cf. F. A. Cook), 1900.
9—Fr. —Spaniards capture Pensacola, 1781. W. Lilly, world's second greatest almanackist, died, 1681. *About this time look out for a young man's fancy.*
10—Sa. —Tables d'hôte invented by Satan, B. C. 606.
11—Su. —Peter Stuyvesant, first of New York's younger set, arrived in New Amsterdam, 1647.
12—M. —George E. Woodberry, whose poems should be better known, born, 1855. BIRTHDAY OF TAMMANY.
13—Tu.—Colonial architecture begun at Jamestown, 1607. War against Mexico declared, 1846.
14—W. —Fahrenheit, discoverer of temperature in the shade, born, 1686.
15—Th.—Thomas Prince* born, 1687. *Cooler.*
16—Fr. —William H. Seward born, 1801. *Frost.*
17—Sa. —First Wild West Show, 1883. King of Spain born, 1886.
18—Su. —**Trinity Sunday.** Internat'l Peace Conference meets at the Hague, 1899.
19—M. —Anne Boleyn ceased to trouble Henry VIII, 1536.
20—Tu.—Christopher Columbus, largely responsible for John D. Rockefeller's fortune, died, 1506.
21—W. —Everybody else sails for Europe, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913.
22—Th.—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle born, 1859.† North Carolina seceded, 1861.
23—Fr. —Adam discovers the upkeep greater than the initial cost, B. C. 4001.
24—Sa. —Queen Victoria born, 1819. Brooklyn Bridge, over which Mayor Gaynor walks, opened, 1883.
25—Su. —De Soto, questing gold,‡ lands in Florida, 1539.
26—M. —Samuel Pepys died, 1703.
27—Tu.—Habeas Corpus Act passed, 1679. Julia Ward Howe born, 1819.
28—W. —Wm. Pitt born, 1759. Agassiz born, 1807.
29—Th.—Union of New England colonies, 1643. Patrick Henry, author of socialistic utterances, born, 1736.
30—Fr. —DECORATION DAY. Kansas-Nebraska bill becomes law, 1854.
31—Sa. —Colonists sailed from Plymouth, England, with over-cargo of furniture, 1607. Johnstown Flood, 1889.

*Editor Almanack: Who, pray, was Thomas Prince?—EDITORS EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. EDITORS EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE: He's the man without whom I'd have had to leave May 15th blank. I don't like to show you up, but it serves you right for asking such questions.—Editor Almanack.

†Editor Almanack: How do you know?—EDITORS EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. EDITORS EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE: Elementary, my dear Watson. I looked it up.—Editor Almanack.

‡EDITOR'S NOTE.—Some authorities assert that De Soto was in search of the Fountain of Youth; others declare that gold was his quarry. The obvious comment is that they are identical. . . . . They ain't.

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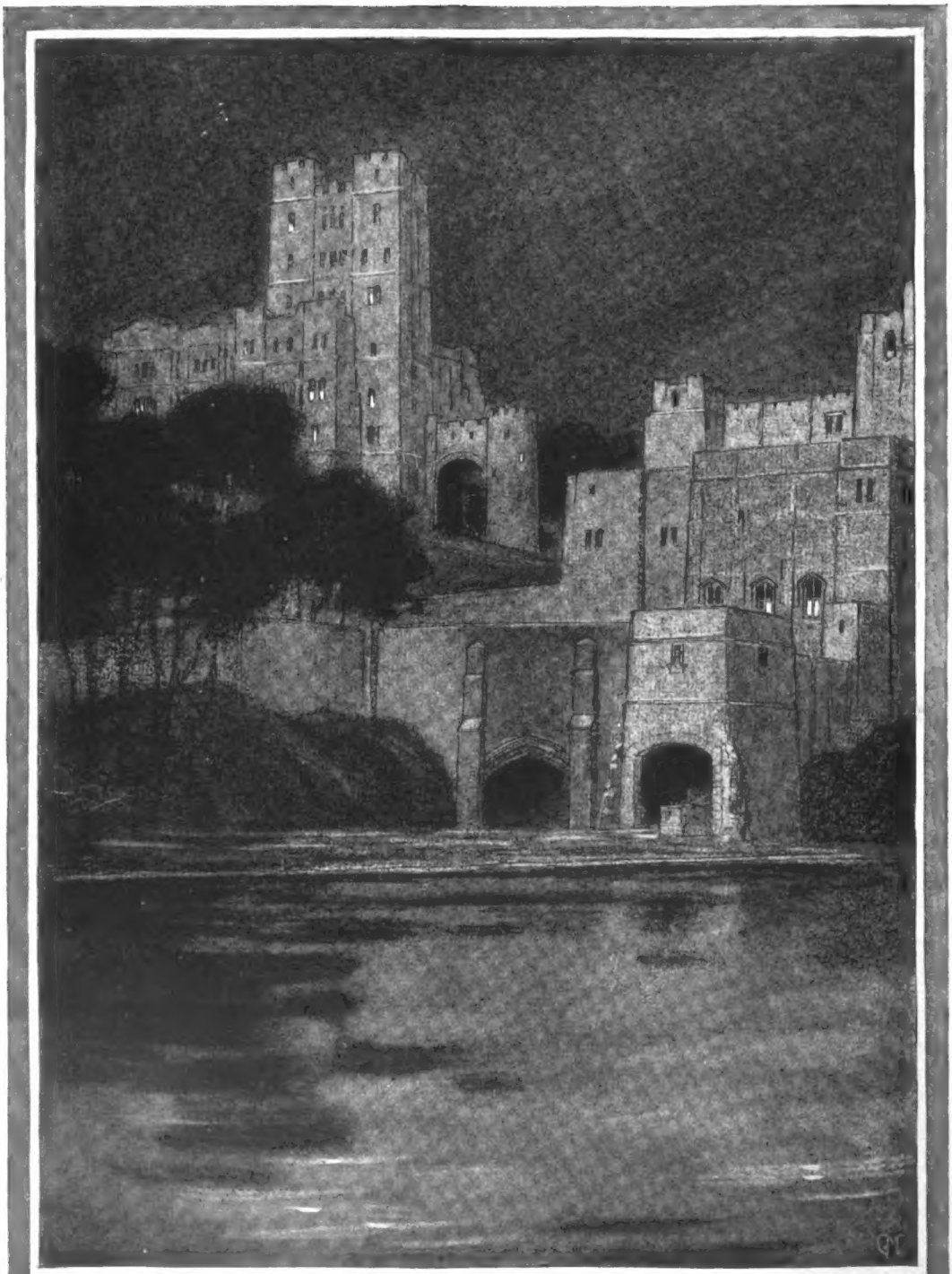

WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.

THE SCHOOLS WHERE OUR ARMY OFFICERS ARE TRAINED STAND HIGH IN THE MILITARY WORLD. BUT THE YOUNG OFFICERS TURNED OUT FROM THEM HAVE LITTLE CHANCE TO TRANSLATE THEORY INTO PRACTISE.

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VOL. XXVIII
NO. 5

Everybody's Magazine

MAY
1913

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OUR GREAT LITTLE ARMY

by

STEPHEN BONSAL

IN MAY, 1898, a few days after war with Spain had been declared, the inner circles in Washington were convulsed at a Falstaffian word that fell from the lips of a high staff-officer. It was a little war, and we could afford to laugh. He was a man of a certain efficiency in his limited natural sphere, which was a swivel-chair, never more than three feet removed from a card catalogue.

"We had the finest little army the world has ever seen," this officer proclaimed in the presence of the President. "We spent thirty laborious years in perfecting and polishing it. It worked like a charm in time of peace; but one week of war, sir, has smashed it into smithers."

And this statement was absolutely true. To-day the same thing would happen if our army were called upon to do an army's work.

The army collectively is no more efficient than it was then; our fighting units, so far as we have them—which isn't far—are still dismembered; in some important particulars the army is distinctly weaker than it was before 1898; and of course, as one result of the Spanish war, its responsibilities are greatly increased and its field is vastly broadened. There have been, to be sure, isolated improvements in several of the arms; but this progress has not been uniform or coordinated.

When listening to the discussion of army conditions there is a picture that always comes back to me. I chanced to be on board the flagship *New York* and in the

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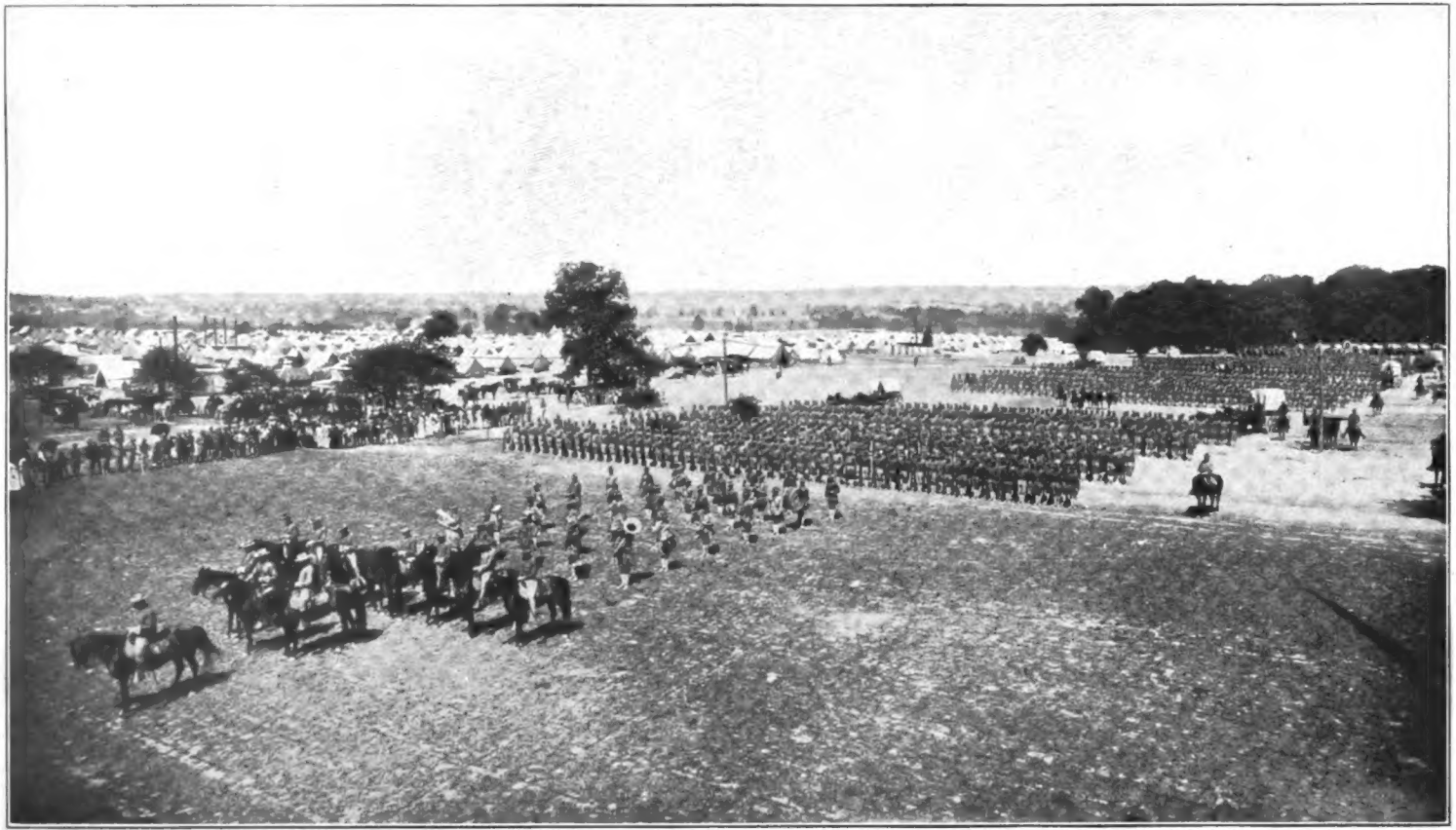

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THIS IS A FICTITIOUS UNITED STATES INFANTRY REGIMENT—A REGIMENT AS IT SHOULD BE IN CONFORMITY WITH FIELD-SERVICE REGULATIONS. IT REQUIRED TWO OF OUR EMACIATED REGULAR ARMY REGIMENTS AND TWO FROM THE NATIONAL GUARD TO SUPPLY THE MEN FOR THIS IDEAL PICTURE.

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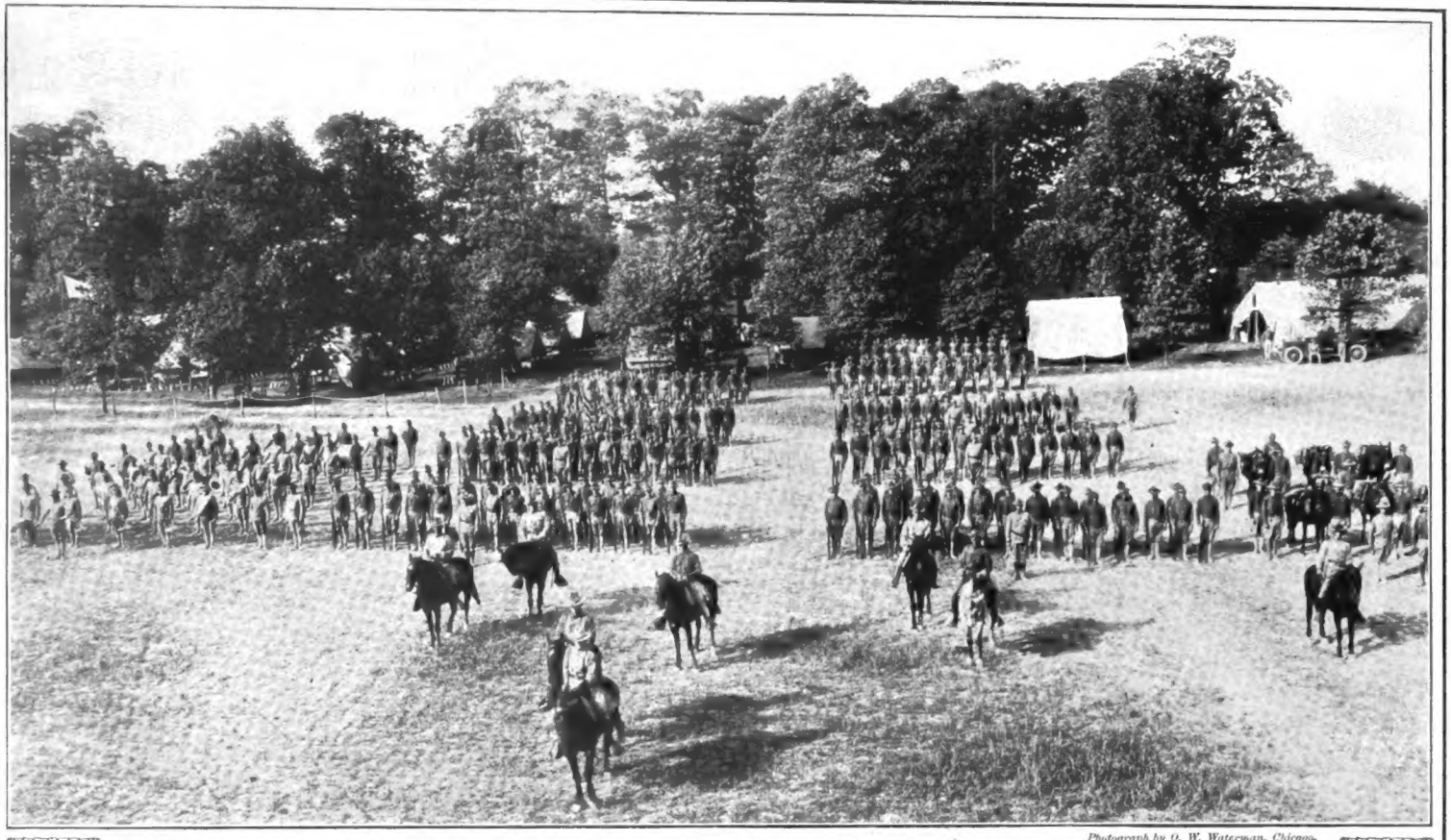

Photograph by O. W. Waterman, Chicago.

A REAL REGIMENT OF THE UNITED STATES INFANTRY. IT AVERAGED THIRTY-THREE MEN TO A COMPANY, AND ONLY ONE COMPANY IN THE REGIMENT WAS COMMANDED BY A CAPTAIN. WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH OPPOSITE, THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN TO SHOW WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH OUR ARMY.

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Photograph by Trans-Atlantic News Co.

THE BICYCLE CORPS OF THE FRENCH ARMY, CARRYING THEIR COLLAPSIBLE BICYCLES ON THEIR BACKS, DURING THE MANEUVERS OF 1912.

company of Admiral Sampson the day that war was declared with Spain. He filed the despatch from Washington that conveyed this information—or rather he turned it over to his executive officer, to be filed—and continued his walk along the deck.

Nothing changed in life on board ship; no new men were received; no guns were added or taken away or stored. There were fires in the boilers before the declaration of war, and they were kept up after war was declared.

I am afraid I rather pestered the Admiral the next day, as we sailed toward the Cuban coast, to tell me what had really happened on board the fleet when it became known that war was declared and conflict inevitable.

Finally he said: "If a ship is afloat, she is on a war footing. The declaration of war did not necessitate my issuing a single order; as a matter of fact, we are in exactly the same trim that we were a week ago, when the outcome of the situation was uncertain. Some of the gun-captains in their eagerness for battle have sneaked a little extra ammunition out of the magazines and up the hoists, but officially I know nothing about this, and it is the only change."

Now, let's see what happens to a typical skeleton infantry regiment of the United States army when war is declared: All the regimental fractions repair to the regimental headquarters, probably, or assemble in the field—for frequently our regiments are divided into two or three parts and are living at widely separated posts. Some actual colonels had never even seen all the fractions of their regiments until the recent Mexican crisis provoked the concentration of our troops in Texas.

Indeed, only recently a conscientious colonel of an infantry regiment who was residing at an army post with one battalion of his regiment, asked permission through official channels to visit the missing battalions. In a dignified way he suggested that it was rather ridiculous that he should not know his people by sight and that they should not know him. The colonel was highly commended for his zeal by the Secretary of War, but informed that there were no funds available for such a journey as he proposed.

After all, it is not vitally important under our present lack of system that a colonel should have a speaking acquaintance with his regiment in time of peace. *There is not one chance in a thousand that he will command it in time of war.* The probabilities are that the colonel of our typical skeleton regiment will, upon the outbreak of war, either retire for age or become in very short order a major-general and command a division, which will have to be improvised after the emergency is at hand.

The lieutenant-colonel, if he is a man of energy and political backing, will probably become a brigadier-general and command a brigade, which also will have to be improvised. So he also leaves the regiment. The majors of our regiment will go to other regiments as colonels and lieutenant-colonels; some of the captains will receive their majorities.

As a result, it is quite possible, and even probable, that within a week after war is declared our average skeleton regiment will find itself with only a dozen officers out of fifty, above the rank of sergeant-major, who are not absolutely new and untried in the duties they have been hurriedly called upon to assume.

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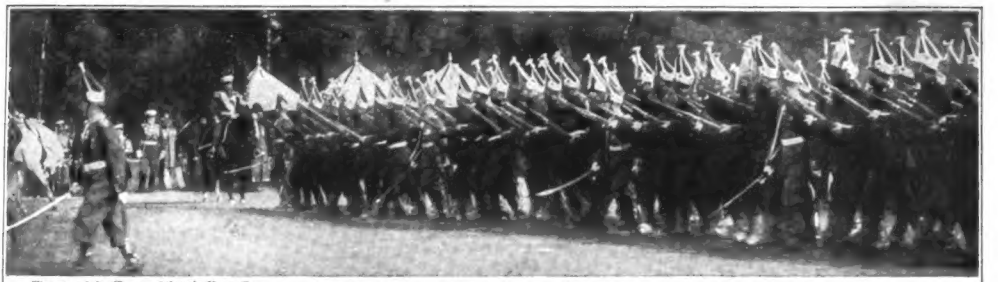

Photograph by Trans-Atlantic News Co.

THE SEMENOVSKY REGIMENT OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY, REVIEWED BY THE CZAR. THIS REGIMENT GAVE AN EXHIBITION DRILL WHEN MR. TAFT VISITED RUSSIA.

While this helter-skelter and hide-and-seek is going on among the officers, the enlisted men are exposed to equally unfavorable influences. Our typical regimental company, as we shall soon see, is thirty-three strong, with only sixteen men reporting daily for military duty, while the others are garbage-men, grass-cutters, and what not. These sixteen men, drilled by a lieutenant, a sergeant, or a corporal, more often the last, are at all events well grounded in the manual of arms and are of fair physique. Suddenly with them are incorporated a hundred men, more often than not the rawest recruits, direct from the recruiting depot. And this conglomeration of inexperienced officers and untrained men sooner or later is sent to the front masquerading as a war-strength regiment of the United States army.

This in a nutshell is our present army system.

I consider myself fortunate in being able to disclose, by means of two accompanying photographs which were taken during the Gettysburg maneuvers, the conditions from which the army is trying to escape. They are more eloquent than any words of mine could be, and their accuracy is beyond dispute.

The photograph on page 580 represents a United States infantry regiment according to the field-service regulations of the army. Let me hasten to add that this photograph is truly a counterfeit presentment. It is simply an effort of the imagination—a dream in which the field-service regulations are for once complied with. It represents what an infantry regiment was then supposed to be, and should be according to the existing regulations.

The photograph opposite, on page 581, is an exact presentment of what an infantry regiment was in our service at the time.

The average strength of the company in this real regiment, not the fictitious regiment, was thirty-three men. Many of these men were detailed every day for non-military duties, such as cutting grass, policing barracks, and the like, still further reducing the number of men present for duty in each company; and this fact probably helps to explain why there was only one company in this regiment before us commanded by a captain; all the rest were commanded by junior officers.

All the captains had been detached for other duty, with the exception of one—or really of two, as a second captain is in the picture masquerading as a major; the ten other captains were absent from their regiment performing various duties—staff work, war college and military instruction. Wherever they were, they doubtless had the conviction—and it was probably well founded—that they were learning more about tactics and strategy and even of regimental work than they possibly could learn by remaining with the colors to captain a rump company of thirty-odd men.

Photograph number one, which represents the official infantry regiment that has never existed except on paper, or in the present masquerade, or for purposes of experiment, is also interesting and suggestive. *It required two of our emaciated regular army regiments and two regiments from the National Guard to supply the men for this idealized picture.* The guns, the horses, and the transportation were begged or borrowed from the half-dozen other organizations present at the maneuvers. Twelve organizations were crippled and "dislocated" in order that this counterfeit presentment

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Photograph by Trans-Atlantic News Co.

A REGIMENT OF GERMAN UHLANS DURING FIELD MANEUVERS—WAITING FOR ORDERS BEHIND THE ARTILLERY ON THE RIDGE. THE GERMAN ARMY PROBABLY HAS THE MOST PERFECT MILITARY ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD.

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of a regular infantry regiment might be given.

The illustration is absolutely typical of what would happen to the skeleton infantry regiments in case of war. None of our military organizations or units has within itself a capacity for systematic expansion. A favored organization can only reach its field-service strength by despoiling, or even absolutely putting out of existence, less fortunate organizations, or by swamping a handful of trained soldiers with a deluge of recruits.

Since these photographs were made the army has taken another step in advance. To test a new plan of organization, last fall the War Department actually built up an infantry regiment in form and strength as it should be according to the proposed standards, sent it into the field, and tried it out under field-service conditions.

This provisional regiment was some nineteen hundred men strong. It was complete in every detail. It had every officer present, and every man. It marched for days, and was together for weeks in maneuvers, serving as a regiment of an imaginary division. It put to practical test the new infantry equipment and the new infantry drill regulations.

It was a success in every way. It established the fact that, with no increase of officers and no increase in means of transportation, it was possible to increase the number of infantry rifles on the firing-line of a division by thirty-three per cent., while taking up in road space on the march but sixteen per cent. more than the division now officially prescribed. And to increase the rifles on the firing-line and to decrease the road space occupied on the march are the important factors in war.

But to make that provisional regiment for experimental purposes, the parts of three different regiments, as now organized, had to be combined. These three regiments are now restored to their former state; but the provisional regiment, which spelt economy and meant efficiency, is, like the San Antonio Division, gone because of lack of authority for its continued maintenance.

While the concentration of troops in San Antonio, Texas, about two years ago cost millions of dollars, it would have been cheap at any price if the lesson taught could only be learned and taken to heart. That mobilization proved that in individual efficiency our commissioned officers and enlisted men were the equals, if not the superiors, of any military force in the world. This efficiency was shown in the company, in the battalion, and perhaps in the regiment—though not so clearly here: for the moment when the company and battalion and regimental units were merged into what our men were taught to call a tactical division—which they had never seen, much less taken part in before—it must be confessed frankly that much of the efficiency disappeared.

In some ways conditions now are slightly improved over those represented by the photographs, but in no sufficient or permanent way. By executive action, by robbing Peter to pay Paul, the actual strength of the regiments for drill purposes has in the last few months been slightly increased. It has not, however, been increased sufficiently to make drill either interesting or instructive to officers and men, or yet sufficiently to assure fighting efficiency in the emergency of war. What has been done has been done surreptitiously, and the progress made has been made by stealth.

MAJOR-GENERAL OF STEAMBOATS

There is, of course, to-day in the War Department, and there probably always has been, a very clear appreciation of the systematized disorder that characterizes our military machine—a disorder of which the following are typical illustrations:

On Governor's Island we have a major-general who commands eighty steamboats but remarkably few troops. No single steamboat man in the United States, so far as I know, commands as many steamboats as this major-general. Yet when he entered upon this position, automatically, by seniority, the War Department had no reason to know, and I have now no reason to know, that he understands the steamboat any better than he does the camel.

The amount of paper work incumbent upon this and many other department commanders is far in excess of that involved in carrying on the work of a dozen of the country's great corporations. Physically, it is impossible for him to read the hundreds of reports—for the most part trivial—to which he is required to give his approval or state the reasons of his disapproval. The average physical contact with troops of a major-

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general in our army to-day does not exceed that of a railway conductor. The conductor may travel with troops, but the major-general never.

Not long ago a Secretary of War—who shall be nameless, as only in heaven is a man credited with good intentions—making a spasmodic effort to break the fetters by which all orderly progress in the army has been frustrated, directed department commanders to spend at least ten days of every year at each army post in his department. It turned out, upon examination, that there were forty-eight posts in one particular department, and the adjutant-general of this department said to the commanding officer, when the difficulty of the problem became apparent:

"Of course the orders of the Secretary must be obeyed, but, General, we will have to invoke the aid of Divine Providence to give us five hundred days in one year."

What the army knows, the taxpayer should know; he certainly has the right to know, because he pays the piper, and because one day he may participate in the resulting catastrophe; he may even bear the brunt of it.

We have no actual reserves in our peace army, and there is no provision now on the statute-book to insure recruits in war. The cavalry, infantry, and field-artillery have been developed, in so far as they have been developed at all, without regard to the vital relations they should bear to one another.

MISSING—AN ARMY

The trouble lies in the haphazard and piecemeal method of legislative military development. An army is made up of many different parts—the fighting arms, the administrative and supply departments, and the like—all of which are essential, and none of which can be improvised in time of emergency. But they are all essential in their proper proportion. Heretofore each arm and department has been developed separately by bits of legislation here and there. It was only natural that through long years of this method of development every part of the army should come gradually to the belief that its salvation depended upon a separate and persistent struggle for itself.

While the last army bill, the so-called Hay bill, was under discussion, Congress was officially informed that there was in process of development in the War Department a comprehensive plan of organization that would not only save money, but would place within our grasp at all times a small yet elastic army which would have fighting efficiency in the time of need.

Congress paid little heed to this important announcement.

To-day, however, the unheeded promise of the War Department has been fulfilled to the letter. The plan has been completed and published, and it is now available for Congress and for the taxpayers who pay the bills of Congress.

THE BASIS OF A REAL ARMY

It is well to refer to this plan here for a moment, because it has not been generally understood, and because when Congress reaches the subject a battle royal will be waged about it. Newspaper accounts, for instance, while the project was under development, spoke of the General Staff's plans to increase the regular army sevenfold. The General Staff has planned nothing of the kind. The plan as worked out does not seek to add immediately a single officer or man to the regular army. Again, these irresponsible newspaper accounts refer to the vastly increased military expenditures that would follow the adoption of the General Staff's plan. On the contrary, the plan as published shows a considerable reduction in the actual cost of the military establishment of to-day, and vast economy in any future development.

The project seeks to make the best of whatever we have in the way of military resources to-day, notwithstanding the bad proportions of different parts of the army. It plans a tactical organization immediately useful in time of emergency; eventual escape from the territorial bondage which now prevents immediate use of the army as a fighting-machine; a gradual redistribution of the troops as the abandonment of useless and expensive posts becomes possible; and new, more economical, and more military methods of quartering the troops.

It does indeed show where men are now lacking, and shows where they should be added under future development, if development in the future becomes either necessary or desirable. It covers the organization not only of the regular army, but of the militia,

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for war purposes, and of the volunteers that would have to be raised if serious war came. It provides an organization into which all these forces will fit. In other words, it is a complete military system with the foundation of a military policy for the United States.

And on this project the army now pins its faith. It asks for nothing save the opportunity to put this plan into effect. But to put it wholly into effect, some legislation will be necessary. It asks nothing in the way of increase or promotion, but it does ask that if in the future Congress sees fit to increase any part of the army, it will follow the lines of the plan thus laid down.

The people should not lose sight of the fact that the progressive officers of the army —an overwhelming majority, it may be said —have at last torn aside the bureaucratic veil and opened wide the sources of information that rightly belong to the voter and the taxpayer. They have disclosed not only that we have no army, in the modern sense of the word, but that our counterfeit presentment of such an organization is costing us more than one hundred million dollars every year, and with almost as little purpose for the actual demands of modern warfare as if we squandered this huge sum upon tin soldiers for the children of the public schools. They have also furnished a plan which, in the opinion of every soldier and of every military critic of standing, offers a successful and economic solution of all the questions involved in our military defense.

THE ARMY NEEDS A FOOTBALL COACH

Let me try to make the matter still plainer. Our soldiers, both officers and men, receive an excellent primary education in their profession. As is well known, the West Point Academy is the object of much admiration in the military world, and the reputation of our army schools at Riley and Leavenworth is deservedly high. But when it comes to translating theory into practise, the young American soldier learns that though this is not forbidden by the regulations, it is practically impossible under the conditions in which he must live.

What would happen to eleven football men of fine physique who could run and rush and tackle with the best, and kick the ball and catch it, if all their training and experience had been individualistic and they had never been educated in team-work? Why, they would fall an easy conquest to mediocre players who were trained to play together. And that is the probable fate of the United States army should it ever come, disorganized as it is to-day, in contact with an organized fighting-machine.

REMEMBER, WE'RE NOT FIGHTING INDIANS

The territorial system of military administration under which the army suffers is extravagant, and for purposes of war preparation as well as for actual hostilities is most ineffective; and yet it must stand until a tactical organization of the army is brought about. All that is needed is the consent of Congress; but that is not likely to be given very soon unless the average citizen and taxpayer shows that he cares more for the national safety than he does for the continuance of some antediluvian "fort" in his immediate neighborhood that is supposed to bring money into the district.

It can not be denied that most of our army posts are very badly placed for our present needs. Some fifty per cent. of them were located—and generally well located, for the time—during the prairie-trail and canoe-travel period of our development. Of recent years here and there a post of strategic value has been erected; but more often than not these modern creations do not fit into any scheme of a possible war; they are simply costly monuments to the local pride and the national influence of one of those active, rustling politicians who were good providers for their constituents.

Posts should not be retained because they were useful in the War of 1812 or during the Black Hawk disturbance; and of course our Indian frontier has ceased to exist, as have the military necessities which this state of affairs imposed. *Fifty per cent. of the present army posts should be sold, or abandoned.*

The efficiency of the army would be immensely increased if it were garrisoned in large units around certain railway centers which would permit a wide range of rapid mobilization. The value or want of value of most of our inland posts should be a question of transportation facilities. If we say one thousand men stationed at Chicago have a radius of six hundred miles in twenty-four hours, while if they remained at Fort

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Oglethorpe or Fort Russell they would have a radius of only two hundred miles, then the Chicago position to meet invasion or repress internal disorders would be three times as valuable; and here also the men could be subsisted at a smaller cost.

Further, as time is perhaps the most important single factor in military operations, it is quite conceivable that an occasion may arise when a thousand men in Chicago with their greater radius of travel would outweigh in the possible operations ten thousand men located at Fort Russell.

If the army were a business corporation in the hands of intelligent men answerable only to themselves, the question of the rearrangement of army posts would not be difficult. From their isolated and exceedingly healthy situation many of the army posts are ideal sanitaria. Here we have a good plant all ready to hand, which the nation can utilize when it decides to take up the noble struggle against the White Scourge.

DRILL THE ARMY WHERE PEOPLE CAN SEE

To-day all army posts should be situated in settled communities, in centers of population and transportation. If the larger military organizations were installed in our cities, ordinary drill-work could be done in the parks, while ground could be hired or rented a few miles out of the city limits for maneuvers and for prolonged periods of camp life. The daily exercises in the park would be enjoyed by the people, and the rented parade-ground farther out would cost the War Department merely a nominal sum in comparison with its present onerous land holdings, which so rarely turn out profitably. While the maneuver ground would have to be rented some distance away from the urban centers, the journey there in heavy marching order would be a valuable part of the soldier's education.

In this way, as perhaps in no other, our military aggregation would develop into an army, large or small, costly or inexpensive, as Congress should think best, but an army at all events, with a high percentage of effectives; and what there was of it, large or small, could be organized into the fighting units of brigades and divisions. Every officer could learn his rôle in organizations which must be formed when war comes.

In this way, too, the soldier would enjoy some of that personal contact with the citizen which has made the sailor such a popular figure in interior as well as in all maritime communities. There is no reason to fear that the results would be less happy than in the case of the sailor.

THE "BORN SOLDIER" MYTH

The few open and avowed opponents of army reorganization, or rather of army organization, say that "we do not want an army like that of Germany, although we have no doubt that the machine which von Moltke and Blumenthal brought to its highest perfection serves well the purpose of the Germans; but over here everything is different. Above all, we are told every American is a born soldier, and our embattled farmers could lick their weight in wildcats. Now there's New Orleans."

Of course there was New Orleans, where special and unusual conditions prevailed that most fortunately tipped the scale in our favor. But there is also Bladensburg—a more typical case. There, a handful of British regulars smashed the embattled farmers and chased President Madison and his adorable wife out into the woods very much as we chased Aguinaldo into the *monte* a few years ago.

Yet, in proportion to our wealth and numbers and the worldwide conditions then prevailing, the military resources at the disposal of President Madison were greater than those of which President Wilson disposes.

And it should be always remembered that when the nation suffered the disgrace which the destruction of its capital entailed, our possible enemies were three months away, speaking in terms of transportation, while to-day a week or ten days might well bring them to our not over-fortified coasts.

Besides, the relative military value of the trained soldier and the untrained citizen has changed very much in recent years. The modern soldier is a highly specialized product, and he requires extensive and prolonged cultivation.

No; assuredly what the officers of the United States army to-day want to see done is not foreign, and it is not fustian nor histrionic. They want simply a real army, however small; an effective army, so far as its members go; an army that can be built upon and that would not have to be demolished before the military resources of the country could be put upon a war footing.

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TEA-PARTIES

by BURGES JOHNSON
drawing by MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

I SHOULD enjoy, if I was let,
Tea-parties nearly ev'ry day.
It is my fav'rite kind of play—
With dishes from the kitchen set,
And all the cookies we can get,
And tea that's made the cambric way.
I usurally like to stay
Until the food has all been et.
And then, although I'm really glad
To leave, it's more polite, you know,
To say: "My dear, it makes me sad,
But I must call my dolls and go."
(I'm glad my manners ain't as bad
As them of certain folks I know!)

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The CRIME DOCTOR

The Physician who Healed Himself

by

E W HORNUNG

AUTHOR OF "RAFFLES," "STINGAREE," "WITCHING HILL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Editor's Note—Here is the first in a series of stories that have the thrill of conventional detective fiction, and yet without a detective.

An Englishman of fine breeding has chosen for special study the crimes of the educated leisure class. His aim is, not to track down lawbreakers, but to prevent crime or, failing that, to cure the criminal. He has a vision of the treatment of crime through a great new profession, using modern scientific methods; and he is himself the pioneer "crime doctor."

In this capacity he enlists the aid of the Home Secretary, who becomes his ally; is involved in the dreadful difficulties of a young militant suffragette; and deals with criminals in the highest social circles, preventing crimes that would have shaken England. He effects cures that make one believe he could have saved even Raffles, that engaging gentleman burglar of Mr. Hornung's own creation. Every one who has met Raffles or any other of the half-dozen adventurous characters that have given Mr. Hornung a leading place in English fiction, knows that the Crime Doctor will be a living person. The stories in which his theories are to be worked out will appear in EVERYBODY'S *at intervals during the coming year. They will not constitute a serial: each story will be separate and distinct. But it will be a mistake to miss even one.*

DURING his time of office as Secretary of State for the Home Department the Right Honorable Topham Vinson instituted many reforms and earned the reformer's whack of praise and blame.

His methods were not those of the permanent staff; and while his notorious courage endeared him to the young, it was not in so strong a nature to leave friend or foe lukewarm. A congenital contempt for tradition fanned the flame of either faction, besides leading to several of those personal adventures which were as breath to the minister's unregenerate nostrils.

It is matter for thanksgiving that the majority of his indiscretions were unguessed while he and his held office; for he was never so unconventional as in pursuance of those enlightened tactics on which his reputation rests, or in the company of that kindred spirit who had so much to do with their inception.

It was early in an autumn session that this remarkable pair became acquainted. Mr.

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Vinson had been tempted by the mildness of the night to walk back from Westminster to Portman Square. He had just reached home when he heard his name cried from some little distance behind him. The voice tempered hoarse excitement with the restraint due to midnight in a quiet square; and as Mr. Vinson turned on his doorstep, in the act of letting himself into the house, a young man rushed across the road with a gold chain swinging from his outstretched hand.

"Your watch, sir, your watch!" he gasped, and displayed a bulbous hunter with a monogram on one side and the crest of all the Vinsons on the other.

"Heavens!" cried the Home Secretary, feeling in an empty waistcoat pocket before he could believe his eyes. "Where on earth did you find that? I had it on me when I left the House."

"It wasn't a case of findings," said the young man, as he fanned himself with his opera hat. "I've just taken it from the fellow who took it from you!"

"Who? Where?" demanded the Secretary of State, with unstatesmanlike excitement.

"Some wretched brute in North Audley Street, I think it was."

"That's it! That was where he stopped me, just at the corner of Grosvenor Square!" exclaimed Vinson. "And to think I went and gave the old scoundrel half a crown!"

"He probably had your watch while you were looking in your purse." And the young man dabbed a very good forehead, which glistened in the light from the open door, with a white silk handkerchief just extracted from his sleeve.

"But where were you?" asked Topham Vinson, taking in every inch of him.

"I'd just come into the square myself. You had just gone out of it. The pickpocket was looking to see what he'd got, even while he hurled his blessings after you!"

"And where is he now? Did he slip through your fingers?"

"I'm ashamed to say he did; but your watch didn't!" its owner was reminded with spirit. "I guessed whose it was by the crest and monogram, and I decided to make sure instead of giving chase."

"You did admirably," declared the Home Secretary in belated appreciation. "I'm in the papers quite enough without appearing as a mug out of office hours. Come in, please, and let me thank you with all the honors possible at this time of night."

And, taking him by the arm, he ushered the savior of his property into a charming inner hall, where elaborate refreshments stood in readiness on a side-table, and a bright fire looked as acceptable as the saddle-bag chairs drawn up beside it. A bottle of reputable champagne had been left out with the oysters and the caviare; and Mr. Vinson, explaining that he never allowed anybody to sit up for him, unless it was his wife, who happened to be out of town, opened the bottle with the precision of a practised hand, and led the attack on food and drink with schoolboy gusto and high spirits.

In the meantime there had been some mutual note-taking. The Home Secretary, whose emphatic personality lent itself to the discreet pencil of the modern caricaturist, was in appearance exactly as represented in contemporary cartoons; there was nothing unexpected about him, since his boyish vivacity was a quality already overexploited by the press. His frankness was somewhat qualified by a gaze of habitual penetration, but still it was there; and his manner could evidently be grand or colloquial at will.

The surprise was in his surroundings rather than in the man himself. The perfect union of luxury and taste is none too common in the professed Sybarite who is that and nothing more; in men of action and pugnacious politicians it is yet another sign of sheer capacity. The bits of rich old furniture, the old glass twinkling at every facet, the brasses blazing in the firelight, the few but fine prints on the Morris wall-paper, might have won the approval of an art-student, and the creature comforts that of the youngest epicure.

The young man from the street was easily pleased in all such respects; but indoors he no longer looked quite the young man. He had taken off an overcoat while his host was opening the champagne, and evening clothes accentuated a mature gauntness of body and limb. His hair, which was dark and wiry, was beginning to bleach at the temples; and up above one ear there was a little disk of downright silver, like a new florin. The shaven face was pale, eager, and austere. Dark eyes burnt like beacons under a noble brow, and did not lose in character or intensity by a distinct

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though slight strabism. So at least it seemed to Topham Vinson, who was a really wonderful judge of faces, yet had seldom seen one harder to sum up.

"I'm sorry you don't smoke," said he, sipping a cigar which he had extolled in vain. "And that champagne, you know! You haven't touched it, and you really should."

The other was on his long legs that instant. "I never smoke and seldom drink," he exclaimed; "but I simply can not endure your hospitality, kind as it is, Mr. Vinson, without being a bit more honest with you than I've been so far. I didn't lose that pickpocket by accident or because he was too quick for me. I purposely let him go."

In the depths of his softest chair Mr. Vinson lolled smiling, but not with his upturned eyes. They were the steel eyes of all his tribe, but trebly keen, as became its intellectual head and chief.

"The fellow pitched a pathetic yarn?" he conjectured. He had never seen a more miserable specimen, he was bound to say.

"It wasn't that, Mr. Vinson. I should have let him go in any case—once I'd recovered what he'd taken—as a matter of principle."

"Principle!" cried the Secretary of State. But he did not modify his front-bench attitude; it was only the well-known eyebrows that rose.

"The whole thing is," his guest continued, yet more frankly, "that I happen to hold my own views on crime and its punishment. If I might be permitted to explain them, however briefly, they would at least afford the only excuse I have to offer for my conduct. If you consider it no excuse, and if I have put myself within reach of the law, there, sir, is my card; and here am I, prepared to take the consequences of my act."

The Home Secretary leant forward and took the card from a sensitive hand, vibrant as the voice to which he had just been listening, but no more tremulous. Again he looked up, into a pale face grown paler still, and dark eyes smoldering with suppressed enthusiasm. It was by no means his baptism of that sort of fire; but it seemed to Mr. Vinson that here was a new type of eccentric zealot; and it was only by an effort that he resumed his House of Commons attitude and his smile.

"I see, Dr. Dollar, that you are a near neighbor of mine, only just round the corner in Welbeck Street. May I take it that your experience as a consultant is the basis of the views you mention?"

"My experience as an alienist," said Dr. Dollar, "so far as I can lay claim to that euphemism."

"And how far is that, doctor?"

"In the sense that all crime is a form of madness."

"Then you would call yourself——"

The broken sentence ended on a note as tactfully remote from the direct interrogative as practised speech could make it.

"In default of a recognized term," said Dr. Dollar, "which time will confer as part of a wider recognition, I can only call myself a crime doctor."

"A branch not yet acknowledged by your profession?"

"Neither by my profession nor by the law, Mr. Vinson; but both have got to come to it, just as surely as we all accept the other scientific developments of the day."

"But have you reduced your practise to a science, doctor?"

"I am doing so," said Dr. Dollar, with the restrained confidence which could not but impress one who knew the value of that quality in himself and in others. "I have made a start; if it were not so late I would tell you all about it. You are the Home Secretary of England, the man of all others whom I could wish to convert to my views. But already I have kept you up too long. If you would grant me an appointment——"

"Not at all," interrupted Mr. Vinson, as he settled himself even more comfortably in his chair. "The night is still young—so is my cigar. Pray say all you care to say, and say it as confidentially as you please. You interest me, Dr. Dollar, nor can I forget that I am much indebted to you."

"I don't want to trade on that," returned the doctor hastily. "But it is an old dream of mine to tell you all about my work, and how and why I came to take it up. I was not intended for medicine, you see; my people are army people, were Border outlaws once upon a time, and fighting folk ever since. My father was an ensign in the Crimea—Scots Fusiliers. I joined the Argyll and Sutherlands the year before South Africa, where, by the way, I remember seeing you with your Yeomen."

"I had eighteen months of it without a headache or a scratch."

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"HEAVENS!" CRIED THE HOME SECRETARY, FEELING IN AN EMPTY WAISTCOAT POCKET. "WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU FIND THAT? I HAD IT ON ME WHEN I LEFT THE HOUSE."

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"I wish I could say the same, Mr. Vinson. I was shot through the head at the Modder, before I'd been in South Africa a month."

"Through the head, did you say?" asked the Home Secretary, lifting his own some inches.

The doctor touched the silver patch in his dark, strong hair. "That's where the bullet came slinking out; any but a Mauser would have driven half my brains before it! As it was, it left me with a bit of a squint, as you can see; otherwise, in a very few weeks, I was as fit as ever—physically."

"Wonderful!"

"Physically and even mentally—from a medical point of view—but not morally, Mr. Vinson! Something subtle had happened, some pressure somewhere, some form of local paralysis. And it left me a pretty low-down type, I can tell you! It was a case of absolute automatism—but I won't go into particulars now, if you don't mind."

"On no account, my dear doctor!" exclaimed the Secretary of State, with inadvertent cordiality. "This is all of extraordinary interest. I believe I can see what's coming. But I want to hear every word you care to tell me, and not one that is against the grain."

"It had destroyed my moral sense on just one curious point; but, thank God, I came to see the cause as well as to suffer unspeakably from the effect. After that it was a case of killing or curing oneself by hook or crook. I decided to try the curing first. And—to cut a long yarn short—I *was* cured."

"Easily?"

"No. The slander may come home to roost, but I shall never think much of the London specialist! I've dropped my two sovereigns and a florin into too many of their itching palms, beginning with the baronets and knights and ending up with the unknown adventurers. But not a man Jack of them was ashamed to pocket his two guineas (in one case three) for politely telling me I was as mad as a hatter to think of such a thing as really was the matter with me!"

"And in the end?"

"In the end I struck a fellow with an open mind—but not in England—and if I said that he literally opened mine, it might be an exaggeration, but that's all. He did go prospecting in my skull—risked his reputation as against my life—but we both came out on top!"

"And you've been your own man ever since?"

Topham Vinson asked the question gravely; it would have taken as keen a superficial observer as himself to detect much difference in his manner, in his eyes, in anything about him. Dr. Dollar was not that kind of observer. To see far, one must look high, and to look high is to miss things under one's nose. It is all a matter of mental trajectory. In the sheer height of his enthusiasm, the soaring visionary was losing touch with the hard-headed groundling in the chair.

"I was cured," he answered with tense simplicity. "It was a miraculous cure, and yet no miracle. Anybody could perform its like, given the nerve and skill. Yet it seemed to me a new thing; its possibilities were almost appalling in their fascination. I must not speak of them, for in a large measure they are only possibilities still. Enough that I resolved to qualify as a medical man, that at least I might be in a position to do as I had been done by. I had already left the service; but my fighting days were not over. I was going to fight Crime as it had never been fought before!"

There was a challenge in the pause made here; but the listener did not take it up, and the harangue ended on a humbler note. "I studied at St. Mary's under men whose names you know as well as they know yours. I was at Berlin under Winterschladen, and with Jens Jennsen in Stockholm. Before I was thirty I had put up my plate in Welbeck Street, and there I am still."

"And yet," said the Home Secretary, with a faint and wary smile, "and yet the possibilities are still only possibilities!"

"On the surgical side, yes; there I was misled by my own abnormal case. When another sudden injury makes a monkey of an honest man, I know where to take him; but the average injury is too gradual, too subtle, for the knife. Congenital cases are, of course, quite hopeless in that respect. Yet there are ways of curing even what I regard as the very worst type of congenital criminal at the present day."

"I wish I knew of some!" said Mr. Vinson cheerily. "But what, may I ask, do you regard as the very worst type of congenital criminal at the present day?"

"The society type!" replied the crime

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ON THE STAIRS THEY BEHELD AN ENORMOUS REVOLVER, AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF PINK SLEEPING-SUIT.

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doctor without an instant's hesitation.

His host permitted himself to open his eyes once more. "Your ideas are rather sensational, aren't they, Dr. Dollar?"

"It's rather a sensational age, isn't it, Mr. Vinson? Your twentieth-century criminal, with his telephone and his motor-car—for professional purposes—his high explosives and his scientific tools, has got to be an educated person, to begin with; and I am afraid there's an increasing number of educated people who have got to be criminals or else paupers all their lives. A vicious circle, I think you must agree?"

"If you can square it with the truth!"

"Isn't it almost a truism, Mr. Vinson? When women of title make a living out of bridge, traffic in tickets for royal enclosures, charge a fat fee for a presentation at Court, and a small fortune for launching an unlikely family in their own set, there must be some reason for it apart from their own depravity. They are no more naturally depraved than I am; but their purse is perhaps even smaller and their wants are certainly ten times as great. Cupidity is not the motive power; it's simple shortage of the needful—from their point of view. Society increases and multiplies in everything but money, and transmits its expensive tastes without the means to indulge them. So we get our good ladies with their tariff on introductions, and our members of the best clubs always ready for a deal over a horse or a car or anything else that's going to bring them in a fiver. It's a short step from that sort of thing into a shady trick, and from a shady trick into downright crime. But it's a step often taken by the type I mean, though not necessarily with their eyes open. And that's just where the crime doctor should come in."

"In opening their eyes?"

"In saving 'em from themselves while they're still worth saving; in that prevention which is not only better than cure, but the vital principle of modern therapeutics in every other direction. In keeping good material out of prison at all costs, Mr. Vinson—and even though you turn your prisons into country houses with feather beds and moral entertainments every night in life!"

The Secretary of State smiled again, but this time with some sympathy and much less restraint. He was beginning to see some method in what had seemed at first unmitigated mania, and to take some interest in a point of view at least novel and entertaining. But the prison system was not to be attacked, even in terms of fantastic levity, without protest from its official champion.

"Prisons, my dear Dr. Dollar, exist for the benefit of those who keep out of them rather than those who will insist on getting in. Of course, the ideal thing would be to benefit both sides; and that is what we're aiming at all the time. It isn't our fault if a man who gets into quod is a marked man ever after; he shouldn't get into quod."

"You've put your finger on your own vulnerable point!" cried the eager doctor. "Why should he be a marked man? Why force a professional status on the mere dabbler in crime, who might never have dabbled again? It isn't as if it undid anything he'd done; even hanging your murderer doesn't bring your victim back to life, and the chances are that he would never want to murder anybody else. On the other hand, how many serious crimes might be hushed up without anybody being a bit worse off than they were the very moment after their commission!"

Mr. Vinson had been framing an ironical rebuke in the name of morality and the Mosaic law; but he was not sorry to drop the irony and pin his opponent down.

"I hope, Dr. Dollar, it is not to be a function of the new faculty to collaborate in the concealment of crime and criminals?"

"It is impossible," replied the enthusiast, duly drawn, "to define the scope of an embryonic science. When the crime doctor has come to stay—as come he will—I can see him playing a Protean part with the full sanction of his profession and of the law. He will be preventive officer, private detective, and father confessor in one, if not even privileged accessory after some awful fact. The humble pioneer can hope for no such powers; his only chance is to work in the dark on his own lines, to use his own judgment and to take his risks as I've done tonight. If he really can save a man by screening him, let him do it and blow the odds! If he can stop a thing without giving it away, all the better for everybody; and if he fails to stop it, all the worse for him! Let him be a law unto his patient and himself, but let him stand the racket if his law won't work."

"In other words, you would tackle character as ordinary doctors and divines devote themselves to the body and the soul?"

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"It would come to that, Mr. Vinson. It's large order, I know, and I don't expect to ee the goods delivered in my time. It will ake better men than I am, and many of em, even to start delivery on the scale I ream about. But that's the idea all right. unishment has never signified prevention; hat we want is to get under the criminal's kin *before* we make it smart, if not before ere's an actual criminal in the case all!"

"A very plausible confession of faith, r. Dollar."

The minister's tone was dry after the her, but that was all. His fixed eyes emed to be looking through the doctor's to the scheme itself, probing it on its mer- in the very spirit in which it had been opounded. It is only the small men who ugh in the face of genuine enthusiasm, wever wild and flighty it may seem. pham Vinson was not a small man; he had been guilty of some wild flights in day, and office had not altogether clipped wings. The sportsman and the charla- within him were only too ready to see emselves in another, to hear their own ices on other lips. But the appeal to nperament does not necessarily compro- se the mind. And that citadel still flew eutral flag.

'What about the practise?" asked Top- n Vinson, forcing himself back to facts. 'Rome took less building than a London ctise, by an unknown man striking out a v line for himself!"

'I really don't wonder. Who would come consult you about a homicidal tendency, a trick of tampering with special offer- ies?"

'In the first instance, most likely, the pa- nt's people; then they might send him to me on some other pretext."

'And what form would the treatment e?"

It would depend, of course, upon the e. They don't all know that they're be- treated for incipient criminality. The jority think they are in an ordinary sing-home."

A home!" cried the Secretary of State; word had brought him to his feet at , in a frame of mind no longer to be cealed by nods and smiles. "You don't n to tell me, Dr. Dollar, that you actu- run a nursing-home for unconvicted minals?"

"Potential criminals, Mr. Vinson. I have at present no patient who is actually wanted by the police."

"And where is this extraordinary establishment?"

"Under my own roof here in Welbeck Street."

"A few hundred yards from where we stand, yet this is the first I hear of it!"

"I can see that. It's not my fault, sir. I have done my best to bring it before your notice."

"How?"

"By writing many times to tell you all about myself and the home, Mr. Vinson."

"I never saw the letters. A Home Secretary stands to be shot at by every crank who can hold a pen! I employ more than one young gentleman expressly to divert that sort of fire. You should have got an introduction to me, Dr. Dollar."

The doctor had smiled at an expression that he could not but take to himself. His smile sweetened under the kindlier tone which succeeded that one unmeasured word.

"I am not sorry I waited for the introduction that time has given me, Mr. Vinson."

"You wanted me to assist the good work, I take it?"

"By your countenance and influence, if you could!"

"I must see something of it first. I must inspect this home of yours, Dr. Dollar."

The steel eyes of the Vinsons could seldom have cut deeper at a glance, or been met by a pair more candid and unafraid. And yet there was just that cruel suspicion of a cast, to prejudice both the candor and the courage of the finer face.

"It is open to your inspection day or night," said Dr. Dollar.

"Even at this hour? Even to-night?"

The Home Secretary sounded as keen as he looked; but on the other side there was now just enough hesitation to correspond with that one slight flaw in the finer eyes.

"This minute, by all means," said the doctor cordially. "There's always somebody up, and the patients can be seen without being disturbed."

"Then," said the Home Secretary, "it's a chance at a time when every moment of the day is full. Let us strike, doctor, while the iron is as hot as I can assure you that you have made it."

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II

That deplorable passion for adventure which had turned the hope of the last Opposition into a guerrilla warrior in South Africa, but which the Home Secretary of England might have subdued before accepting his portfolio, was by no means a dead volcano, as Topham Vinson sallied forth with his extraordinary companion. It was to be noticed that he took with him a thick stick instead of an umbrella, though the deserted streets had become moist with a midnight drizzle. What he expected can only be surmised. But the odds are that it did not include the shriek of a police-whistle, in the sedate region of Wigmore Street, and the instantaneous bolting of Dr. Dollar round the first corner to the left.

Now the Secretary of State was one of those men who keep up their games out of a cold-blooded regard for the figure; he considered himself as fit at forty as any man in England, and he gave chase with his usual confidence. But the long-legged doctor would have left him behind with the lamp posts, save for the fact that Dr. Dollar was really tearing toward the sound, not flying from it, as his pursuer was so ready to suppose. In a matter of seconds they had both fetched up at a brilliantly lighted house, where a more than usually obese policeman was alternately pounding on the door and splitting the sober welkin with his whistle.

"Stop that infernal row!" cried Dr. Dollar with increased authority. "Out of the way with you—this is my house!"

And the Home Secretary arrived on the scene of something very like an assault on his police, just in time to divert the outraged officer's attention by asking what had happened, while the doctor found his key.

"Lord only knows!" said the policeman, kicking some broken glass on one side. "Murder, it sounds like; there's somebody been loosing off——"

And even as he spoke somebody loosed off again; the terrific report was followed by screams within and a fresh shower of glass from the fanlight. But by this time Dr. Dollar had his latch-key in the lock. If the door had opened outward, a tangled trio would have fallen into the street; as it was, it hardly would open for the man in white who was struggling with a woman (in red flannel) and a boy (in next to nothing) on the mat.

Dollar exclaimed "Barton!" in blank amazement.

But it was not the unlucky Barton who had run amuck. "They won't let me at him! They'll get the lot of us shot dead!" he spluttered with ungrateful oaths; and then the newcomers grasped the situation.

On the stairs, at the end of the narrow London passage, they beheld an enormous revolver, against a background of pink sleeping-suit, with one ferocious eye looking down the barrel.

The crime doctor slipped in front of the Hogarthian group, and stood between everybody and the armed man, shaking his head with an expression that nobody else could see.

"Ozzie, I'm surprised at you!" they heard him say with some severity. "I thought you were a better sportsman than to go playing the fool the one night I'm out. If you want to frighten people, do it where you don't damage their property; if you mean murder, I'm your mark, my lad! Aim at my waistcoat buttons and perhaps you'll get me in the mouth; that's better; now blaze away!"

But the pink-striped miscreant was not lowering his barrel to improve his aim. He lowered it altogether. And his other wild eye was open now, and both were blinking with unlovely woe.

"I—I didn't mean any harm," he faltered. "It was only a rag—and I'll pay for the door."

"It'll be a great rag, won't it, if you fire bang into your own foot? Better give me that thing before you do." Dollar held out the steadiest of hands. "No, t'other way round if you don't mind; 'tisn't manners to pass knives and forks business-end-first. Ta! Now make yourself scarce before Barton goes for you by kind permission of his family."

The young man in pink stood wildly staring, then fled up-stairs with a smothered sob.

"After him, Barton, before he does something silly," said the doctor under his breath. "My dear Mrs. Barton, you shall tell me the whole thing from A to Z in the morning; go down to bed like a good soul, and be satisfied that you prevented bloodshed. Bobby, take one of the decanters from the tantalus and give your mother a good nightcap." He turned round as the unpresentable pair made off. The street-door was shut; the Home Secretary had sole

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"NOT HALF A BAD DISGUISE," HE CONTINUED, "WHOEVER YOU MAY BE!"

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possession of the mat. "Why, Mr. Vinson, what's happened to the myrmidon?"

"I thought you would like me to get rid of him," said Topham Vinson dryly. "He's waiting outside to explain matters to the reenforcements—as a joke."

"Rather an unconvincing joke!" said the doctor, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand.

"I'm glad you admit it, Dr. Dollar. Am I to understand that the whole thing was a practical joke, carefully rehearsed for my benefit?"

The doctor opened his shining eyes. "Does it look like one? Hark back a little, Mr. Vinson!"

"There's no need. I didn't think of it till you put the word into my mouth. But it's the most astounding coincidence, doctor, coming on top of the one about my watch—and you of all men catching the thief!"

"Yet this is the sort of thing that's always liable to happen when one's back is turned, and always will be until——"

"Yes?" said the Home Secretary, as Dollar paused and looked at him.

"Until you make it at least as difficult to buy revolvers and ammunition, Mr. Vinson, as a dose of prussic acid! Here's a young man, unsteady, and an epileptic, who has just been placed under my care. I don't run a private asylum, nor is he ripe for one. I must give him his head a little, and this happens in a minute! If it should lead to fresh revolver regulations—but I mustn't forget myself in my excitement. If you would come in here and smoke a cigarette—I shall have to make a round directly to see how things are quieting down, and should be only too glad to take you with me."

The round was made after further conversation in a dining-room as Spartan as the rest of the crime doctor's characteristic abode. An instructed taste in aged but uncomfortable oak gave it the chill severity of a refectory; and the suggestion was strengthened by a glance into the minute consulting-room next door, which struck the visitor, perhaps in the light of one of Dollar's own similitudes, as a sort of monkish cell and confessional in one. The carven table, rugged yet elaborate, pale with age, might once have been an altar; the chair beside it was certainly an ecclesiastical chair. The cumbrous pieces were yet the fruit of a fastidious eye, and apparently its only fruit.

Everything else throughout the house was ultra-sanitary, refreshingly utilitarian, twentieth-century. No shred nor thread made for dust on the linoleum, no picture harbored it on the glazed paper. Walls and floors were of the same uncompromising type up-stairs and down. Yet when they peeped through one of the numbered doors above, Vinson saw hot-house flowers—blooming in glass bowls on glass tables; and the bedroom ware was glass again. The very books were bound in glassy vellum; there was a pile of them beside the bed, in which a very young man, swathed in bandages, lay reading under the green shade of an electric lamp.

The doctor expressed his sorrow for the occurrence down-stairs; the patient, scarcely looking up, said that since he could not have moved to save his life, he had gone on reading all the time; and they left him at it.

"That," whispered the doctor on the landing, "is a young fellow who will one day be—well, never mind! Until he came to me he had never of his own free will read anything but a novel or a newspaper; he is now deep in the immortal work of another weak young man who was swayed by strength, and is himself for the time being under Dr. Johnson's salutary thumb."

"What was his weakness?"

"The arson habit."

"The *what*?"

"A passion for setting places on fire. He started it as quite a small boy; they licked it out of him then. All his boyhood he went in fear of the rod, and it kept him straight. Only the other day he goes up to Oxford and promptly sets fire to his rooms."

"Some form of atavism, I presume?"

"A very subtle case, if I were free to give you its whole history."

"I should be even more interested in your treatment."

"Well, I needn't tell you that he's bandaged up for burns; but you might not guess that he has come by this lot since I've had him, if not almost at my hands."

"Nonsense, man!"

"It's an exaggeration, but I'm responsible for what happened and it's going to cure him. It was a case of undisciplined imagination acting on a bonnet with just one bee in it. He had never realized what a hell let loose a fire really is; now he *knows* through his own skin."

The statesman's eyebrows were like the

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backs of two mutually displeased cats.

"But surely that's an old wives' trick pushed beyond all bounds!"

"Pushed farther than I intended, Mr. Vinson, I must confess. I only meant him to see a serious fire. So I arranged with the brigade to ring me up when there was a really bad one, and with my man to take the boy out for all his walks at night. There was another good reason for that; and altogether nothing can have seemed more natural than the way they appeared on the scene of this ghastly riding-school affair."

"I know what's coming!" cried the Home Secretary. "This is the fellow who dashed in to help save the horses, and got away afterward without giving his name!"

"That's it. He says he'll hear those horses till his dying hour! He was in the thick of it before Barton or anybody else could stop him. Well, I can take no credit for the very last thing I should have dreamed of allowing; but I fancy the odds are fairly long that the tempting element will never, never again tempt our young friend upstairs."

They had drifted down again during this recital; and he who had led the way stood staring at the crime doctor, in his monkish cell, with that intent inscrutability which was one of Topham Vinson's most effective masks; but now it was a mask imperfectly adjusted, with the warm light of admiration breaking through, and the shadow of something else interfering with that light.

When Dr. Dollar had marched upon the loaded revolver, talking down the barrel as to an infant pointing a pop-gun, daring another daredevil to shoot him dead, the same admiring look had come over the face behind him, qualified in precisely the same fashion. But then the doctor had not seen it, and now it made him wince a little, as if he dreaded something that was bound to come.

This was what came:

"Dr. Dollar, I should prefer not to ask you to show me or tell me any more. I know a good man when I see one, and I know good work when I catch him at it! Yet you say it was a sheer coincidence that I caught you at it to-night, or rather that such tough work was waiting for you when we got here."

"Do you still doubt me, then? Why, you yourself insisted on coming round to see the place, in the middle of this blessed night!"

"Exactly! That establishes your second coincidence; but by Heaven, sir, I don't believe in two of the same sort, on the same night, to the same two people!"

"What was the other coincidence?" demanded the doctor, huskily.

"Your catching *any* old pickpocket with my watch—and letting him off! Come, doctor, do one more thing for me, and I'll do all in my power for you and your great work. That is, of course, if you still want me to take the interest I certainly should have taken if I had seen your letters."

"If!" cried the young man from the fulness of his heart. "Your interest is the one thing I do want of you, and you are the one person I want to interest!"

His eyes shone like big brown lamps, straight enough now in their intensity, and dim with the glory of their vision. Topham Vinson was almost moved himself; he really was absorbed and thrilled; but not to the detriment of his penetrative astuteness, his political instinct for a bargain.

"Come, then," said he: "show me the fellow who sneaked my watch!"

"*Show* him to you? What do you mean?"

The doctor had not started. But the injured eye showed its injury once more.

"It was one of your patients who picked my pocket," said the Home Secretary, with as much confidence as if he had known it all the time. "Would you have been in such a hurry to wash your hands of anybody else, and to undo what he'd done?"

Dr. Dollar made no answer, no denial; but he glanced at a venerable one-handed clock, whose unprotected pendulum shaved the wall with noisy sweeps. It was two o'clock in the morning; but already night must have been turned into a very dreadful and disturbing day for all the inmates. The doctor abandoned that excuse unmade, and faced his visitor in desperation.

"So you want to see him—now?"

"I do. I have my reasons. But it shall end at that—if I do see him. *That* won't nip my good-will in the bud!" It was obvious what would.

"You shall see him," said the doctor, as if racking his mind once more. "But there are difficulties you perhaps can't quite appreciate. It means giving away a patient—don't you see?"

"Perfectly. It seems to me a very proper punishment, since it's all he'll get. Yet you don't want to lose your hold. Couldn't you

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send him down here on some pretext, instead of taking me up to him?"

The crime doctor's face lit up as if by electricity. "I can and I will!" he cried. "He's another reader; he shall come down for a book; that won't look so bad."

The great man waited with the satisfaction of a slightly overbearing personality that has been itself very nearly overborne. He was now intensely interested in the crime doctor and his unique establishment. It was an interest that he had no intention of sharing, until he had gone deeper into a theory and practise that were already a revelation to him. They might both prove unworkable on any large scale, and yet they might light the way to sensational legislation of the type that Topham Vinson was the very man to introduce.

Boundless ambition was one of the forces of a nature that responded to the call of any sufficiently dazzling crusade; but the passion for adventure ran ambition hard; and a crusade calculated to gratify both appetites was dazzling even to eyes of triple steel.

Only he must show this new ally his power before they struck up their alliance; that was the great reason for insisting on seeing the pickpocket. There was a little reason besides. An excellent memory had supplied Mr. Vinson with a kind of post-impression of the rascal. And within one second after the patient's prompt appearance, a certain small suspicion had been confirmed.

"I think we've met before, my man!" he had begun. His man started stagily—was altogether of the stage—a bearded scarecrow in rags too ragged to be true. Vinson found the switches and made more light. "Not half a bad disguise," he continued, "whoever you may be! I suppose they're supplied on the premises for distinguished patients?"

"How do you know it's a disguise?" croaked the hairy man, with downcast eyes.

"Well, you don't look a distinguished patient, do you?" said the Home Secretary airily. "On the other hand, your kit looks to me as if it would fall to pieces but for what the ladies call a foundation—eh?"

And he swooped down on the ragged tails as their owner turned a humiliated back. And the "foundation" was a perfectly good overcoat turned inside out; moreover, it was a coat that Topham Vinson seemed to know; it was a coat that he suddenly remembered, as he shot up to his full height, and then stood deadly still.

The pickpocket had not turned round. But his wig and beard lay at his elbow on the mantelpiece; his diminished head had sunk into his hands; and the electric light blazed upon a medallion of silver hair, up above one burning ear.

"Doctor—Dollar!" exclaimed Topham Vinson in a startled voice.

"Yes! I was the man . . . it was only to get at you . . . you know that!"

It was a hoarse voice muttering to the wall, in a dire discomfiture that had its effect on the insulted minister.

"So that was your weakness!" The plain comment was icier than any sneer. "Picking and stealing—and your hand still keeps its cunning!"

"Yes. That was how my wound had taken me." There was less shame in the hoarse voice, thanks to the bracing coldness of the other. "It started in the field hospital—orderlies laughed and encouraged me—nurses at Netley just as bad! Everybody treated it as a joke; the doctor used to ask for his watch or his handkerchief after every visit; and the great score was when he thought I had one and it was really the other—or both. It amused the ward and made me popular—made me almost suicidal—because I alone knew that I couldn't help doing it to save my life—and the rest you know."

"I do, indeed!"

"This beastly kit—I had it made on purpose so that I could run after you one minute with what I'd taken from you the minute before! It was a last attempt to gain your ear—to get you interested. And now——"

"And now," said Topham Vinson, with a kind hand on the bent shoulders, yet a keen eye on the bent head, "and now I suppose you think you've put the lid on it? So you have, my dear doctor, on any sneaking doubts I had about you! You've struck a job after my own heart, and you've led me into it as I never was led into anything in my life before. Well, you've just got to keep me in it now; and I'm conceited enough to believe I shall be worth my place. Don't you think you might turn round, Dr. Dollar, and let us shake hands on that?"

"THE LIFE PRESERVER"—*another* **Crime Doctor** *story—will appear in the June number.*

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Exit Charity

by

Zona Gale

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
THOMAS FOGARTY

"EPPLEBY HOLCOMB BEING ONE OF THOSE PROPHET MEN."

66

ES, sir,' said Silas Sykes, 'we got to get some charity goin' in this town.'

" 'Charity,' I says over, meditative. 'How do you mean, Silas?'

" 'How do I mean?' says Silas, snappy. 'Don't you know your Bible, woman?'

" 'I ain't so sure I do as I use' to be,' I told him. 'I use' to think charity was givin' hings away. Then I had a spell I use' to hink it was coverin' up their faults. Now dunno as I'm clear what it is.'

"Silas bridled some and snorted soft.

" 'Charity,' says he, 'charity, Calliope Marsh, is doin' nice things for folks.'

" 'Doin' nice things for folks,' I says over —and I wanted to remember them words of ilas and I longed to feed 'em to him some ime. But I just took up my pound of runes and went out the post-office store, houghtful.

"Outside on the walk, I come on Absa-m. He stood kicking his heels on the hy-rant and looking up and down the street ke he was waiting for something that ıere wasn't any such thing, and he knew . Absalom Ricker he was, that has work in the canning factory, when any. I'd been wantin' to see him.

" 'Evenin', Ab,' says I. 'How's Gertie?'

" 'She ain't on her feet yet,' says he, rueful.

" 'How's your mother's rheumatism?'

" 'It ain't in her fingers yet,' says he, bright.

" 'How're you?'

" 'Oh, me!' he says. 'I'm rosy.'

" 'Your arm,' says I; 'will it let you go to work yet?'

" 'Not yet,' he says, 'the thermometer actin' up zero, so. But still, I'm rosy—rosy.'

" 'Well,' says I, 'bein' you're more rosy than busy, I wonder if you couldn't do something for us ladies. You know,' I says, 'that nice, new, galvanized iron garbage tank us ladies bought and run one season, collectin' up garbage? Well, I dunno but what we've got to sell it, the Council refusin' to run it, 'count of economy. And I wondered if you'd go and hev a look at it, and tell us what we'd ought to get for it, and where.'

" 'Why, sure I will,' says Absalom. 'I'd be glad,' says he, kind of pleasant and important, 'to accommodate.'

"He went off down the street, walkin'

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sidewise, like he does, his coat and beard blowing out the same side, his pockets saggin' till they looked like mouths smiling, and his hat trained up to a peak. Everybody liked Absalom—he had such a nice, one-sided smile and he seemed to be so afraid he was going to hurt your feelings. He'd broke his right arm in Silas's canning factory that fall, and he'd been laying off ever since. His wife done washings, and his mother finished vests from the city, and the children stuffed up cracks in the walls and thought it was a game.

"They was others in the town, come lately, and mostly in the factory, that was the same way: the Bettses and the Doles and the Haskitts and the Hennings. They lived in little shacks around, and the men worked in the canning factory and the gas-works and on the tracks, and the women helped out. And one or two of 'em had took down ill; and so it was Silas, that likes to think of things first, that up and said 'do something.' And it was him put the notice in the papers a few nights later to all citizens and women that's interested in forming a Charity Society to meet in Post-Office Hall, that he has the renting of.

"I was turnin' in the stairway to the hall that night when I heard somebody singing. And coming down the walk, with her hat on crooked and its feather broke, was old Bess Bones. Bess has lived in Friendship Village for years—and I always thought it was real good for the town that she done so. For she is the only woman I ever knew of that ain't respectable, and ain't rich or famous either, and yet that goes to everybody's house.

"She does cleaning and scrubbing, and we all like to get her to do it, she does it so thoroughly conscientious. She brings us in little remedies she knows about, and vegetables from her own garden, and eggs. Sometimes some of us asks her to set down to a meal. Once she brought me a picked chicken of hers. And it's good for Friendship Village because we all see she's human, and mostly with women like that we build a thick wall and don't give 'em a chance to even knock out a brick ever after.

"WITH HER HAT ON CROOKED AND ITS FEATHER BROKE—OLD BESS BONES."

"'I was just goin' to see you, Miss Marsh,' she says. 'I got kind o' lonesome and I thought I'd bring you over a begonia slip and set a while.'

"'I'm sorry, Bess,' I says. 'I'm going to a meeting.'

"'What kind of meetin'?' she says. 'P'litical?'

"'Yes,' I says, 'something like that.' And that was true, of course, being politics is so often carried on by private charity from the candidates.

"'I'd kind of like to go to a meeting again,' she says, wistful. 'I sung to revival meetings for a month once, when I was a girl.'

"'I guess you wouldn't like this one,' I says. 'Come to see me to-morrow and I'll tell you about it.'

"And then I went up-stairs and left her standing there on the sidewalk, and I felt kind of ashamed and sneaking. I didn't know why. But I says to myself, comforting, that she'd probably of broke out and sung in the middle of the meeting, if she had come. Her head ain't right, like the most of ours; but hers takes noisy forms, so you notice more.

"Eleven of us turned out to the meeting, which was a pretty good proportion, there being only fifteen hundred living in Friendship Village altogether. Silas was in the chair, formal as a funeral.

"'The idear, as I understand it,' says Silas, when the meeting was open, 'is to get some Charity going. We'd ought to organize.'

"'And then what?' asks Mis' Toplady.

"'Why, commence distributin' duds and victuals,' says Silas.

"'Well-a,' says Mis' Toplady, 'and keep on distributing them all our lives?'

"'Sure,' says Silas, 'unless you're goin' to be weary in well doing. Them folks'll keep

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"'THE IDEAR, AS I UNDERSTAND IT,'" SAYS SILAS, "'IS TO GET SOME CHARITY GOING.'"

right on being hungry and nekked as long as they live.'

"'Why will they?' says Mis' Toplady, puzzled.

"'Well, they're poor folks, ain't they?' says Silas, scowling.

"'Why, yes,' says Mis' Toplady; 'but that ain't all they is to 'em, is it?'

"'What do you *mean?*' says Silas.

"'Why, I mean,' says Mis' Toplady, 'can't they be got goin' so's they sha'n't *be* poor folks?'

"Silas used his face like he smelled something. 'Don't you know no more about folks than that?' says he. 'Facts is facts. You've got to take folks as they are.'

"'But you ain't taking folks nowheres. You're leavin' 'em as they are, Silas,' says Mis' Toplady, troubled.

"Mis' Silas Sykes spoke up with her way of measuring off just enough for everybody.

"'It's this way Silas means,' she says. Folks are rich, or medium, or poor. We've got to face that. It's always been so.'

"Mis' Toplady kind of bit at her lower lip a few times in a way she has, that wrinkles up her nose meditative. 'It don't follow out,' she says, firm. 'My back yard used to be all chickweed. Now it's pure potatoes.'

"'Folks,' says Mis' Sykes, real witherin', 'folks ain't dirt.'

"'That's what I thought,' says Mis' Toplady, dry.

"Silas went right over their heads, like he does.

"'We've all been doin' what we could for these folks,' he says, 'but we ain't been doin' it real wise. It's come to my notice that the Haskitts had four different chickens give to 'em last Christmas. What we want to do is to fix up some sort of a organization so's our chickens won't lap.'

"'Well,' says Timothy Toplady, 'then let's organize. That ain't hard. I move it be done.'

"It was done, and Silas was made president, like he ever loves to be, and Timothy treasurer, and me secretary, because they could get me to take it.

"'Now,' says Silas, 'let's get down to work and talk over cases.'

"'*Cases!*' says Mis' Toplady, distasteful. 'They ain't got the smallpox, have they? Say *folks*.'

"'I guess you ain't very used to Charity societies,' says Silas, tolerant. 'Take the Haskitts. They ain't got a pane o' glass in their house.'

"'Nor no wood, much,' says Timothy. 'When I went to get the rent the cat was asleep on the cook-stove.'

"'What rent do they give you, Timothy?' says Silas.

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" 'Five dollars,' he says, pursin' his lips.

" 'That's only three per cent. on the money. I don't see how you can afford it.'

" 'I *am* indulgin' myself a little,' Timothy admits. 'But I been thinkin' o' raisin' it to six. One thing, though; I ain't give 'em any repairs. If I'd had a six-dollar family in there I'd had to fixed the window-glass and cleaned out the cistern and mended the roof. It about evens itself up.'

" 'Yes,' says Silas, agreeful, 'I guess it does. Well, they can have some boxes to burn, out of the store. I'll take 'em on my list. *You* can't go givin' 'em truck, Timothy. If you do, they'll come on to you for repairs. Now the Rickers. . . . . .'

"Abigail Arnold spoke up. 'They're awful,' she says. 'Mis' Ricker ain't fit to wash, and the children just show through. Ab's arm won't let him work all winter.'

" 'You take him, Silas,' says Timothy. 'He's your own employee.'

"Silas shakes his head. 'He's been chasin' me for damages ever since he got hurt,' he says.

" 'Ain't he goin' to get any, Silas?' says Mis' Toplady, pitiful.

" 'Get any?' says Silas. 'It was his own fault. He told me a week before about them belts bein' wore. I told him to lay off till I could fix 'em. But no—he kep' right on. Said his wife was sick and his bills was eatin' him up. He ain't nobody to blame but his own carelessness. I told him to lay off.'

"I looked over to Mis' Toplady, and she looked over to me. And I looked at Abigail and at Mis' Holcomb, and we all looked at each other. Only Mis' Sykes—she set there listenin' and lookin' like her life was just elegant.

" 'Can't you take that case, Mis' Toplady?' says Silas.

" 'I'll go and see them *folks*,' she says, troubled. And I guess us ladies felt troubled, one and all. And so on during all the while we was discussing the Doles and the Hennings and the Bettses and the rest. And when the meeting was over we four hung around the stove, and Mis' Sykes too.

" 'I s'pose it's all right,' Mis' Toplady says. 'I s'pose it is. But I feel like we'd made a nice, new apron to tie on to Friendship Village, and hadn't done a thing about its—underclothes.'

" 'I'm sure,' says Mis' Sykes, lookin' hurt for Silas that had cut out the apron, 'I'm sure I don't see what you mean. Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the greatest of these is Charity. Does that mean what it says, or don't it?'

" 'Oh, I s'pose it does,' says Mis' Toplady. 'But what I think is this: Ain't there things that's greater than the whole three as most folks mean 'em?'

"Mis' Sykes, she sort of gasped, in three hitches. 'Will you tell me *what?*' she says, as mad as if she'd been faith, hope, and charity personally.

" 'I dunno . . . . .' says Mis' Toplady, dreamy, 'I dunno the name of it. But ladies, it's something. And I can feel it, just as plain as plain.'

"It was three-four weeks before the new Charity Association got really to running, and had collected in enough clothes and groceries so's we could start distributing. On the day before the next monthly meeting, that was to be in Post-Office Hall again, we started out with the things, so's to make our report to the meeting. Mis' Toplady and I was together, and the first place we went to was Absalom Ricker's. Gertie, Absalom's wife, was washing, and he was turning the wringer with his well hand, and his mother was finishing vests by the stove, and singing a tune that was all on a straight line and quite loud. And the children, one and all, was crying, in their leisure from fighting each other.

" 'Well,' says Mis' Toplady, 'how you getting on *now?* Got many washings to do?'

"Gertie Ricker, she set down on the wood-box all of a sudden and begun to cry. She was a pretty little woman, but sickly, and with one of them folding spines that don't hold their folks up very good.

" 'I've got three a week,' she says. 'I can earn the rent all right.'

" 'I tell her,' says Absalom, 'if she didn't have no washings, then there'd be something to cry for.'

"But he said it sort of lack-luster, and like it come a word at a time.

" 'Do you get out any?' says Mis' Toplady, to improve the topic.

" 'Out where?' says Gertie. 'We ain't no place to go. I went down for the yeast last night.'

"It kind of come over me: Washing all day and her half sick; Absalom by the stove

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"GERTIE WAS WASHING, AND HE WAS TURNING THE WRINGER WITH HIS WELL HAND, AND THE CHILDREN, ONE AND ALL, WAS CRYING, IN THEIR LEISURE FROM FIGHTING EACH OTHER."

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tending fire and turning wringer; his old mother humming on one note; the children yelling when they wasn't shouting. I thought of their cupboard and I could see what it must hold—cold boiled potatoes and beans, I bet. I thought of their supper-table . . . . . of early mornings before the fire was built. And I see the kind of a life they had.

"And then I looked over to the two loaves of bread and the can of fruit and the dozen eggs and the old coat of Timothy's that we'd brought, and it seemed to me these touched the spot of what was the trouble in that house about as much as the smoke that oozed into the room from the chimney. And I glanced over to Mis' Toplady and there she set, with ideas filterin' back of her eyes.

" 'We've brought you a few things, being you're sick—' she begun, sort of embarrassed; but Absalom, he cut in short, shorter than I ever knew him to speak.

" 'Who's *we?*' he says.

" 'Why-a,' says Mis' Toplady, stumbling some over her words, 'the new society.'

"Absalom flushed up to the roots of his hair. 'What society?' says he, sharp.

"Mis' Toplady showed scairt for just a minute, and then she met his eyes brave. 'Why,' she says, 'us—and you. You belong to it. We had it in the paper, and met to the Post-Office Hall the other night. It's for everybody to come to.'

" 'To do what?' says Absalom.

" 'Why-a,' says Mis' Toplady, some put to it, 'to—to do nice things for—for each other.'

" 'The town?' says Absalom.

" 'The town,' agrees Mis' Toplady—and pressed ahead almost like she was finding something to explain with. 'We meet again to-morrow night,' says she. 'Couldn't you come—you and Gertie? Come—and mebbe belong?'

"Absalom's mad cooled down some. First he looked sheepish and then he showed pleased. 'Why, I dunno—could we, Gertie?' he says.

" 'Is it dress-up?' says Gertie.

" 'Mercy, no,' says Mis' Toplady, 'it's every-day. Or not so much so. You'll come, won't you?'

" 'Mebbe,' says Gertie.

"When we got outside, I looked at Mis' Toplady, kind of took aback; and it was so that she looked at me.

" 'Silas'll talk charity his way to that meeting, you know,' I says. 'I'm afraid he'll hurt Absalom and Gertie. I'm afraid. . . . . .'

"Mis' Toplady looked kind of scairt herself. 'I done that before I meant to do it no more'n nothing in this world,' she says, 'but I dunno—when I begun handin' 'em out stuff I was ashamed to do it without putting it like I done.'

" 'I know,' I says, 'I know.' And know I did. I've give things to poor folks lots of times and glowed up my spine with a virtuous feeling—but something big was always setting somewhere inside me making me feel ashamed of the glow and ashamed of the giving. Who am I that I should be the giver, and somebody else the givee?

"We went on to the Bettses' and caught Mis' Betts washing up two days' of dishes at four o'clock in the afternoon, and we heard about Joe's losing his job, and we talked to the canary. 'We'd ought not to afford him,' Mis' Betts says, apologetic. 'I always hate to take the money to get him another package of seed—and we ain't much of any crumbs.'

"And we went to the Haskitts' and found her head tied up with the toothache. Folks looks sick enough with their heads tied up *around;* but when it comes to up and down, they always look like they was going to die. And we went to the Doles' and the Hennings' and carried in the stuff; and one and all them places, leaving things there was like laying a ten-cent piece down on a leper, and bowing to him to help on his recovery. And every single place, as soon as ever we'd laid down the old clothes we'd brought, we invited 'em to join the organization and to come to the meeting next night.

" 'What's the name of this here club?' Joe Betts asks us.

"By that time neither Mis' Toplady nor me would have tied the word 'Charity' to that club for anything on earth. We told him we was going to pick the name next night, and told him he must come and help.

" 'Do come,' Mis' Toplady says, and when Mis' Betts hung off: 'We're goin' to have a little visiting time—and coffee and sandwiches afterwards,' Mis' Toplady adds, calm as her hat. And when we got outside: 'I dunno what made me stick on the coffee and the sandwiches,' she says, sort of dazed, 'but it was so kind of bleak and dead in there, I felt like I just had to

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say something cheerful and human—like coffee.'

" 'Well,' I says, 'us ladies can do the refreshments ourselves, so be the rest of the Board stands on its head at the idee of doing 'em itself. *As* I presume likely it will stand.'

"And this we both of us presumed alike. So on the way home we stopped in to the post-office store and told Silas that we'd been giving out a good many invitations to folks to come to the meeting next night, and mebbe join.

" 'That's good,' says Silas, genial; 'that's good. We need the dues.'

" 'We kind of thought coffee and sandwiches to-morrow night, Silas,' says Mis' Toplady, experimental, 'and a little social time.'

" 'Don't you go to makin' no white-kid-glove doin's out o' this thing,' says Silas. 'You can't mix up charity and society too free. Charity's religion and society's earthy. And that's two different things.'

" 'Earthy,' I says over. 'Earthy! So'm I. Ain't it a wonderful word, Silas? Well, us two is going to do the coffee and sandwiches for to-morrow night,' I added on, deliberate, determined and serene.

"When Silas had done his objectin', and see he couldn't help himself with us willing to solicit the whole refreshments, and when we'd left the store, Mis' Toplady thought of something else: 'I dunno,' she says, 'as we'd ought to leave folks out just because they ain't poor. That,' she says, troubled, 'don't seem real right. Let's us telephone to them we can think of that didn't come to the last meeting.'

"So we invited in the telephone population, just the same as the others."

"The next night us ladies got down to the hall early to do the finishing touches. And on Daphne Street, on my way down, I met Bess Bones again, kind of creeping along. She'd stopped to pat the nose of a horse standing patient, hitched outside the barber-shop saloon—I've seen Bess go down Daphne Street on market-days patting the nose of every horse one after another.

" 'Hello, Mis' Marsh,' Bess says. 'Are you comin' down with another meeting?'

" 'Yes, sir, Bess,' I says, 'I am.' And then a thought struck me. 'Bess,' I says—able now to hold up my head like my skull intended, because I felt I could ask

"WE INVITED 'EM TO JOIN THE ORGANIZATION AND TO COME TO THE MEETING NEXT NIGHT."

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"IN COME THREE PIECES OF THE FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE BAND, AND THEY BEGUN TUNING UP, FESTIVE."

her—'you come on up, too—you're invited to-night. Everybody is.'

"Her face lit up, like putting the curtain up.

" 'Honest, can I?' she says. 'I'd love to go to a meeting again—I've looked in the window at 'em a dozen times. I'll get my bread an' be right up.'

"I tell you, Post-Office Hall looked nice. We'd got in a few rugs and plants, and the refreshment table stood acrost one corner, with a screen around the gas-plate, and the cups all piled shiny and the sandwiches covered with white fringed napkins. And about seven o'clock in come three pieces of the Friendship Village Band we'd got to give their services, and they begun tuning up, festive. And us ladies stood around with our hands under our white aprons; and you'd have thought it was some nice, human doin's instead of just duty.

"Before much of anybody else had got there, in come them we'd invited first: Absalom Ricker and Gertie, her looking real nice with a new-ironed bow to her neck, and him brushed up in Timothy's old coat and his hair trained to a high peak. And the Bettses—Joe with his beard expected to cover up where there wasn't a necktie and her pretendin' the hall was chilly so's to keep her cloak on over whatever wasn't underneath. And the Haskitts, him snapping and snarling at her, and her trying to hush him up by agreeing with him promiscuous. And Mis' Henning that her husband didn't show up. We heard afterwards he was down in the barber-shop saloon, dressed up to come but backed out after. And most everybody else come—not only the original 'leven, but some of the telephone folks, and some that the refreshment-bait always catches.

"Silas come in late—he'd had to wait and distribute the mail—and when he see the Rickers and the rest of them, he come tearing over to us women in the refreshment corner.

" 'My dum!' he says, 'look at them folks setting down there—Rickerses and Henningses and Bettses and them—how we goin' to manage with them here? The idear of their coming to the meeting!'

" 'Ain't it some their meeting, Silas?' I says. 'The whole society was formed on their account. Seems to me they've got a right—just like in real United States Congress doings.'

" 'But, my dum, woman,' says Silas, 'how we going to take up their cases and talk 'em over with them setting there, taking it all in? Ain't you got no delicacy to you?' he ends up, ready to burst.

"And of course, when you come to think of it, Congress always does do its real

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business in committees, private and delicate.

"Mis' Toplady was ready for Silas.

" 'You're right about it,' she says. 'We can't do that, can we? Suppose we don't do so very much business to-night? Let's set some other talk goin'. We thought mebbe—do you s'pose your niece would sing for us, Silas?'

" 'Mebbe,' says Silas, some mollified, through being proud to sinning of his visiting niece; 'but I don't like this here—' he was going on.

" 'Ask her,' says Mis' Toplady. 'She'll do it for you, Silas.'

"And Silas done so, ignorant as the dead that he'd been right down managed. Then he went up stage and rapped to begin.

"Well, of course I had to read the minutes, being secretary so, and I was ready, having set up half the night before to make them out. And of course, the job was some delicate; but I'd fixed them up what I thought was real nice and impersonal. Like this:

" 'A meeting of citizens of Friendship village was held, ———, in Post-Office Hall, for the purpose of organizing a society to do nice things for folks. (Then I give the names of the officers.) Several plans was thought over for making presents to others and for distributing the same. Several families was thought of for membership. It was voted to have two kinds of members, honorary and active. The active pay all the dues and provide the presents. but everybody contributes what they can and will, whether work or similar. A number of ways was thought of for going to work. Things that had ought to be done was talked of. It was decided to hold monthly meetings. Meeting adjourned.'

"FOLKS LOOKS SICK ENOUGH WITH THEIR HEADS TIED UP *AROUND;* BUT WHEN IT COMES TO UP AND DOWN, THEY ALWAYS LOOK LIKE THEY WAS GOING TO DIE."

"That seemed to me to cover everything real neat. And when Silas got to reports of committees, Mis' Toplady was no less ready for him. She hopped right up to say that the work that had been put in her hands was all finished, the same as was ordered, and no more to be said about it. And when it come to Unfinished Business, there was me on my feet again to say that the work that had been put in my hands wasn't finished and there'd be more to be said about it later.

"And then Silas asked for New Business, and there was a pause. And then all of a sudden Absalom Ricker got on to his feet with his arm still in its sling.

" 'Mr. President,' he says, so nice and dignified. And when Silas had done his nod, Absalom went on in his soft, unstarched voice: 'It's a real nice idear,' says he, 'to get up this here club. I for one feel real glad it's going. You ain't got up any line around it. Nobody has to be any one thing in order to get in on it. I've thought for a long time there'd ought to be some place where folks could go that didn't believe alike, nor vote alike, nor get paid alike. I'm glad I come out—I guess we all are. Now the purpose of this here club, as I understand it, is to do nice things for folks. Well, I've got a nice thing to propose for us to do. I'll pitch in and help, and I guess some of the rest of us will. Soon as it comes warm weather, we could get a-hold of that elegant galvanized iron swill-wagon that ain't in use and drive it around the town to do what it's for. Us that don't have work so awful steady could do it, nice as a mice. I dunno whether that comes inside what the club was intended for, but it would be doing a kind of a nice thing for folks, my way of thinking.'

"Up hopped Eppleby Holcomb—Eppleby being one of those prophet men that can see faint signs sticking up their heads

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where there ain't much of anything showing.

" 'That's the ticket, Mr. President,' says he. 'Us that don't have horses or chickens can sense that all right. If Absalom moves it, I second it.'

" 'Will you help drive it around, Betts?' says Absalom. 'Hank Haskitt? Ben Dole? We're all of us home a good deal of the time—we could keep it goin', amongst us. All right,' says he, when the men had nodded matter-of-course nods, 'sure I make it a motion.'

"Silas put the motion, looking some dazed. And when it carried, hearty, us ladies sitting over by the refreshment table, and that had bought the wagon, we all burst out and spatted our hands. We couldn't help it. And everybody kind of turned around and passed some remark—and it made a real nice minute.

"Then Silas spoke up from the chair kind of sour—being in the Council so, that wouldn't run the wagon.

" 'The thing's in the city tool-house now,' says he, 'and it's a good deal in the way where it is. It had ought to be put somewheres.'

"Up pipes Ben Dole, kind of important and eager, and forgot to address the chair till he was half through, and then done so and ducked and flushed and went on anyhow. And the purport of his remarks was, that he could set that tank in the barn of his lot, that he didn't have no horse for and no use of, and keep it there till spring. And I seconded what he meant, and it got itself carried, and Ben set down like he'd done a thing, same as he had done.

"Then, when Silas said what was the next pleasure of the meeting, Mis' Toplady mentioned that they needed carpet rags to make up some rugs for two-three places, and who could give some and help sew them? Mis' Sykes said she could, and Mame and Abigail and me and some more offered up, and Mis' Toplady wrote our names down, and, 'How about you, Gertie?' says she to Gertie Ricker.

"Gertie looked scairt for a minute, and then my heart jumped pleasant in its socket, *for I see Absalom nudge her.* Yes, sir, he nudged her to say she would, and all of a sudden I knew that he wanted his wife to be taking some part like the rest was; and she says, faint, 'I guess so'. And when Mis' Sykes asked round, Mis' Haskitt and Mis' Henning said they didn't have much of any rags, but they could come and help sew on the rags of them that did have.

" 'So do,' says Mis' Toplady, hearty, 'and we'll meet to my house next Tuesday at two o'clock, sha'n't we? And have a cup o' tea.'

" 'What else is the pleasure of the meeting?' says Silas, balancing on his toes as chairman-like as he knew how.

"Then on the second row from the back, who should we see gettin' up but Bess Bones! I hadn't seen her come in and I'd forgot all about her. Her hat was on one side, and the plume that was broke in the middle was hanging idle, not doing any decorating; and I could see the other ladies thinkin' with one brain that ten to one she'd been drinking, and would break out singing in our very midst. But she hadn't nor she didn't. Only what she said went over the room shrill, as her singin' voice was.

" 'For the Lord's sakes,' says Bess, 'if you're goin' to hold protracted meetin's in this hall, why don't you clean up the floor? I never see such a hole. I motion I come in an' scrub it up. I ain't no thousand dollars to subscribe, but a cake o' soap'll keep you from stickin' to the boards.'

" 'Second the motion!' says I, all over me.

"And even Silas broke down and smiled like he don't think no president had ought to do. And everybody else kind of laughed and looked at each other and felt the kind of a feeling that don't run around among folks any too often. And when Silas put the motion, kind of grudgin', we all voted for it abundant. And Bess set there showing pleased, like an empty room that has had a piece of furniture got for it.

"I dunno what it was that minute done to us all. I've often wondered since, what it was. But somehow everybody kind of felt that they all knew something each other knew, only they couldn't rightly name it. Ab and Joe Betts, Mame Holcomb and Eppleby, Gertie and Mis' Toplady and me—we all felt it. Everybody did, unless it was Silas and Mis' Sykes. Silas didn't sense nothing much but that he hoped the meeting was going to run smooth, and Mis Sykes—well, right in the middle of that glowing minute I see her catch sight of Mame Holcomb's new red waist and she set there thinking of nothing *but* waist either with eyes or with mind.

"But the rest of us—the rest of us was

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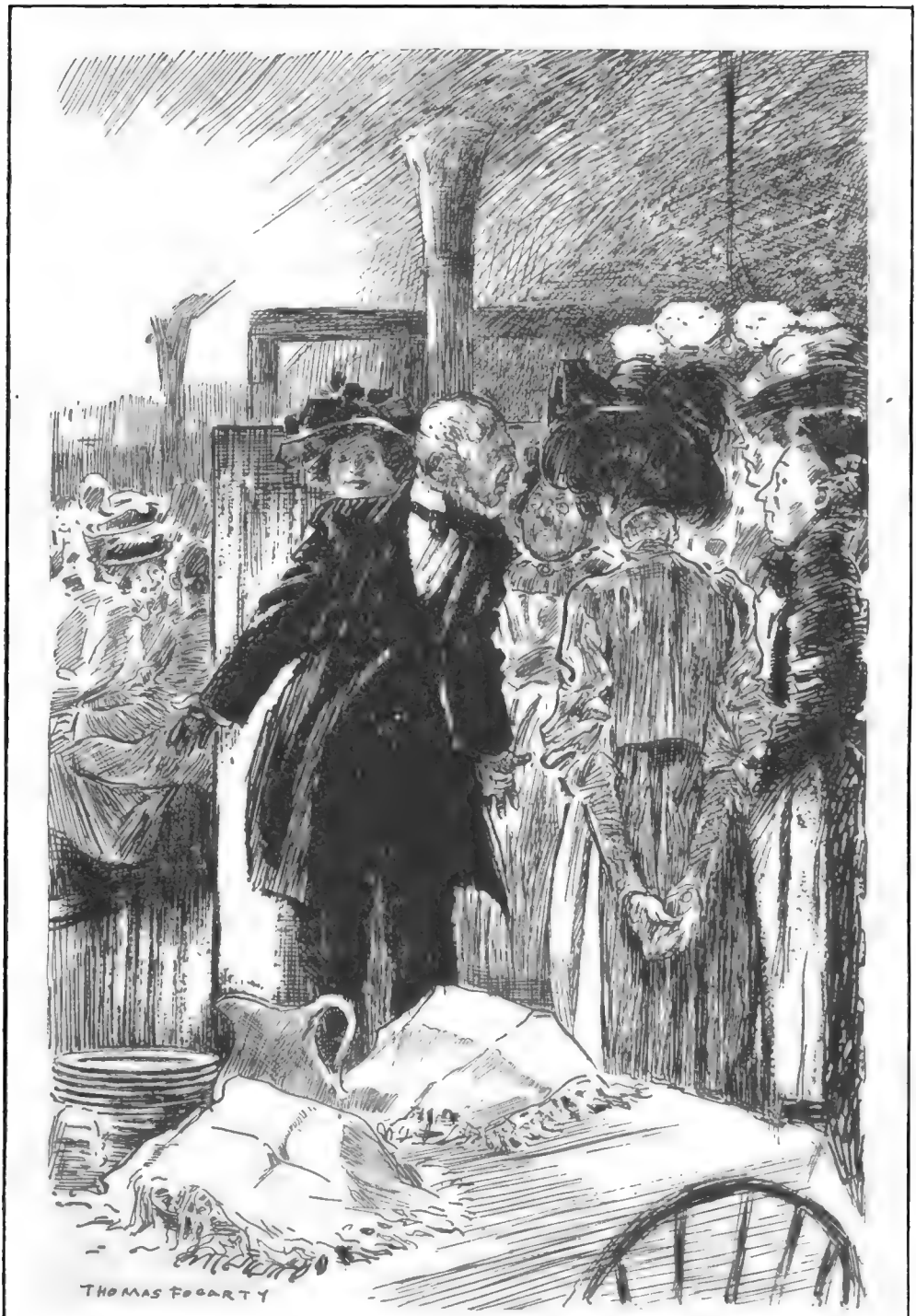

"'HOW WE GOIN' TO MANAGE WITH THEM HERE? THE IDEAR OF THEIR COMING TO THE MEETING!'"

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sharing a big minute that begun when Joe Betts offered to do something nice for folks, and that kept along on down to what Bess said. And I liked us all to be feeling that way—I ain't never liked anything better, without it's the Christmas feeling or the Thanksgiving feeling. And this feeling was sort of like all two.

"And I betted if only—if only we could make it last—Absalom wouldn't be getting done out of his arm's money-value by Silas, nor the Bettses out of their decent roof by Timothy, nor they wouldn't be no club formed to dole out charity stuff, but we would all know a better way. And things would be different. Different.

"I leaned clear past three chairs and nudged Mis' Toplady. She looked round, and I see she was just wiping her eyes on her apron-string—Mis' Toplady never can find her handkerchief when she most wants to cry. And I never said a word—I didn't need to—but we nodded and we both knew what we both knew: that there was a bigger thing in the room that minute than ever Silas knew or guessed when he planned out his plan. And it was what Mis' Toplady had meant when she told him there was something 'greater than these'—as most folks mean 'em.

"I didn't lose the feeling through the piece by the band that come next, nor even through the selection by Silas's niece. The music really made the feeling more so—the music, and our all setting there hearing it together, and everybody in the room being givers, and nobody givees. But when the music stopped, and while I was still feeling all glorified up, what did Mis' Sykes do but break in, something like throwing a stone through a window.

" 'I should think we might as well get the club name settled to-night,' she says with her little formal pucker. 'Ain't the Charity Club that we spoke of real nice and dignified for our title?'

"It was Mis' Toplady that exploded. It just bare happened it wasn't me, but it turned out to be her.

" 'Land, land,' she says, '*no!* Not one person in fifteen hundred knows what charity means anyhow, and everybody'd get the wrong idee. Let's call it just its plain natural name: The Friendship Village Club. Or, The Whole World Club. Or I dunno but The Universe Club!'

" 'I knew I wouldn't have the sense to keep still right through things. I never do have.

" 'No, sir!' I says out, 'oh, no sir! Universe Club ain't big enough. For if they is any other universe anywhere maybe that might feel left out.'

"Long before we had settled on any one name, I remember Mis' Toplady come out from behind the refreshments screen and says: 'Mr. President, the coffee and sandwiches has come to a boil. Can't you peter off the meeting and adjourn it for one week?'

Which wasn't just exactly how she meant to say it. But it seemed to come in so pat that everybody rustled, spontaneous, in spite of themselves. And us ladies begun passing the plates.

"After they'd all gone, we was picking up the dishes when Silas come in to see to the stoves.

" 'Oh, Silas,' I says, 'wasn't it a splendid meeting? Wasn't it?'

"Silas was pinching, gingerish, at the hot stove-door handle, rather than take his coat-tail for a holder.

" 'I s'pose *you're* satisfied,' he says. 'You fed 'em, even if we didn't get much done.'

" 'Not get much done!' I says—'not get much done! Oh, Silas, what more did you want to do than we see done here to-night?'

" 'Well, what kind of a *charity* meeting was that?' says he, sour and bitter rolled into one.

"I went up to him with all of Mis' Toplady's fringed tea-napkins in my hands that it was going to take her most of the next day to do up.

" 'Why, Silas,' I says, 'I dunno if it was any kind of a charity meeting. But it was a town meeting. It was a folks' meeting. It was a human meeting. Can't you sense it? Can't you sense it, Silas?' I put it to him: 'We got something else besides charity going here to night—as sure as the living sun.'

" 'I like to know what?' he snaps back, and slammed the stove door.

"Mis' Toplady, she looked at him tranquil over the tops of her two pairs of spectacles.

" 'Something that's in folks,' says she—and went on hunting up her spoons."

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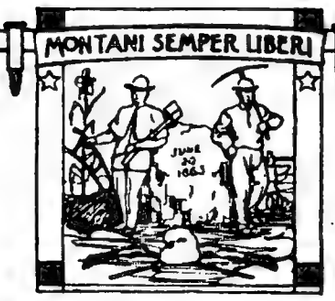

"SWEET LAND of LIBERTY!"

FEUDALISM *and* CIVIL WAR *in the* UNITED STATES *of* AMERICA, NOW

by M. MICHELSON

THERE is now being waged in West Virginia a civil war, a real war.

It is a war against feudalism, in which five thousand armed coal-miners are opposed by the entire military organization of the state.

Feudalism in America? The notion must be a shock to that faith which accepts without question the declaration that this is a free country. Nevertheless, feudalism does exist here, and in West Virginia it has reached the inevitable climax.

The causes that lie behind this rebellion should be both interesting and instructive to the guests of West Virginia who are attending the fiftieth anniversary of her admission into the Union as a *free* state. Some of these causes are as follows:

Miners are servants. They pay rent for their cottages, but they must get out whenever they displease their master. (See judicial decision.) Miners must vote the way the boss directs. (See what happened to the men in the Holly & Stephenson mine.) They must pay the exorbitant prices charged by company stores. (See the store prices.) They must not advocate Socialism. (See the black list.) They must recognize the authority of the mine-guards, the private police of the mining companies. If a guard insults a woman or brutally assaults a man, the victim must understand that the guard is merely preserving the peace.

As there seemed no other way of calling these conditions to a reluctant official attention, the mine-workers declared a strike.

The rebellion followed. It had not been contemplated in the original plans of the strikers, and it did not occur until it became perfectly plain that the armed mercenaries of the mine-owners were going to proceed just as if war had been declared, and, furthermore, that the regular government was not going to interfere. Then the citizen-army walked into Charleston, bought a few carloads of rifles, and came back with cartridges in its belt and blood in its eye.

That was last July. The war has been in progress ever since. It has been the genuine article, with a half-dozen pitched battles, an interesting quota of bloodshed, and a sufficient amount of legal quackery, official injustice, and governmental despotism to make the average man wonder whether he is living in the United States or in one of the remote districts of Siberia. Both sides

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have concealed their losses; but an estimate, made by the military authorities who were sent in to suppress the rebellion, places the number of killed between twenty-eight and fifty. This is most conservative.

When the state finally intervened (to save the hired guards from annihilation at the hands of the enraged miners), the militia disarmed both sides. More than five hundred rifles of every pattern and description were confiscated—from the ancient musket which some miner had carried in the war between the North and South to the modern repeating Winchesters of the guards. There were also in the lot six machine guns, which shoot three hundred times in a minute and kill at five miles distance; a thousand revolvers and one hundred and fifty thousand rounds of ammunition. This included ten thousand "dumdum" bullets which had been thoughtfully imported by the mine-owners.

Such bullets, you will recall, have been prohibited by the rules of modern warfare. But this hasn't been modern warfare. And when the miners found that the companies weren't going to abide by the rules, they also bought "dumdum" bullets and used them.

The militia went after both sides with vigorous impartiality, taking the position that mine-guards who, in the name of law and order, make war with "dumdum" bullets, are equally at fault with miners who fight in the name of liberty. Unfortunately, however, for the militia's good intentions, the guards, having no family ties, were able to make a speedy exit, leaving the miners to bear the burden of subsequent proceedings.

These consisted of sundry court martials, the general establishment of martial law for the first time in the history of the state, and sentence to the penitentiary, by the military commanders, of about twenty miners.

WEST VIRGINIA UNDER KING COAL

As may be imagined, the course of events was not displeasing to the mine-owners who had brought in both guards and "dumdum" bullets.

The militia was on hand to enforce the law. The miners had undoubtedly broken it. Now, despite various assumptions to the contrary, large bodies of men—say, bodies five thousand strong—do not get together and break the law for diversion. Such events are commonly the result of one thing—a condition which has caused men to lose faith in the law. Given these conditions, every man is a potential lawbreaker.

For more than twenty years the government of West Virginia has been run by the coal companies. They had to run it. West Virginia is the second coal-producing state. Cheap labor is responsible for its remarkable progress. Naturally, this hasn't been as good for the worker as it has been for the coal companies. To control the labor market the companies have been forced into politics.

The state-house is in Charleston, but the real capital has been the little town of Elkins, where the late United States Senator Stephen B. Elkins lived, and where his coal-millionaire father-in-law, former United States Senator Henry Gassaway Davis, still lives. To Elkins have come governors, congressmen, even judges, to trade political influence for political preferment. Those who wanted favors from the Democratic party, turned to the Davis estate on the left bank of the river; those whose business was with the Republican party, to the Elkins home on the right bank.

Five years ago, the miners asked the state legislature to relieve them from the oppression of the private police mercenaries employed by the coal companies. They simply asked that these guards be required to give bonds as peace-officers. You wouldn't suppose that any one would object to such a measure. But the mine-owners sent a paid lobby to Charleston to oppose it. The bill was beaten by six votes, two Democrats voting with the Republicans. Those six votes cost West Virginia a civil war and half a million dollars.

On the other hand, in the earlier strike of 1903 the mine-owners appealed to another branch of this government—the Federal courts. The miners were making a stubborn fight. It was evident they could not be driven back to work as long as they had food. The bosses decided that they should be starved out. Justice John Jackson, then sitting in the United States District Court in the northern part of the state, was induced to issue an injunction, enjoining their relief committee from *feeding or clothing the strikers*. Another beautiful example of government by injunction!

His brother justice in the southern district, Judge B. F. Kellar, at the same time enjoined the miners from marching or holding their meetings within sight of the mines. The strikers violated the

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STATE TROOPS GUARDING AGAINST ATTACK BY THE MINERS BIVOUACKED IN THE HILLS.

injunction. A deputy marshal was sent up Stanaford Mountain in Fayette County to arrest the leaders. He was driven down the mountain. Then the attorney for the men arranged to have his clients surrender to the court. The deputy, possibly because he knew nothing of the treaty of peace, organized a posse of eighty men and swooped down upon Stanaford City at four o'clock in the morning. He found the miners in bed, asleep. In the ensuing mêlée, which history persists in calling the Massacre of Stanaford City, seven miners were killed and twenty wounded.

The attorney-general of the state visited the scene, took careful note of the fact that all the bullets were "in one side of tree," that one dead miner wore his night-gown, and that another had been shot in the back while he was pulling on his shoe. Then he prepared to make a test case of two of the deputies and prosecuted them for murder. The Federal court intervened through a writ of habeas corpus and the deputies were saved.

And yet there are miners in West Virginia who believe in the courts. Isn't our government founded on liberty and justice?

A couple of ragged gulches in the Kanawha Mountains, an hour's ride from Charleston, constitute the war zone. One is known as Cabin Creek; the other as Paint Creek. They are eight miles apart, separated by a razorback ridge. The mining towns consist of creek beds, cañon walls, coal dumps, railway tracks, and cabins, the cabins often unpainted and sometimes falling to pieces through neglect.

STATE MILITIAMEN BRINGING A MINER BEFORE THE MILITARY COURT.

The advantages which, until recently, accrued from living on Paint rather than Cabin Creek, depended upon things other than scenery. Cabin has been closed territory, and is generally known among the miners as "Russia." The companies own

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everything in sight except the county road. This bit of negligence is offset by the fact that the county road is for the most part located in the bottom of the creek. Thus, any undesirable who wishes to penetrate Cabin Creek is placed in an unpleasant predicament. He either has to walk on company property at the risk of being manhandled by the guards, such being the customary procedure, or he may take off his shoes and stockings and wade.

Paint Creek has been "open." That is, the territory, although owned by the mining companies, was not guarded against ingress. This was because Paint Creek had won its independence in the strike of 1902, and the "free miners" who worked there were members of the district organization of the United Mine Workers of America.

Cabin Creek, on the other hand, has never succeeded in combating the rule which prohibits unionism under pain of dismissal and banishment.

This difference in the relative situation of the men on the two creeks before the war was emphasized by many other inequalities of like nature. You couldn't entertain President Wilson in your Cabin Creek home if the boss objected. And the boss would be very likely to object, too. President Wilson is entirely too radical for the average Cabin Creek mine-owner. Your house lease even specified who might and who might not walk up to your front door. But if you lived on Paint Creek, your house was your castle, even though it was only a shanty that the first heavy wind might blow away. There you might give a dinner to Emma Goldman and no one could say you nay.

"How can you justify such a situation in the United States?" I asked Mr. M. T. Davis, president of the Cabin Creek Consolidated Coal Company, the largest company operating mines on that creek.

Without batting an eyelash, he stated his case. "If your cook had some one in the kitchen you didn't want there, wouldn't you put him out?" he asked. And there isn't a doubt in the world that he sincerely believed that he was within his rights as a master.

The Cabin Creek mine-owner is willing to admit that, in the early history of the coal industry of the state, some operators were in the habit of stealing the wages of their employees by shortweighing their coal. He may even go one step farther and admit that in parts of the state, far removed from Cabin Creek, of course, there are employers who still resort to this reprehensible practise. In fact, I have the measurements of a mine car in the New River District, made by H. T. McDonnell, a civil engineer, which show that on every ton of coal sent out from the mine the worker is robbed of just fourteen cents. The average miner loads twelve tons a day, and works from fifteen to twenty days a month. You may figure his loss in a year and, after you have done that, see what he could buy for his family with this money.

The state law of West Virginia provides that the miner may have a check-weighman on the coal-tipple to see that he isn't robbed. But there is a joker in the law. He can have the weigher *if he asks for one.* Now here is a remarkable set of circumstances. Every union mine in the state, where the miners are able to make their demand in a body, has its check-weighman. On Cabin Creek, where the miners have no organization, there is no check-weighman. Cabin Creek operators say that their men *have never asked for one.*

"FROM EVERY MOUNTAINSIDE——"

But Cabin Creek feudalism has its paternal aspect. F. H. McClung, manager of the Holley & Stephenson Company, last winter decided that it would be better for the miners of the town of Eskdale if a certain set of public officials should be reelected. Probably he was right. But some of his men didn't agree with him and voted contrary to orders. These men were discharged during the coldest weather of the year. Their coal orders were canceled. When they tried to buy coal to keep their families warm, the neighboring mines refused to sell to them.

This is probably an extreme case. A number of miners have told me, however, that they have been ordered to leave Cabin Creek because they were "talking Socialism." Socialism is a general term to cover a multitude of sins—often used to denote a "kicker." Example: one who complains that his coal isn't properly weighed is a "Socialist."*

The paternal aspect was seen in its most

*If the mine-owners really want to help the cause of Socialism, their efforts are meeting with extraordinary success. At the last election, occurring after the revolt, the vote of the Socialist candidate for Justice of the Peace in Cabin Creek district nearly equaled the combined vote of his Democratic and Republican opponents. Debs received 3,210 votes and Taft only 1,759.

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Photograph by Gates, Charleston.

"MOTHER" JONES, THE VETERAN GENERAL OF THE MINERS.

THIS REMARKABLE WOMAN, NOW EIGHTY-ONE YEARS OLD, LED THE REBELLION AGAINST FEUDALISM. AT PRESENT, SHE IS A MILITARY PRISONER, HELD UPON A TECHNICAL CHARGE OF MURDER, A CHARGE WHICH COULD NOT BE SUPPORTED IN ANY CIVIL COURT IN THE LAND. THE MILITARY TRIBUNAL CAN ORDER HER EXECUTION WITHOUT TRIAL. SHE HAS REFUSED AN OFFER OF AMNESTY MADE CONDITIONAL UPON HER LEAVING THE STATE.

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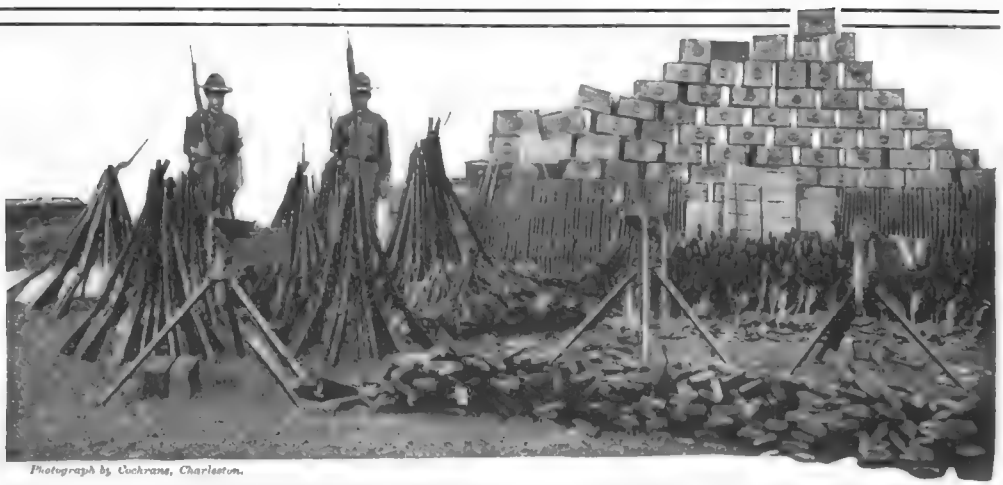

Photograph by Cochrane, Charleston.

REAL WAR. HERE ARE ENOUGH GUNS AND AMMUNITION TO START A MEXICAN REVOLUTION. THEY WERE TAKEN DOZEN MACHINE GUNS, SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND. THE AMMUNITION INCLUDED WHEN THEY STRIKE A SOLID OBJECT, "POISONED" BULLETS OF THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL HAS BARRED THIS KIND

favored light at the Carbon Coal Company's town, Decota, on Cabin Creek. Mr. Charles A. Cabell was the manager of this company. He lived on the ground. He was one of the few operators who did. He made the welfare of his men, both physical and moral, his personal business. He built swimming-pools for them. He entered into their sports. He knew every man by his first name and "it was just like one great big family." But the abuses of feudalism existed here as elsewhere. No man's house was his castle. The Carbon Coal Company's store prices weren't independent-store prices. The Carbon Coal Company, you must understand, had to compete with the other coal companies.

The mining companies on both creeks conducted these general stores at prices that were notoriously high. How high may be seen from this comparative table:

	Company-Store Price	Independent-Store Price
Potatoes, per bush.	$2.00—2.25	$1.00 —1.20
Flour, per bbl. . .	7.50—8.00	5.50 —6.00
Calico, per yd. . . .	.09	.06
Gingham, per yd. .	.10—15	.08½ — .12½
Eggs, per doz.	.35—40 (cold stge.)	.25 (fresh)

"We don't make money by selling coal," said the state's Chief Mine Inspector, John Laing, who holds his position although he is also the owner of mines on Cabin Creek. "Our profits," he continued, "are realized from the store sales and the house rentals." Mr. Laing used the technical term "tenantry" to describe this branch of his business. It seemed quite appropriate.

Let's see how the system works out. You and I establish a general store in the backwoods. Obviously, we have no customers. We purchase a coal-mine for, say, two hundred thousand dollars, although we know that we can just make it pay the cost of operating. We are supposed to be buying a coal-mine; actually we are buying customers —the coal-miners. They are *our chief asset*, listed under the head of "good-will."

A cheeky independent opens a store on *our boundary line;* tries to steal *our assets* by cutting prices. Do we let him? Not much. First of all, we won't allow him to deliver goods in *our town*. We may instruct *our police*, the mine-guards, to turn back any "asset" that strays in his direction. Others do this; why shouldn't we? Then we decide to have only one pay-day each month instead of two. That means that *our miner* won't be able to pay cash for what he buys. He doesn't need money anyway. If he had it, he would buy whisky. We'll give him credit at *our store*. We are now a benevolent institution.

As for *our miner*, it is no longer a question

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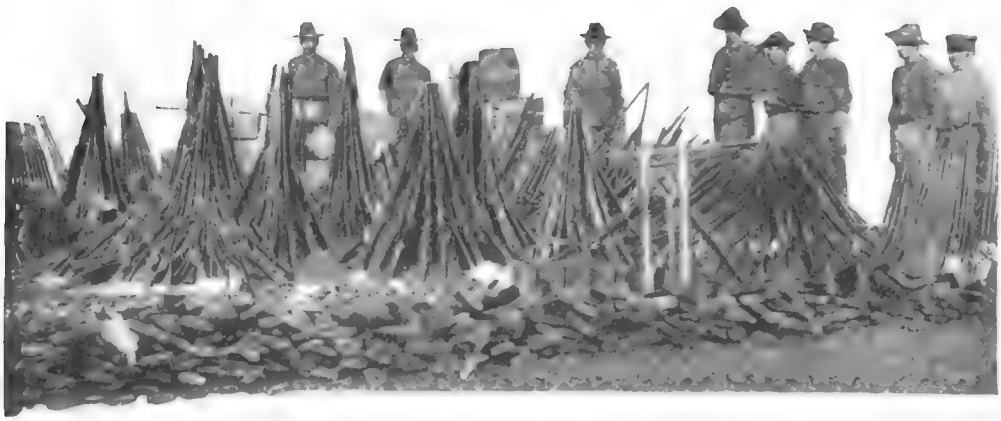

FROM MINERS AND MINE-GUARDS BY THE NATIONAL GUARD. IN THE LOT, THERE WERE 1500 GUNS, AND A HALF SHARP STEEL-JACKETED BULLETS, THE DEADLY "DUMDUM" BULLETS THAT FLATTEN COPPER AND LEAD, AS WELL AS A FEW EXPLOSIVE BULLETS. OF AMMUNITION FROM MODERN WARFARE.

of how much he can earn digging coal, but of how much he will have left after he pays his store bill. Without quite understanding how it has happened, he will very often find himself in debt to the company at the end of the month.

The mine-guards are the chief support of feudalism. This must now be plain to the reader. It must also be plain to him why the bill to place the guards under heavy bonds was so strenuously opposed in the legislature five years ago. There is a favorite fiction among the mine-owners that the guards are simply employed to protect property. But note this phase of their work: A black list of miners is sent out by the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency, which employs the guards; I quote from this list —a report furnished by these employees:

"James Clark, strong union man and agitates organization of the New River Fields, and has held office with the U. M. W. in Pennsylvania. Description of James Clark: Scotchman, about thirty-eight or forty years old, height five feet six or seven inches, red mustache, one eye has a cast. *The above party is now working at Carlisle, but we have asked for his discharge.*"

Simply protecting property?

There are the names of over three hundred miners on this list. Many of those described in the circular have three or four children.

As for the brutalities committed by these guards upon officials of the miners' union, the record is appalling. But no doubt the guards were protecting property.

Thirty years ago, W. G. Baldwin realized the possibility of organizing the guards into one compact private police system. Originally his force consisted of a handful of ruffians sent into the Pocahontas fields to break a coal strike. Baldwin gradually extended the system until at last it reached into five different states. Some of the famous feud-fighters of West Virginia, a murderer or two out of the penitentiary, at least one convicted burglar, and a various assortment of undesirables are or have been Baldwin guards. One man deserves special notice. He is Ernest Gaujot, whose brutal deeds, written in every chapter of the labor history of West Virginia, have caused the miners to crown him the "King Guard," a title which even his companions are willing should be his.

Baldwin has acquired a sufficient fortune to retire to his old home in Roanoke, Virginia. His partner, Thomas C. Felts, now directs the guards and keeps the owners of the mines and lumber camps firmly planted upon the backs of the workers.

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MINERS' SHANTIES AT MUCKLOW.

SCENE OF THE FOUR GREAT BATTLES BETWEEN THE MINERS AND THE MINE-GUARDS. THE WORKERS HAD BEEN TURNED OUT BY THE GUARDS. THE CABINS SEEN IN THE PICTURE WERE RIDDLED BY MINERS' BULLETS, AND THE GUARDS BARELY ESCAPED WITH THEIR LIVES.

"Montani Semper Liberi" is the motto of West Virginia. That means "Mountaineers are always free men." When the mines were first opened, the mine-owner took the pioneer from his clearing in the wilderness and made him a coal-miner. These men or their descendants constitute forty-six per cent. of the miners of West Virginia to-day. On Cabin Creek they are still in the majority. Hospitality is the law of their land. No stranger need leave their door hungry. The "Hill Billy" hasn't forgotten how to draw his gun in a poker game. One wonders then how he has endured for so many years living conditions which United States Immigration Commissioner O'Keefe describes as "unfit for a white man."

Perhaps it is because he still has respect for republican institutions. He is a family man. Race suicide and divorce are almost unknown to him. I saw very few men, over thirty years of age, who didn't have three or four children. It is in these pale, sickly children and their anemic mothers that the falling off in the race is noticeable. "It was for the sake of the kids," said Lawrence Dwyer, "that we come out. If we hadn't, they'd have built a stone wall around them."

On April 20, 1912, the free miners of Paint Creek quit work. The operators had previously refused to make a new agreement with their union and had attempted to impose the hated guard system upon them. Gaujot and his veterans invaded the creek. They brought the machine guns, searchlights, rifles, and ammunition, and, without making any secret of why they were there, prepared for war. They were presently joined by the volunteers from the city slums.

These raw recruits might have been mistaken for a division of General Coxey's army. They were unwashed, unshaven; their clothes were shabby, their shoes broken through; but every man in the brigade

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carried a brand-new repeating rifle, and at his hip a blue-barreled Colt's. A mine-owner described them well: "They were not," he said, "ladylike or gentle-mannered."

The reign of terror commenced. The new Gatling gun had to be warmed up. As the days were so full, the guards had to practise at night, and timid women, aroused from their sleep, hid beneath beds through fear of bullets that sang dangerously near the cabins.

George S. Romine, an old lumberman, was awakened at night by five bullets that plowed their way into the cabin which he occupied with his wife and nine children. As a souvenir of the night he has a poisoned bullet of copper and lead that grazed the cheek of one of the youngsters.

Every miner who dared to show himself on the streets, if only to walk to the post-office, was halted and had his pockets searched, an art in which the recruits from the city excelled. With no warrant other than their Winchesters, they entered the miners' homes; tumbled babies, furniture and other household goods topsy-turvy; ordered food and drink; topped off an enjoyable evening by cursing their host, and, apropos of nothing, remarked that he would "make an awful purty shot."

Mrs. Frank Russe, about to become a mother, was chased out of her house by the armed mercenaries, who cursed her and slapped her face.

Gaujot and his recruits searched the home of Tony Sevilla while Tony was in Ohio, where he had gone to look for work. When a neighbor came to the house after the "King Guard" had departed, she found Mrs. Sevilla on her knees making the sign of the cross. "What has happened?" asked the neighbor. The Italian mother, pointing to her side, where Gaujot had kicked her, answered in broken English, "I don't hear my baby calling me now."

The coal companies did not believe in red tape. When there was work to be done, they wanted it done in businesslike fashion

A MINER'S CAMP AT HOLLEY GROVE. GET OUT YOUR COPY OF THE CONSTITUTION AND READ THE PREAMBLE.

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and with the least possible delay. So the mercenaries, clothed with the authority of their repeating rifles, put the miners out of their homes, thus assuming the functions of the courts and the sheriff. Often a miner's family was interrupted in the midst of a meal by the arrival of the moving squad, which loaded men, women, and children on the wagons and transported them with their household furniture to the open fields, where they lived until they found shelter.

The employment of physical force wasn't always necessary. A vague rumor, apparently starting nowhere, that a certain house was to be blown up was sufficient to make its occupant move his family away.

THE INDUSTRY OF IMPORTING FOREIGN LABORERS

The strikers finally established their permanent camps at Holley Grove at the mouth of the creek, and at Mossey, near its headwaters.

It was evident before the strike was a month old that the men were licked. Everything pointed that way. Their local organization was believed to be too weak to stand a long fight. The companies were bringing in the strike-breakers—"transports," as the men called them. How these "transports," principally ignorant foreigners, were baited by luring advertisements in the newspapers of New York and other cities—advertisements that promised every kind of work from digging a ditch in California to operating a street-car in Timbuctoo or any other place sufficiently remote from West Virginia; how the victims found themselves, with other victims, locked in passenger coaches in charge of the Baldwin guards, whose business it was to get them to the mines, never mind how, but to get them there; how some of them were clubbed and some shot at to make them go into the mines; and how the families of others were cared for by charitable organizations while the breadwinners were "beating" their way home—all this serves only as another illustration of the now generally recognized fact that respectable business men, as well as miners, break the law.

Incidentally, this traffic in foreign laborers has become an organized industry in the United States. "Why, kid," said one trader to the young fellow he had just delivered to the mines, "I have been following this business for ten years and they ain't got me yet."

Of course the "transports," city dwellers as they were, couldn't mine coal. They weren't expected to. They had been brought in to weaken the men by making them believe that their places were being filled, to cause trouble, and thus to justify the employment of the mercenaries. The plan succeeded better than had been intended. The miners, upon two occasions, in May and in June, attacked Mucklow, where the guards were, with so much vigor that for a time it looked as if none of the guards would come out alive.

Naturally, these battles were described in the Charleston papers, which, like the cabins, were owned by the operators, and failed to tell of the events that preceded them. So public opinion was turned against the men at the outset and the mine-owners were jubilant over the prospect of an early victory, especially as market quotations on West Virginia coal had already begun to soar and the owners could look forward to a rich winter harvest. Then something happened.

An old woman arrived in Charleston. She was very old—past eighty, in fact. Her hair was snow-white. She was dressed in black and she wore a nice little bonnet becoming to one of her age. The passenger who saw her get off the train in the early morning of July 6th may have wondered why such a very old lady was traveling alone. She picked up her belongings, which were tied together in a black shawl and, after shooing away various taxi-drivers and cabmen, started for her destination on foot at a pace which, if not rapid, at least showed an ability to cover the ground that ought to have set at rest the mind of the uneasy passenger. If it did not, a searching glance from a pair of shrewd gray eyes would have convinced him that his fears were groundless.

Those eyes belonged to the woman whom five hundred thousand American miners call "Mother" Jones.

Mother Jones has the habit of happening into West Virginia at most inopportune times. Ten years ago she came into the state, called out forty thousand mine-workers, "the boys," and left an organization of ten thousand "free miners" where there had been none before she came. After that the

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operators heard of her vaguely: in the West on the firing-line at Cripple Creek, in the South with the child-laborers of the cotton mills, again in the West to organize the railroad men on the Harriman lines, and down in Mexico attempting the well-nigh impossible task of helping the peons to freedom. Just at the moment when the mine-owners declaration of war. They gave him twenty-four hours to get rid of the mine-guards. Then Mother Jones traveled up and down the Great Kanawha, the stronghold of the free miners, and sent the miners, with their guns, to the aid of Paint Creek.

The third and decisive battle of Mucklow was fought July 26, 1912, three months after

FORMER GOVERNOR WILLIAM E. GLASSCOCK (CENTER), WHO SUSPENDED THE CONSTITUTION OF WEST VIRGINIA AND CREATED THE MILITARY COURT. THE OTHERS ARE SOME OF THE MINERS AS THEY APPEARED AFTER THEY HAD BEEN SENT TO THE PENITENTIARY WITHOUT THE FORMALITY OF A JURY TRIAL.

of West Virginia had ceased to consider her as a possible factor, she suddenly swept down upon them like a "Wandering Jew," bringing in her wake a plague of new troubles.

Mother Jones decided that the mine-owners intended to make Paint Creek the entering wedge to win back all the free territory. She started the counter-movement. One day a white-faced messenger burst into the governor's office with the startling announcement that the "old woman" was marching upon the state-house with three thousand miners. Governor Glasscock met them upon the capitol steps and heard their

the guards came into the Creek. It was an organized army that moved on the guards' town this time, an army divided into squads and companies under company commanders. Each miner soldier wore a white handkerchief bound about his coat sleeve. No man was safe who didn't know the countersign. On the eve of the battle the miners took their position in the mountains on the four sides of Mucklow. From their stations they could look down into the "basin." They could see the lights in their old homes, now occupied by the guards. The sight did not soothe their feelings.

The miners opened the battle of Mucklow

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by sending a mine-car crashing down a thousand-foot incline into the tipple-house, where some of the guards were playing cards. That was the signal for the mountain sides to burst into flashes of fire. Every tree seemed to hide an enraged miner, fighting now like a savage, sending his bullets at every human mark that showed itself in the basin below.

In the face of what seemed certain death, one guard stepped out to man the machine-gun. It was "Squire" Lambert, a former justice of the peace. He adjusted the big gun and then commenced firing here and there where he saw smoke jets in the hills on all sides of him. The miners turned their fire upon the big gun and three times they silenced it.

Mucklow was fast becoming too hot a place for the defenders. They tried to telephone for help. The miners, foreseeing such an attempt, had cut the wires. The shooting, however, had been heard in Wacomah, three miles away, and reenforcements were sent from that town. The miners met the relief in the hills. A running fight ensued and one guard was killed.

"King" Gaujot turned the tide at Mucklow. He and twelve companions had been at Holley Grove when the fighting started. While there, they had amused themselves by shooting into the miners' tents, where the miners' wives and babies were quartered. They drove two young girls into the water of the creek up to their armpits.

Then, having committed all the deviltry they could think of, the hired rowdies of the mine operators departed for Mucklow, taking twenty-two prisoners of war with them.

One version of what followed is that Gaujot and his twelve companions directed such a deadly fire into the hills of Mucklow that the miners—five hundred of them and more—were glad to quit their entrenched position

THE GUARDS' FORT AT MUCKLOW.

THE GUARDS BUILT THIS FORT OF CONCRETE AND STEEL. INSIDE THE FORT, GROUPED ABOUT THE GATLING GUN, ARE THE "KING GUARD," ERNEST GAUJOT, AND HIS COMPANIONS. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE STATE TROOPS, WHO WERE CALLED UPON TO SAVE THE GUARDS.

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THE "SUPREME COURT" OF WEST VIRGINIA.

THESE OFFICERS OF THE STATE MILITIA CONSTITUTED THE FIRST OF THE MILITARY COURTS. HERE ARE THE JUDGE, JURY, AND PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, HAVING THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH OVER EVERY MAN IN THE STATE. ITS RIGHT TO CONVICT WILL BE CONTESTED BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT.

and depart. The miners tell a different story. They say the "King Guard" marched his twenty-two prisoners up to the Gatling gun, and made them into a human shield around the gun. Rather than kill innocent men, the miners in the hills withdrew.

(By the way, why don't we move our army of intervention from the Mexican border to West Virginia, to protect Americans at home?)

Meantime a messenger had slipped through the miners' picket lines, and had brought the news of the battle to Cabin Creek. Charles A. Cabell of the Carbon Coal Company had despatched a fresh envoy to the governor to beg him "in the name of Providence to send some aid to Mucklow." The state troops were attending the national maneuvers in Pennsylvania. They were ordered home. They came on special trains, and on the morning of July 27th the tired mine-guards of Mucklow, who had slept on their arms, woke under the protection of the National Guard of West Virginia.

Then there was an awakening among the feudal miners of Cabin Creek. Revolt was in the air. Only a leader was needed. But where was a leader to be found? No union official in his senses would go into the Creek alone. But the problem was not so difficult as it appeared.

On the morning of August 6th, Mother Jones passed the "stone wall" at Cabin Creek junction. At one o'clock she spoke to the miners in the "free city," Eskdale. She organized them into a union. They were discharged. A second meeting was called a week later. Eighty Baldwin guards tried to prevent this meeting, but the reign of feudalism, at least temporarily, was over on Cabin Creek. The eighty guards hastily retreated before the determined advance of three hundred armed miners. This was followed by a recurrence of the happenings on Paint Creek, the unlawful searches, the evictions and acts of intimidation, followed by pitched battles, the arrival of the troops, and, finally, the establishment upon both creeks of martial law.

Martial law was once described by the Duke of Wellington as no law at all except the will of the commander-in-chief, and no one has since found a better definition. In this instance martial law meant no law at all except the will of half a dozen young men who had gone into the military service of the

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state, through patriotic motives, no doubt, but also because it afforded good sport for red-blooded young men. There wasn't anything the matter with these young men; but the average citizen would not care to trust his liberty to the six. Perhaps he has the feeling—sort of inborn, I guess—that he is entitled to twelve of his own selection. Besides, he probably believes that *ex post facto* laws went out of fashion in 1776, and that the state constitution guarantees him the right of jury trial. Hear the opening words of the West Virginia constitution:

"The provisions of the Constitution of the United States and of this state are operative alike in a period of war as in time of peace, and any departure therefrom, or violation thereof, under the plea of necessity, or any other plea, is subversive of good government and tends to anarchy and despotism." Article 1, section 3.

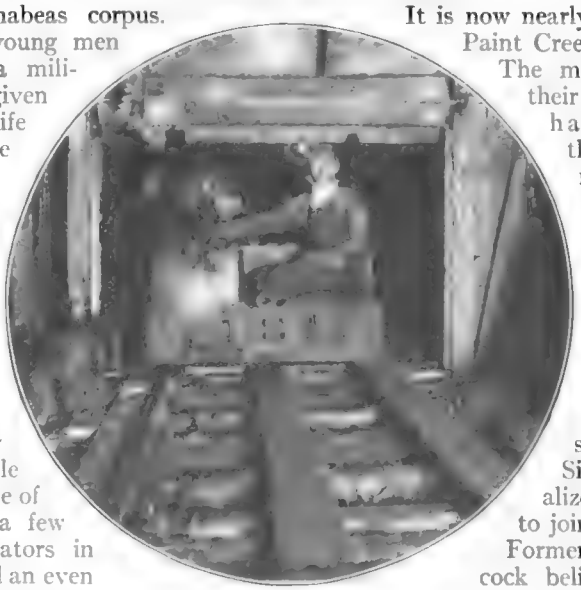
But Governor Glasscock didn't think so, and the state supreme court, with the exception of Justice Ira E. Robinson, agreed with the governor when the question of trying citizens at drumhead court martial was submitted upon habeas corpus. And so the six young men were constituted a military court and given the authority of life and death over the men and women on Paint Creek.

For over three months the court sat at Pratt, on Paint Creek. The judges decided that they could restore order in the shortest space of time by making an example of the miners. Some of us may feel that a few law-breaking operators in jail would have had an even more wholesome effect. Anyway, the six young men sent twenty miners and one guard to the penitentiary and about twice as many miners to jail. Many of these sentences were more severe than the penalty prescribed by statute, and they were approved by Governor Glasscock.

In the fall a new governor was elected, Dr. H. D. Hatfield. Mother Jones aroused the people of the state to demand the abolition of the guards. Governor Hatfield and the other candidates pledged themselves to crush the system. Apparently, the election had doomed the system to extinction.

My last night in West Virginia was spent with the miners in their camp at Mossey. As I walked through the camp street, an old man stopped his work long enough to remark, "We ain't lawless men here. We're only askin' for what the law says is ours." I passed barefooted children, patient mountain women, and sturdy young mountaineers. Among all the same fighting spirit was as evident—never to go back to the mines under the old, degrading conditions.

As I left in the morning, the workers were tramping in from all directions to vote at their first union election. What an outrage it seemed, that men who had such a personal sense of responsibility that they had got up before daylight to be on time at the voting booth, should be outlawed by a brutal civilization.



SCENE IN A WEST VIRGINIA COAL-MINE.

It is now nearly a year since the Paint Creek men quit work. The miners are still in their tents. The winter has failed to drive them back into the mines, just as "dumdum" bullets have failed; just as martial law has failed. The latest news despatch informs us that Mother Jones is on trial for conspiracy to murder. Sixty thousand feudalized miners threaten to join the revolt.

Former Governor Glasscock believes the remedy lies with the legislature; Governor Hatfield firmly believes it. And the legislature?—It has been deadlocked for six weeks trying to decide which particular coal operator shall go to the United States Senate.

And this in the United States of America, 1912-13, A. D.!

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The PINCH of POVERTY

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

EMERGING from the office-building, Johnson hesitated for a moment. The sky above the city cañon was gray, the eddying wind was gusty and raw, the people hurried along—the business men, bound for noon lunches, buttoning their coats as they went. Envying them, the least as well as the greatest, Johnson buttoned his own thin overcoat (of spring-before-last vintage), and, squaring his shoulders, likewise hurried—to turn one corner and another, circling the blocks until offices should again be open.

Five months before, the store manager had sent for him and told him, bluskly, as if anxious to get over a disagreeable matter: "We shall not be able to retain you after the fifteenth, Mr. Johnson. The company must reduce expenses. Sorry. We will furnish you a recommendation, of course."

The news had staggered him. Why, even with the salary of eighty dollars a month, he and Helen had hard work to stretch two and two to make five. And necessities were constantly growing dearer. Indeed, what were necessities? Eggs, butter, milk, meat—these were luxuries! So was the baby. So was the roof over their heads; the rent had just been raised five dollars, but there was nothing cheaper.

Rents were being raised everywhere, because the landlords' grocery bills were

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larger; the landlords' grocery bills were larger because the grocers' bills were larger; the grocers' bills were larger because the jobbers' bills were larger; the jobbers' bills were larger because the manufacturers' bills were larger; the manufacturers' bills were larger because the raw products were more expensive; the raw products were more expensive because the producers' supplies were more expensive; the producers' supplies were more expensive because the retailers' prices were up; the retailers' prices were up because the jobbers' bills were larger; the jobbers' bills—and thus it went, in a bewildering merry-go-round, with himself and a million other plain, ordinary men on salary as the innocent non-combatants who bore the brunt.

He and Helen had discussed the situation again and again; each week trying to get along upon still a little less of this and of that, so as to make ends meet and to nurture their savings account. They were determined upon the savings account, which should mean a house of their own for them in their age and for their boy in his youth. A rented house could not be a home.

That evening when, after the notification by the manager, he had arrived despondent, it was Helen who rose to the occasion.

"But you surely can get something, Dick," she had encouraged. "A man like you!"

Well, so he had thought. He began to lay his ropes right away: casually informing acquaintances, keeping his eyes open for ads. and his ears open for verbal hints. Helen pursued the same course in her circle. Several times she returned home or met him upon his return, quite enthusiastic over probabilities. The two had willing friends, and with many eyes and ears open it was inevitable that another position would proffer itself. Why, as like as not this change would be a change for the better!

However, notwithstanding the state of constant alertness, the fifteenth came and passed, Johnson took home his final wage, and possibilities as well as probabilities all had withered and died.

Still, as Helen said, in this great city there must be work—there *must* be.

How they had flinched from drawing upon their savings! The first twenty-five dollars, to pay the rent, had seemed a sacrilege; but that was almost five months back, and since then they had helplessly seen the steady current of their relentless expenses suck in, board by board, shingle by shingle, the home for themselves and their boy.

The last fifty dollars Johnson had drawn out recklessly and defiantly, in a bunch. He might as well have it in the house, for apparently it would soon all be needed. After that was gone—then what?

He had a foreboding—something was formulating in his mind; something horrid, grotesque, but fascinating. And now as this last fifty was dwindling so pitilessly, and Helen's clothes were showing more and more threadbare, the idea was gripping deeper.

It presented a way out. He was not a man who deemed that the world owed him a living; but he did believe that it should give him a chance at a living. If it would not do that, if it persistently rapped his fingers when he clutched for a hold, he would at least not be a burden to it.

And he tried for that hold. God knows, he tried to find that chance! In honest fashion he ran the gamut. He tackled friends, and bore the sting of their pity; he followed blind leads, and felt the ignominy of rebuff from strangers; he answered advertisements, and in the long lines of men saw others chosen before him.

And one afternoon, after trudging into buildings and out of buildings, exhausted in mind and body by that perpetual "no want" attitude, he stopped at a sewer-ditch with its gang of laborers—several Greeks, a couple of negroes, perhaps an Austrian or two, shoveling and spading in the muddy trench.

A large red-faced man came stumping along the ditch, between puffs of his black pipe grunting remarks to the line of delvers or else loftily casting eyes askance. This must be the boss; and a sudden hope flamed in the numbed Johnson.

"Are you the foreman?" he asked.

The large, red-faced man flicked an eye in his direction. "Oi am," he grunted over his burly shoulder.

"What's the chance for a job?" Johnson queried eagerly.

"None." The large man sauntered on.

Johnson trod after. "I mean," he explained, "a job in the ditch. You're the one who hires the men, aren't you? Can't you use another?"

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"BUT THREAD'S GONE UP A WHOLE CENT A SPOOL—AND I *HAVE* TO HAVE THREAD."

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"Oi am, but Oi don't. Oi'm not hirin'; Oi'm turnin' 'em off." And the large man strolled on.

He had scarcely so much as glanced at Johnson.

Johnson waited a moment, irresolute—and caught himself wondering if he really was himself; if he, this Johnson, was that other Johnson of an era past. He remembered a time when he had read, uncomprehendingly, of a man of former wealth reduced to working as porter in a cheap lodging-house; and here now was he, still Johnson, bidding for a job as day-laborer in a street ditch.

Yes, and bitterly disappointed that he did not get it.

When he reached home early that evening, Helen was crying over a spool of thread which accidentally had been burned.

"I saw baby playing with it," she sobbed. "I remember his dropping it into the waste-basket, and my thinking that this would amuse him. Then I forgot and burned the basketful."

"But can't you—can't you match the thread, dear?" he asked, awkwardly. "Do you need it to-night?"

She raised a frightened, tear-stained face to his. "It isn't that, Dick," she said. "But thread's gone up a whole cent a spool—and I *have* to have thread, to mend with."

Thread up a cent. . . . How ridiculous that such a margin was of so grievous importance. But the announcement, and Helen's childish tears, deepened in Johnson the sensation of being fast in the claw of a crab—a claw which, crab-like, pinched ever tighter, no matter how he strove to hack it away.

But there was the way to release. The idea, cankerous, festered and pulled.

However, he was not yet done fighting. The next evening after the incident of the sewer gang and of the lost thread, he stiffened again, and with lips set called boldly at the house of Mr. Rogers, the senior member of the firm for which he had worked.

Helen had sponged and brushed his best combination of clothes, and trimmed the frayed cuffs of his shirt; he had polished his shoes and shaved (he had discovered that he could shave with ordinary kitchen soap), and picked out his least-worn collar.

"Dear, you look the gentleman," Helen had assured him proudly, kissing him. "Now talk right up to Mr. Rogers—just tell him that you had worked for the company ten years, and that you have me and the baby, and that a little something to carry us along until you could get your old place again would help wonderfully. Tell him, dear. They'll surely find room for an old employee who worked as faithfully as you worked."

So he spent another of those precious nickels for the carfare to the Rogers house. But he took Helen with him—her kiss upon his lips, her voice in his ears, her face in his heart; and accordingly the street-car company was no gainer. He needed her to escort him up the broad walk and upon those broad steps, and to push the bell-button for him, and, inside, to plead in his—in their—behalf.

"Is Mr. Rogers in?" he asked of the maid who opened the door.

She viewed him critically. "I don't know. Who shall I say?"

With a show of leisure Johnson extracted from his little alligator-skin case an engraved card (they had been Helen's Christmas gift to him), and grandly handed it to her. "I should like to see him just a moment, if you please."

The maid left him standing in the warm, softly lighted library, and disappeared.

When Mr. Rogers entered he was eyeing the card doubtfully (much as the maid had eyed Johnson), as if questioning whether a suspicious person might not have gained entrance under false pretenses.

"You don't know me, Mr. Rogers," Johnson said. "I was assistant in the shipping department, at the store."

Mr. Rogers lifted his eyebrows, and again scanned the card curiously, much as he might have examined a Chinese inscription. He did not ask Johnson to sit down, and did not sit down himself; but, standing, waited, courteously enough if not hospitably.

"The matter may not have been brought to your attention," pursued Johnson bravely, along the path of the speech he had composed, "but among others, I presume, I was let out about five months ago in a general cutting of expenses."

Mr. Rogers, with eyes upon him, briefly nodded.

"I don't know—I don't understand that this would directly concern you," resumed Johnson, faltering a little under the non-

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committal attitude of his audience; "but I was let out—for economy—unexpectedly to me, and I have not been able to find anything since."

"It must have been a necessary step. The board of directors decided that," said Mr. Rogers, shortly.

"I judged, of course, that it was considered necessary at the time, or you—the management, I mean—would not have discharged a man like myself, who had been in your employ over ten years," reminded Johnson, diplomatically. That sounded to him like quite a master-stroke. "But I haven't been able to find any work since."

"No?" commented Mr. Rogers, evidently trying hard not to be impatient. He scanned the card.

"It's been a long pull, Mr. Rogers," persisted Johnson. Helen was coming to his rescue. So was the boy. "I've a wife and family. I don't ask for my old place back again, yet. But isn't there some work of some kind that I could do until times are better?"

"My dear man," answered Mr. Rogers, as if in genuine astonishment, "I don't hire the help, you know. The heads of departments attend to that."

"I've seen Mr. Regan of the shipping department several times. He said that he'd let me know in case of a vacancy or of additions. But I've got to get something, Mr. Rogers. I've a wife and family."

"So have I a wife and family," rebuked Mr. Rogers. "So have we all—we all have wife and family. It's a responsibility that can not very well be shifted. Ah—er, was there anything else, Mr. (and he again peered at the card)—ah—Johnson?"

Still confronting him, with *his* wife and family, Johnson flushed weakly. "I thought that maybe you might be willing to speak a word for me—I would take any

5 "BUT I'VE GOT TO GET SOMETHING, MR. ROGERS. I'VE A WIFE AND FAMILY."

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kind of work, temporarily; every cent counts with us, now."

Mr. Rogers firmly shook his head. "It's a matter in which I do not interfere. Really, it's outside my control, Mr.—ah, Johnson. But I rather fancy the policy is retrenchment, and will be for some time. If I were you I'd look elsewhere. However, I hope you find something soon. If this is all —er, good night."

Piloting his impotent family, Johnson bowed himself out and shut the door after himself.

He was at the end of his strength; the pinch of the claw, tight, ever tighter, had become unendurable; he and Helen had no winter clothing, they were hard put to get material for the baby's winter clothing; it had become a question even of fuel, of food, of a roof; they were down to their last dollar—really in a strange and desperate plight, a plight almost incredible for respectable people in a civilized community.

Now he would grant to Fate twenty-four hours more. And then, if nothing turned up, he would perform that which apparently had been allotted to him to perform. Often, in his despondent periods of late, he had discussed with himself the ways and means. He had decided, after weighing pros and cons, upon using the gas. To-night, as he sat in the car and stared unwinkingly straight before him, having spent another precious nickel after another fruitless excursion, his despondency settled into a quiet resolution.

It would be very simple to tiptoe out of bed during the night without awakening Helen, open the gas-jets, and tiptoe back again . . . and wait. Somehow, this appealed to him, grimly, as rather a joke—that their departure from the world would be at the expense of the gas company!

As he entered the sitting-room Helen looked at him hopefully. He tried to smile as he shook his head. No words were necessary. He only put his arms about her dumbly. He was so tired.

"I'm sorry, dear," she soothed. "But don't mind. Something *will* turn up, dear. I *know* it."

"Yes, something will turn up," he repeated, wearily, "I suppose."

And all the time he was determined. The idea was in the ascendency, and after twenty-four hours, if those twenty-four hours of grace resulted in naught, then he would calmly take affairs into his own hands.

Nothing did turn up. He actually had half anticipated that at this culminating crisis something would. Of course, he had been foolish. However, he had given Fate the opportunity; and now as he rode home after another uneventful day, instead of being depressed he was strangely elated. For the solution of the problem was so absurdly easy. He would leave no note to inform the world that he was cheating it of its victims; he had decided to forego anything so melodramatic. He and his would retire quietly, without token of bitterness, and the world could move on.

Helen met him at the door. She was girlishly radiant. A pleasant aroma of cooking—an aroma reminiscent of happier times—filled the air.

"Dick!" she cried. "What do you think?"

"What?"

Work? Work at last! She had a place for him! His heart leaped. The chance had come? But no . . .

"I was going to have it a secret; only I can't keep it from you. It's a cake! Without eggs or butter or milk! I read about it in an old magazine. It tastes delicious. I broke off a tiny piece, to try. It will be for dessert. And baby has another tooth!"

Poor little woman! Faithful little woman! She was as joyous as if there were no trouble; as if there were no steady pinching, pinching, of that crab Poverty. So Johnson rose to the occasion.

The baby had a new tooth. The cake without eggs and milk and butter was a success. The dinner, the modest, scrimpy dinner, was a success.

"Do you know," said Helen, suddenly, sitting back a minute at the table before clearing away the dishes, "something is going to happen! I feel it."

Johnson caught his breath. What did she mean? Her prescience was uncanny.

"What?"

She shook her head, a tender little smile of introspection upon her lips. Her face had its days of intensity and haggardness; but now it had a moment of maiden softness.

"I don't know. But there's a change coming. I feel it, Dick! I do, really!"

Well, there was. Yet before the innocent light of her brooding eyes the cankerous idea writhed and struggled as under a surgeon's knife.

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By seven o'clock the baby was asleep in the crib; and by nine he and Helen, also, were in their beds. This saved gas; and they had not much to do, evenings, since they had stopped the paper.

"Good night, dear," called Helen, sleepily, across.

"Good night."

Oh, he could not; he could not; not tonight. Again he fought, shifting his hot head as he shifted his mind, but shifting quietly lest he disturb her. He pictured the stillness of the morning, when the sun would shine in and none of them would stir—it once had seemed to him the best way, and the only way—but, God help him, he could not! . . . Yet it appealed so alluringly, he must fight it, fight it as he had fought pride and shame and discouragement.

And, fighting, but with the idea gnawing at him to end this desperation, as he lay staring into the darkness he fell asleep.

Asleep, he dreamed. Hypnotized by that gaunt, burning idea, he was compelled to arise and to tiptoe to *do* it, and to tiptoe back. He dreamed—at least, he thought that he had only dreamed; but the hideous deed had been accomplished, for now the odor of gas was strong in his nostrils! He strove to break the spell that held him. This was murder. From Helen came a sound, a choking call for help. But he was stiff, immobile, as if the darkness were welded upon him, weighting him down.

Then, with a violent effort, he wrested himself free from those bands of horror, and sat up, cold with perspiration, sick with fear. It was gas! He sniffed, assuring his senses. His ears were dully booming, he swayed dizzily, clutching at the covers. He had been tricked. He had been made a criminal in act as in thought. Was he too late? He struggled from the bed; reeling to the floor, he crawled on hands and knees. All his better being strove to sustain him. He must open every window, wide.

In his blind, feeble progress he encountered something soft across his path. Helen! But where was he? His head bumped into a smooth, hard mass, and it gave a ringing echo. He felt for it. It was cold and glassy. The bath-tub! He had wandered into the bath-room. The gas was overpowering, but a slight hissing sound pricked into his understanding. The cock of the water-heater must be open! He followed along the tub, and found the heater. Yes, the cock was loose. He turned the thumb-piece hard, and the hissing stopped. By another great effort, he hauled himself upright against the wall, and convulsively threw up the sash of the window. Then down he lurched, with a thump, across the tub, and he knew nothing more.

In the gray of the morning Johnson opened his eyes. He was cold and stiff. For a few moments he could not make out where he was, nor what had happened. But suddenly the memory stung him, and in poignant terror he set up.

He saw the tub—he saw Helen, upon the floor. She was breathing; he gathered her into his arms; she stirred, and in the adjoining room the baby was crying. Thank God, the merciful! They were all here.

"I think," murmured Helen, as he sat on the bedside, the baby on her arm, and their hands clung, "I must have done that in my sleep. I dreamed of being cold, and of getting up and closing the windows; and I remember half-waking, and being frightened, and falling. I must have struck that old water-heater. Oh, dearest!" and she looked at him wildly. "Supposing *you* hadn't waked. People might have said that we had done it on purpose!"

"They might," he faltered.

"To do a thing like that," she whispered, appalled. "Oh, Dick!"

"Would you have been afraid?" he asked.

"No!" She lifted her head proudly. "Not afraid—of *it*, Dick. But what a cowardly thing! Why, Dick, I would rather—I'd get out and beg; I'd go down on my hands and knees and scrub crossings, if you'd let me, before I'd shirk by—*that!* And so would you. We're poor, Dick, just now; but we aren't skulkers and quitters, are we, dear?"

It was late. They had not realized how late, until upon the outside door sounded a sharp rap. Johnson went and opened. The day was fair. The sunlight had never been so vivid and beautiful. A messenger-boy upon the threshold handed Johnson an envelope, and left.

Within the envelope was a card—Mr. Rogers's card; and upon the back of the card was penciled:

"Please see Mr. Regan at your early convenience."

Sobbing like a fool, Johnson took the card in to Helen and the baby.

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The Yardstick of Aramis

by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

Being Further Adventures of D'Artagnan of Kansas

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE Chevalier d'Artagnan, manifest in his present incarnation as young Mr. Ned Thacker of Kansas, was returning at dawn to his rooms in the Latin Quarter after an evening at his club, or *Cercle des Sportsmen*, in the Boulevard de la Madeleine.

A light fall of snow during the earlier morning hours had sheeted Paris, or salted her down, to the quiescence of a lovely, vivacious hoiden in her shroud. The suggestion of whited cerements, of a tomb vaulted over by fading stars, of saintly calm and beautiful peace, was the more clearly carried out over on the Left Bank, in the silent, stately avenues of the Faubourg St. Germain, where the home-treading Chevalier was apparently the one creature astir.

"Poor little tinsel marquises," he fondly chuckled. Back at the club Ned had wilted them *seriatim* at fencing. And later, what had he not done to them at *pokair*, with their brutally emasculated deck and blood-thirst after jack-pots!

"It isn't," he mused, "as if I needed their patrimony. What I *do* need—" But he whisked *that* from his mind. It must be confided to the readers, however.

Young Mr. Thacker had come to Paris as the European agent of a Sewless Button, boon to bachelor manhood. He had come, too, in fulfilment of his destiny as d'Artagnan—fiery Gascon soul alive again, after a few hundred years' rest, in this young Kansan, and impelling him to fiery action.

Ned's first adventure, won through earnest pursuit of ministers who might suggest the Button to Madame la République for her army of officials, had involved perforating her best swordsman, Monsieur Coligny, Minister of Fine Arts, in a duel—Ned having too fervently demonstrated the Button in the foyer of the Opéra, by clamping it on the minister's lapel. It had involved upsetting the ministry by causing Monsieur Coligny's absence from the Chamber of Deputies at a crucial moment; the recognition of a king in Illyria, by the same means—a young Irish nobleman who had lent his sword to the cause of the oppressed in a little country of southeastern Europe. And it had involved Ned Thacker in weeks of search for a certain black-haired Irish princess, sister to the new-made king, whose hand was the price Monsieur Coligny would

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have exacted for aid in establishing the Irish nobleman on his Illyrian throne.

Ned had not found the princess. *That* was what he had whisked from his mind. Blunted foils and easy poker—oh, pshaw! What he needed was excitement. High pressure! A swift lethal torrent churned and seething!

Whereupon, just in his path, a blond, elegant, bareheaded young man in a Spanish cloak let himself out of an aristocratic grilled gate, and urbanely requested him to halt just there. He held in his hand what might have been a naked sword.

"Monsieur," he addressed Ned in French so liquidly melliloquent as to betoken a more southerly land, "you have kept me waiting an hour. But I thank you, monsieur, for not keeping me waiting longer."

"Waiting for me?" Ned had never seen the man before.

"Now be so good," the cloaked stranger went on evenly, "as to measure for me that footprint in the snow." With the long blade-like object he pointed down at the walk.

Enthralled by the promise of adventure, Ned looked; and in the gray of dawn, he saw. He saw a footprint, one of a number trailing from a somber mansion behind the grill to the curb, where they abruptly ceased. Here their author had entered a carriage, whose wheel-tracks curved in to the curb. The footprints had not been made by the cloaked stranger. They were too small. They were exquisitely small. A woman must have made them. Ned uttered a little delighted ejaculation. No shod foot, nor stocking-clad one, had left that impress in the snow's white purity. The feet that had passed there were bare; as bare, and doubtless as rosy, as when they peeped from downy coverlets to quest forth on their cold adventure.

"Ah, that ecstatic gasp, monsieur," said the stranger, with a gently deprecating turn of the hand; "and your thought—scandal! Delicious, is it not?"

"But, name of a donkey," exclaimed Ned, "why measure 'em?"

"Name of a lady, monsieur; for her good name," the other replied with a touch of formality. "Snow melts, footprints vanish, a woman's good name is no more. But—ah, but—a measurement endures. It is imperishable, and by the same token so may be the lady's honor. That consideration would oblige a gentleman's assistance, would it not?"

"But — why not measure them yourself?"

"And so I have. But I am of the family, and my measurements—they would not be altogether competent testimony, would they? Precisely. And so, guarding the footprints, I have waited for you, dear monsieur, since it is you who happen first this way so early in the day."

The young Kansan's Gascon soul of a mousquetaire swelled with appreciation. What swine passing by might have sniffed at this pearl—the print of a lady's foot in the snow, and that foot thrillingly small, and the lady a lady of the Faubourg St. Germain!

"Then where's your tape measure, or whatever you——"

"Here," said the stranger, and Ned perceived that the blade-like object was a yardstick, graduated to inches and feet on one side, to centimeters and decimeters on the other.

"I'll put it down in inches," said Ned; "they're older friends."

"The better," agreed the other, with his polite little bow of assent. "Then your figures will differ from mine, though in effect the same. Have you perhaps a notebook?"

Ned produced one in red leather from his vest pocket, which teemed with the I. O. U.'s of the tinsel marquises.

"Excellent," said the stranger. "And now, if you will be so kind, measure the footprint as I direct and note down the results, but without telling me what they are. I wish you to be able to swear that I do not know what you put down."

Yardstick in hand, Ned knelt beside one of the footprints. But he hesitated. "Look here," he said, glancing up with a puzzled frown, "snow is cold to bare feet, and for a short distance like this a barefooted person would——"

"Would, monsieur?"

"Just skim it, on her tiptoes. But this one walked solid and firm. It gets me."

The urbane stranger permitted himself a flash of white teeth at Ned's cockle-bur French and his sturdy rendering of the American idiom; but he did not permit himself any betrayal of the sudden admiration he felt for the young Kansan's quick cerebration.

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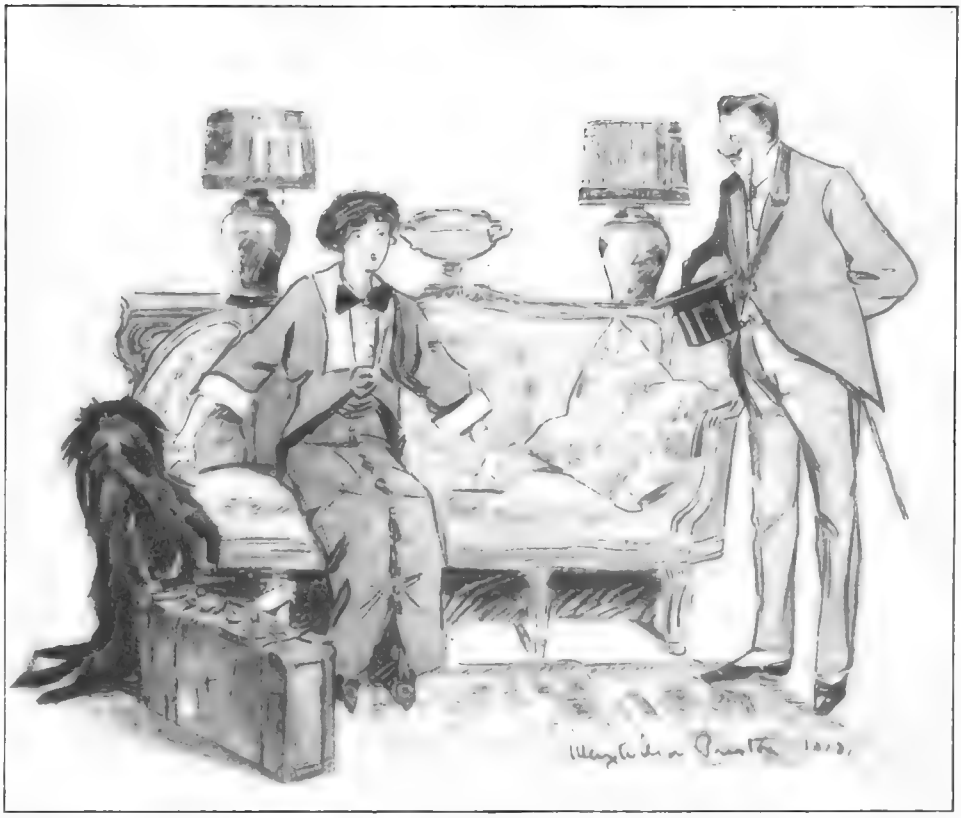

MONSIEUR THE BARON DE COLIGNY IMPERTURBABLY PACING A RUG, AND THE RUNAWAY GIRL SEATED ON A DIVAN.

"Evidently," he observed in his languid manner of high-polished geniality, "the lady desired to make an impression. Now first take the extreme length from the rim of the heel to that of the great toe—good, you have that? Second, the same to the little toe——"

Ned put down eight and three-eighths inches, and again bent over the dainty mold. How small it was! How slender! The faint instep was but a pinch between the fingers. Rapt fancy strove to limn the divinity who had passed there. He looked up, ardently, also stubbornly.

"All this is for future identification, of course?"

"Precisely, monsieur."

Ned sighed. "Then, when the time comes, the original—the original foot—that will have to be measured too?"

The stranger made his invariable little bow of assent.

"But listen, if the testimony is to be competent, oughtn't the one who measures the footprint be the one to—uh——"

"Measure the original?"

"You're on," said Ned.

"Ah, I see, monsieur exacts his little tribute. It is a boon one might ask of Venus. Yet I agree. Monsieur shall measure the original. But how I shall envy monsieur!"

"Next?" demanded Ned.

"From heel to little toe."

Ned laid the stick over the print and tenderly jotted down seven inches.

"Now the width across the heel."

One and three-fourth inches.

"The same, across the instep."

One and three-eighths.

"And last, across the ball of the foot.'"

Two and three-fourths.

"*Voilà*," said the young man of the Spanish cloak, with a gracious inclination of thanks, "*voilà*, our exhibit A of the adorable

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footprint. Guard well the precious little figures, monsieur. Those few Arabic symbols, first traced in desert sand when eternity was young, will spell out big and clean the word Honor for a twentieth century demoiselle. Pending that need, if you will leave with me your name and address——"

"Now I don't know about that," Ned pondered aloud, rising and brushing off his knees. He was oddly taken with this indolently self-poised young stranger, and that despite an instinctive distrust and a subtle call on his own wits to slip beneath what was deep and secret. "See here, a woman leaves a house in the night, alone, and enters a carriage; and she is barefoot; and you tell me the way to save her is to identify her footprint. Lord, man, that's the way to damn her for fair! And if you think you can use me in any such infamy——"

At first the other straightened in his cloak with menacing dignity. Then he seemed to be gathering his resources to take more pains. Courteously he paid tribute to Ned's high-minded delicacy, and thanked his double fortune that he had happened on chivalry as well as a mere witness.

"All right," said Ned, "convince me, and I'm yours to the finish."

"That," the other replied, "I can not do —the affair does not admit of explanations to strangers. But I earnestly desire, monsieur, that you accept my simple word. Give me, now, your name and——"

Ned shook his head.

"Then," said the young man, "accept my apologies for taking your time. And kindly step over the footprints as you go."

"I see," said Ned. "The next passer-by may prove more obliging."

The stranger bowed.

"Providing," Ned went on, "he finds any footprints to measure."

Wherewith Ned joyously swept out the nearest footprint with his foot, and the next, and—a Spanish cloak fell over his head, and a curving arm gathered it under his chin and locked his windpipe in the garrote strangle-hold. He beat into the folds of the cloak, but as futilely as one beats back hanging portières. Then he crouched, then straightened like a hickory sapling; and as he whirled, his captor's feet left the ground, his grip slipped, and he went sailing in air like the end boy in the game of "crack the whip."

Ned tore off the cloak, and saw the stranger picking himself up from the middle of the road. He continued sweeping out the footprints. But he did not sweep them all out. He left those on either edge of the walk. What if they really did mean a woman's good name? And anyway, he was a match for a blond stranger, wasn't he? And it wasn't good sport, brushing the chessmen off the table. No, he'd play the game out.

The next move, seemingly, was to be a duel. Resuming his cloak, the stranger asked Ned to consider if one may be tossed into the street like a bag of cream-puffs without— Here he broke off short and hotly demanded an encounter. Where should he send his seconds?

Ned very good-naturedly laughed at him. He recognized the trap for provoking him to betray his name and address. "Set your own time and place," he advised. "But you don't have to know my pedigree to get a fight out of me."

The stranger bowed as a fencer who acknowledges a hit. "Nor yet do I," he exclaimed cordially, "to ask you in for a sip of coffee. I have kept you from your breakfast." He waved his hand broadly to the mansion behind the grill. "Monsieur, my house, which is yours. Deign to honor it."

No invitation could be tendered with more insinuating charm, but Ned sensed a dare in it; not a dare to his courage—though a house from which a woman had fled half clothed was uncanny enough—but to his vanity. Would he risk further the contest of wits?

"Thank you," said Ned.

The mansion within was of ancient, massive luxury. A vastly silent, subdued region it was. Not a servant was stirring. "My cabinet," said the host, drawing aside a tapestry of dull, rich fabric; and Ned entered a heavy oaken library of somberly filled book-shelves. Otherwise the room was austerely bare, except for a deep leather chair and a ponderous, carved table; and the table was bare, except for a bronze Roman lamp, its floating wick alight, and a slight volume in red levant, open and face down.

Ned laid his hat—a correct high silk hat, since he was in evening dress—on the table, and the stranger pressed him to remove his

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top coat and occupy the one chair. He himself flung the Spanish cloak, which was of black broadcloth and faced in crimson satin, across the table; and with a murmured word for permission, left the room.

Ned lounged over to the book-shelves. He wanted a line on his unusual host. A hand of mystery, of intrigue, had reached forth this winter morning and lifted him caressingly to the rarefied air of the improbable. The books were gloomy tomes, with contents as formidable, by men whose pens were diamond drills, cutting deep to the core of thought. It would be a recluse who read them. The young American turned meekly from Æschylus, Plato, Kant, Descartes, Machiavelli, Adam Smith, and their other grim majesties, to the bright red volume on the table. It was in verse, in the quaint French of the troubadours. He softly whistled. "Roman de la Rose," he read the title; and beneath, "A Poem on the Art of Successful Love."

With that soft whistle the Seventeenth Century d'Artagnan would have said: "Aramis! Aramis! Thou sly one of an Aramis!" But Ned Thacker of Kansas did not need to know that he had found another of the Three Musketeers. In that deep recess of his soul which never opened to his mortal vision, he knew it—knew it! *Aramis!*

His host—or Aramis, aforetime mousquetaire, priest, general of Jesuits—returned bearing an old gold tray with two slender crystal goblets, and between the goblets a bottle silvered over to shield its amber fluid from the light. Ned's appreciative eye caught the label, "Amontillado, Año. 1873."

"To your health in sherry first," his host gently urged, and Ned noted the fingers tilting the bottle, white and well kept as a woman's, and all but transparent. "And anathema, too," he pledged his cup, "on the wretched chance that hath kept us strangers till this day."

"Same here," said Ned, rising to the toast.

As dry as the Sahara air was the wine on his palate.

"One gives a friend a name," murmured his host, daintily rubbing an eyebrow under the ball of one finger. The brows might have been penciled in gold on a white and pink face of wax, and his mustache was another such line, fine and silken. "Mine," said he, his tone liquefying in its courtly flow, "is Renaldo Valdepena. The embroidery—ah, we will leave that off."

The embroidery? But Ned, like all Paris, knew that name. And the embroidery was its substance. Duke de Valdepena, for instance. The man was a grandee of Spain! He stood covered before his king, and his king called him cousin.

"GONE, GONE, GONE—SHE'S GONE!" WHEEZED THE ANCIENT LADY.

"Well, I declare," breathed Ned, already seeing his way to getting Spain's contract for the Sewless Button, "then you are first secretary to the Spanish Embassy?"

The Duke de Valdepena made his little deprecating gesture. "I am in diplomacy only *ad interim*. The truth is, monsieur, I am of the masses who toil. I am a laborer."

Ned blinked at the hands of an exquisite prince.

"In Florence," the Spanish nobleman gravely explained, "I served my apprenticeship. I am a stonecutter."

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"YOU RAN AWAY IN THE NIGHT," CHATTERED THE ENRAGED WOMAN. "IN THE NIGHT! WITH THAT MAN! AND YOU—YOU—GIGGLE!"

With those hands! Ned looked weary.

"Of the cameo, monsieur. At the work of the intaglio."

"Oh," said Ned.

A pause fell, and then Ned gradually discerned that he was trapped. What he had refused to hostility he could not refuse to hospitality. A noble duke had introduced himself, and now it was patently up to the duke's guest to mention that *his* name was Thacker. "I'll give him that trick, and then beat him," Ned grumbled. Gamely he mentioned that his name was Thacker.

The effect was more startling than embroidery. It was as if he said: "And I, your Grace, am Dynamite. And, oh yes, I'm due now. The fuse is lighted."

"Not, señor," exclaimed the duke, his smile vanishing for a quick, penetrating glance, "the Gilded Button Boy!"

That was more than title. It was Paris's term of endearment. She had given it to him for his service in upsetting her public affairs—doing it by way of selling her the Sewless Button. The reverberating advertisement! The *réclame éclatante!* Of course Madame bought the button; Paris made her, to the daily enrichment since of her newest darling.

But Ned's lively gray eyes steadied. Yet he detected no mockery in his host's ejaculation. Renaldo, Duke de Valdepena, grandee, stone-cutter, extended the hand of homage. "So you whipped Coligny—slit him through the midriff—*zass!*—like that? Oh, *superbe!*" He bent the finger-tips of his left hand under the thumb, and let them whip upward, as if spraying the air with perfume.

Ned grinned. "Something like," he conceded.

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"Coligny, Coligny," murmured the Spaniard. "Perhaps," he suggested, almost too pleasantly, "you would like to meet him again?"

Ned brightened. Then: "No," he said, on reflection, "we're square now. But," he demanded, suddenly, wistfully, "if you should happen to know where the girl is who——"

"Whom, incidental to your little joust, you saved from Coligny's pursuit?"

"How did you know that? Her name hasn't once been——"

"Ah, but a diplomat has to know what is not known."

"All right, if you know so much, where is she? Her brother lit out for his little Balkan kingdom—trouble down there—conspiracy against his throne, or something—but I can't learn that *she* went. Too much danger. She'd not be likely to."

The gold-penciled brows slowly lifted. "Oh, wouldn't she?"

"Her brother wouldn't let her. Yet she has vanished, and——"

"Monsieur," softly interrupted the young grandee, "permit me—are you aware that you are—curious—as regards the Honorable Patricia?"

Ned rather suddenly picked up the bronze gravy-dish lamp, lighted as it was. "I get you," he said. "You're some bothered because she's class and I'm mass. That it?"

His Grace's formal inclination indicated that it was, and Ned hurled the lamp.

"Oh, monsieur," said the duke reproachfully, having tranquilly dodged the missile, "you might have floored Aunt Jemima!"

For, almost as the lamp doused the portière with its scented oil, a withered hand snatched the tapestry aside, and revealed an agitated little old sour crab of a woman, whose slipshod, white-stockinged feet they might have heard a moment before pattering down-stairs.

"Gone, gone, gone—she's gone!" wheezed the ancient *grande dame*.

"Who, for example?" queried the duke. "Wait, though—name no names."

"Who?" screeched the old woman. "My niece, that is who! Your cousin, that is who! Oo-ee, the shame, the scandal, on our house! Alone—in the night—gone! Renaldo, thou ice-stuffed puppet, think on the shame, the——"

"Honored great-aunt," said Renaldo, as only Aramis could have said it, "you have not brushed your hair."

She brushed back a frowsy saffron strand dangling over one indignant eye, and glared at him unobstructed.

"And, great-aunt, Monsieur Thackair. Monsieur, you may kiss the hand of milady."

The old vestal flung both hands behind her back, and as her eyes met the amused glance of the young American, they were suddenly shot with venom beside which her obvious hatred of her grandnephew was honey dew. Ned grinned, it was so unreasoning and grotesquely comical; yet despite himself he felt a touch of cold before that instinctive and baleful antipathy.

"One thousand pardons, Aunt Jemima," said Renaldo, "but you were mentioning——"

"Mentioning? I was shouting it to the housetops! Shouting that that minx——"

"Our lovely kinswoman, yes. But in this shouting festival, do not, prithee, shout her name. Well, and so it appears that she has eluded your implacable vigilance at last?"

"Appears?" jeered the angry woman. "You would think so, Renaldo, to see the loosened screws of the bolt on her door. She had but to push the door, and the bolt gave way."

"You must have been strangely unwatchful, dear aunt."

"Eh, what? But she would give a banshee the slip."

"Has she—I mean, would she, indeed?"

"Aye, but there's blacker to tell. Each night, after she is in bed and I turn out her maid from her apartments, I remove her clothes, even to her shoes and stock——"

"What!" Renaldo interrupted, frowning. "You did that?"

"And am I not to sleep at all, after watching her all day? Yet we had to keep her close, as we were so strictly charged to do by——"

"Her guardian."

"Who sent for me to Spain. But there—there—" The shouting was under way again— "I *did* count on her modesty. I could *not* think that only in her—nightdress—or maybe, let us pray, also a shawl, a peignoir——"

"Aunt Jemima!" breathed the young Spaniard in elaborate horror. "You don't

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mean— Reflect, she could not! Her great-grandfather was a Valdepena!"

"But she did! She did!" Past expression, the shocked old girl ramped over to the window. "Why—what—did it snow last night? Then—then——"

She pivoted about like a perky old wren, and went slipslopping in her slippered dishabille out the front door, down the steps, through the grill, to the sidewalk; followed by Renaldo, and with him, entralled Ned Thacker. The street, in that exclusive quarter, was still deserted. "There, now, there!" and she crooked a tragic forefinger at the prints of bare feet in the snow. "And here, these tracks of carriage wheels—eh, eh, she had a lover waiting! Oh, oh—help——"

"Great - aunt," said Renaldo, "if you faint, you flop. So don't. I must go. I can't catch you. Though perhaps Monsieur Thackair——"

"Wait," she spluttered. "Wait—what's this?" She reached down her shriveled arm, and from the snow beside the wheel-tracks she plucked out a flashing silver cigarette-case. Overcome, reeling, she thrust it on her nephew, who glanced at it, thoughtfully smoothed an eyebrow under one finger, smiled placidly, and handed the case to Ned.

Ned's eyes bulged. Engraved in the silver was the name of his old adversary, of his Man of Meung, of the Baron de Coligny. With this insensate Coligny, then, had the girl eloped barefoot—and perhaps a shawl, a peignoir. . . .

Renaldo had left them, but reappeared almost at once with hat, cane, and coat, bearing also Ned's coat, and followed from the house by a lady's maid and a valet. The valet, who was a dark, dour, round-headed Basque, carried a leather hat-box, umbrella-case, gun-case, field-glasses, and Gladstone bag. Footmen were bringing down small leather trunks. With similar spontaneity two closed carriages with the ducal crest of the Valdepena appeared from around the corner. Ned abstractedly batted his lashes, with new appreciation, at the noble cutter of fine stones, who was lazily caressing the silken gold mustache.

"May need her clothes, you know," mentioned his Grace.

"But why—" Milady gestured a bit wildly at the masculine hat-box.

"Step in, great-aunt. Now, where to?"

"Heaven's mercy, how should I know?"

"To one of the railway stations, perhaps?"

"Renaldo, you forget. She would go first for something to wear."

"Ah, of course. To the rue Taitbout, then?"

"No, no, to one of the *grands magasins*, where things are ready-made."

"Which one, O wise great-aunt? The Samaritaine?"

"What, in the center of town, and she in a—peignoir? No, no, no, but—why, of course! The Bon Marché. He would take her there."

"O wise great-aunt!" purred Renaldo. Then to Ned: "Monsieur Thackair, the favor, after you."

And to the Bon Marché they went, the two reincarnated mousquetaires with milady in the first carriage, maid and valet in the second, and luggage on top.

At that hour the dingy old mart was shuttered and dead between its narrow streets; but a wicket in the locked doors was promptly opened for them, and they passed through scrubbing and dusting cohorts under the rotunda and up-stairs to the ladies' parlors, and in that deserted place they came upon Monsieur the Baron de Coligny and the runaway girl, he imperturbably pacing a rug, she seated on a divan, her furs thrown off and a suit-case beside her.

But what troubled Ned Thacker was a coincidence. His quest of the black-eyed Irish princess was ended. The Honorable Patricia and the runaway girl were the same girl. She was abundantly appareled, though; to wit, in a delightfully chic traveling costume of tan, and shoes, hose, and fur cap of the same shade.

She recognized her pursuing kin with hardly more surprise than she might have felt in meeting them unexpectedly at the Grand Prix or on varnishing day at the Salon. The merry black eyes widened for a moment to observe who it was that had come with them; and she gave a little start of curiosity when she perceived that it was the droll and probably likable young American who had so refreshingly given M. Coligny what for. She wondered at this second appearance of his on her horizon; yet there was a friendliness in her quick half-smile of greeting that warmed his heart.

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Her companion's manifestations more pronouncedly suggested the confusion and chagrin one experiences when caught in an elopement. He shrank from the great-aunt's wrathful gleam. He tried to fathom the second cousin's mildly contemplative survey. And he frowned, and his grayish-black mustache had no need of its sedulously trained up-bristling, as he recognized the pestiferous American hornet who had made him an ex-minister of Beaux-Arts by a stinging sword-thrust.

Great-aunt was first to contribute speech to the little occasion. Superacidity was its flavor. Maidens without shame—maiden great-aunts with—smeared escutcheons—the Castilian branch of the Valdepena at blush for the Irish branch of the O'Hara—the . . . She was weathering it fine, when:

"Aunt Jemima," asked the girl wonderingly, "is it your rheumatism? Or your teeth? Poor soul, do they still interfere?"

The poor soul gnashed them. And their dazzling gloss of porcelain was as if age had come overnight, but left the pearly enamel of teeth unscathed.

"My rheumatism? You know it is not. My teeth? Oh, to wipe away the disgrace of this moment, I'd—I'd have them pulled, every one!"

"Pulled?" Renaldo touched the back of his hand to his mouth. Patricia gurgled, choked.

"You ran away in the night," chattered the enraged woman. "In the night! With that man! And you—you—*giggle!*"

Laughter went out of two Irish black eyes. "You gave me no other chance," said the girl. "Only it was just before daybreak. I was going to Terry. And I'm not stopped yet, either. The Orient Express leaves in an hour. A girl has a right to go to her brother, and the more so if there's to be palace massacres and things. I'm going to Terry, I tell you, and all the duenna great-aunties in Spain can't keep me. I'm going——"

"With monsieur?" The inflection was poisonous.

"Monsieur Coligny," the girl continued, "happened to pass me in his carriage, and he recognized me under a street lamp. He offered me a lift to the station, and I accepted. But the station would be cheerless, deserted, he said. Where, then, could I wait until train time? A hotel? No, certainly not. But Monsieur Coligny thought of these parlors. There'd be only the scrubbing women, and I'd be safe, comfortable, and uncompromised. So here we are, as you seem to have noticed."

"But your clothes, mademoiselle," sniffed the beldame in the same poisonous way, "your clothes? Those——"

"Oh, these?" said Patricia, with a demure little glance of content down at the tan suit. "Indeed, Aunt Jemima, you must have had a stupid moment. We hoodwinked you, Marie and I. Marie had them made for me in the rue Taitbout, and brought them home to her own room, right under your eye. That was yesterday; and this morning, when I broke through your silly old bolt, I went to Marie's room, and Marie dressed me. Really, aunt, they look all right. You're too critical."

"Critical? Who wouldn't be? You bought them here, just now, at the Bon Marché!"

"Are you crazy, aunt?"

"I see, I see. Monsieur Coligny bribed the manager, and there was a clerk waiting for you."

Coligny gestured speechless denial.

"Of course *you* would lie like a gentleman," declared the old lady. "But how else did she get clothes when—when she left the house without them?"

"Aunt?" cried the bewildered girl.

Aunt broke to the sway of horror. "And—and—left the house b-b-barefoot!"

Patricia leaped to her feet. "You—wicked—woman!"

"But we saw the prints in the snow. I—Renaldo—this stranger—we all——"

"Hold on," spoke Ned. "I don't seem to remember seeing anything of the kind."

The girl turned on him fiercely. "Have no fear, sir, of remembering whatever you saw. If you imagine that *I* require any one's lack of memory——"

"You still deny?" gasped the old woman. "But there were the tracks of carriage wheels! There was—this!" She flaunted Coligny's cigarette-case, pointing a bony finger at his name on it.

Coligny started, sighed, shrugged. He looked hopelessly at Patricia, as if appealing to her to witness that he could now lie no more.

The girl confronted the three intruders. She was fighting desperately, and she had her Irish up in going shape. Ned devoutly yearned to knock somebody down for her.

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"How," she demanded suddenly, "how did you happen to know we were here?" She searched each face in turn. "Then I will tell you," she cried, "and you also, Monsieur Coligny. Yes, yes, you and madame my aunt have rehearsed it well, and I am caught, compromised, shamed, unless I—unless I marry you, Monsieur Coligny, and you will deign to have me."

She paused for breath, for that only, and her black eyes fastened on the old woman, gathering fire and superb fury. "You, aunt, you knew my maid smuggled those clothes into the house! And you and this Coligny, this false gentleman, you held yourselves ready. When I slip away, you telephone him, and he comes, and makes those wheel-tracks, and drops his cigarette-case. Then he overtakes me, persuading me to come here. Next you rouse Cousin Renaldo, and bring along an outsider to publish the scandal, and here you rush straight, the three of you, to find me, surprise me, destroy me! If Terry were here—oh, if Terry were only here!"

Excess of admiration was blended with the old aunt's horror. "Sly, sly, sly!" she croaked, mouthing it. "But the footprints, mademoiselle? In the snow, of a woman's bare feet, from the door to the carriage? How does my lady ingenious explain *them*, if you please?"

"Ah, just so," Renaldo spoke for the first time. "Everything does seem to center down to those wee footprints, Patricia."

"So he's in it too," Ned grumbled savagely.

"They're not mine," Patricia declared.

"Indeed?" echoed Renaldo. "Footprints—and not yours? Oh, but you are preposterous, my cousin. And they were measured, too."

"Measured?" exclaimed milady.

"Yes, great-aunt, I measured them. But reverently, so reverently! Wait, though. I have a more impartial witness. Monsieur Thackair also measured them."

THE DUKE OF VALDEPENA, BOWING LIKE THE EXHIBITOR OF CELEBRITIES IN WAX, WAS WAVING A GRACEFUL HAND TOWARD THE DRAWN CURTAIN.

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"I did not," Ned put in, as rough as a grizzly.

"Didn't you?" faltered the girl. He detected a faint quiver of her lip. Brave though she was, she was appealing to him.

"I did," he back-tracked without a flicker of shame.

"Then let her have her foot measured," urged milady, waspish, eager. "But she will not dare. She will not——"

"Won't I?" retorted the girl.

"And Monsieur Thackair," added Renaldo, "will do the measuring. Such was the usurious fee monsieur required."

Ned reddened, protested. At the time he did not know whose foot——

"Nonsense," Patricia herself cut him short. "So only I get my feet out of this vile mire, I do not care who measures them."

Snugly curtained off from the parlors there was an inner boudoir, which appeared to suit Renaldo admirably, for he invited the two ladies and Patricia's maid to retire with him there. Ned and the Baron de Coligny, left just outside, thought they heard a muffled feminine gasp, and even the petticoat frou-frou of a brief scuffle, but almost at once Renaldo reappeared, calm and languidly smiling.

"One moment," he said; and in perhaps three moments a foot peeped from under the edge of the curtain; a small, slender foot, clad in silken tan. Then Renaldo, who seemed always prepared, drew a tape measure from his vest pocket, and conferred it on Ned as if it were the Order of the Garter.

"Fortunate chevalier," he sighed, "whom the Baron and I can only watch and envy!"

Ned dropped to his knees before the indicated shrine. Intimidated by a little stockinged foot—he, Gascon, Kansas-reenforced! His sandy brown pate bent over the sensitive, twitching *objet d'art* of flesh and subtle warmth, he laid the tape one way and another upon the sole; yet when by accident his fingers touched the foot, he held his breath a moment, praying within him that she would know it was accident, really.

His brain, though, was clear for the figures, as he noted them down on an old envelope. Then he arose, open note-book in hand, and compared them with the dimensions of the footprint in the snow, the young Spaniard regarding him with indolent amusement, the baron with a fixed scowl. Ned frowned from envelope to note-book, from note-book to envelope. To the quarter inch, the two sets of figures were identical!

His faith in the girl was as stubborn as his own sandy pate, and he would stake the latter on it. But these plotters about her, and the world, would have no such faith. He thanked Chance devoutly that he had not let the cloaked stranger wait for a second passer-by. He was master of the game. He held the trump-card. He'd make a fool of this deep and guileful Spaniard. So determined, he snatched the leaf from his note-book and had torn it half across, when he found himself struggling, smashing hard with one fist, the other held. Both Renaldo and Coligny were on him.

"Do not let him destroy it," panted Coligny. "The foot and the footprint are the same! Do not let him destroy it!"

"Never fear," laughed Renaldo. "Indeed, it is the foot that made the footprint. *V'là*, behold!"

The curtain rings scraped back, and instantly Ned was unhanded, the half-torn leaf still in his clutched fingers. He stared; and, equally dumbfounded, M. Coligny stared. The Duke of Valdepena, bowing like the exhibitor of celebrities in wax, was waving a graceful hand toward the drawn curtain. And there, lashed to a chair, her mouth stuffed with a handkerchief, her eyes green and vicious, a tan-clad foot held firmly at the ankle by Patricia's maid, palpitated a bundle of rage—Aunt Jemima! Patricia was clinging to the curtain, poised on one foot, the other out of sight under her skirts. Aunt Jemima's other foot, it should be mentioned, was still in its original white stocking.

But Ned's flash of joyful relief, as his eyes opened anew on the Spanish stranger, was not unmixed with reproach. He recalled his emotions when measuring the supposedly adorable little foot, and his emotions now were surcharged with fight.

"Oh, but," said the young Spaniard, in a voice as of a purling stream, "you wanted to measure the foot that made the print, and you have. You did not fancy, by any hazard, that you were to touch the foot of the Honorable Patricia, did you?"

"And why not?" suddenly demanded the Honorable Patricia herself, peaches ripening

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"KNEEL, SIR, KNEEL!" PLAIN, SIMPLE, DOWNRIGHT ADORATION BROUGHT THE TEARS TO HIS EYES.

in the cream of her cheeks. "Just now, he would have killed two of you, with only his American fist, to save me. Kneel, sir, kneel," in English she cried impulsively to Ned; and Ned knelt before her, there where she still clung on one foot to the curtain, and into his hand she lowered the hidden foot, and it was bare, and rosy as a babe's. Plain, simple, downright adoration brought the tears to his eyes.

"Quickly, measure, measure!" she cried, astounded at herself and almost regretting her impulse. "Aunt must be satisfied, or She will declare that I could have made the prints as well as she."

"But you couldn't have!" swore Ned.

As if they were a pæan of triumph, or a sonnet reciting his lady's charms, he called the numbers: "8¼—6⅞—1⅝—1¼—*and* —2½. From an eighth to a quarter smaller every time!"

"B-b-but—" It was a screech that burst on them; Coligny in despair had snatched the handkerchief from his ally's mouth—"but," screeched Aunt Jemima, "we wear the same number shoe! We wear the same number shoe!"

"Perhaps," said Patricia sweetly, "but aunt dear, *my* shoe *fits*. While yours—but shall we show the gentlemen a certain eloquent bunion?"

"No, reverence forbid," interposed Renaldo, gently replacing the handkerchief, else the old lady, now enraged most of all because her one vanity that age could not take from her, her small foot, had been surpassed by official measurement, would have gone on screeching to heaven.

"But," protested Coligny, unwarily forgetting his rôle to lie like a gentleman, "how then did mademoiselle leave the house, if not barefoot?"

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Renaldo stayed Ned with a placating gesture, and himself confronted Coligny, his soft brown eyes quickened out of their languor. "I will answer your question, Monsieur le Baron," he said, "but another day you shall answer for it. My cousin, monsieur, left by the service gate, clothed and shod. I saw her, from my window. Also, monsieur, ten minutes after she had gone, I saw your carriage draw up at my door; and issuing forth to join you appeared my venerable kinswoman. She likewise was clothed, but her feet were bare. She carried her shoes and stockings in her hand. You two drove away; but directly she returned, this vestal aunt of mine, alone, on foot, and this time wearing her shoes. She reentered the house by the service gate. I have locked that gate, and any who desires may still see my cousin's outgoing shoe-tracks, and my aunt's incoming ones. No maid-servant of our household wears a shoe so small as either."

Aunt Jemima, though gagged, sniffed in disdain. Emphatically no maid-servant did, nor could.

"And now, *messieurs et dames*," said Renaldo, making a curtain bow and at the same time drawing the tapestry, "our little comedy, it is finished."

Ned would have followed, but there was other business first, and he turned to Coligny, with whom he was now alone.

"And rough-house begins," he muttered. He recalled his father's parting counsel, or had no need to, since it was: "Don't talk, smash!" Therefore, wasting no compliments, yet mindful of Continental *savoir faire*, he very correctly brushed the tips of his fingers across Monsieur de Coligny's cheek, at the same time grinning truculently.

The baron was thankful for the diversion. After all but winning a girl like Patricia, and then losing her through the revelation of his own villainy, he asked nothing better than to shed somewhat of this insolent American blood. He went livid, indeed, at the touch, but at once he was the imperturbable duellist.

"Monsieur, I presume," he said, pressing the upturned mustache under a gloved finger, "will then leave me his address."

Ned was already rummaging through his pockets for a card when Renaldo's valet, the sullen, bullet-head Basque, who had been left below with the carriages, entered the parlors hastily, looking here and there. Seeing Patricia's suit-case and furs, he gathered them up, and started off.

"Not so fast, you," Ned called. "She will want them. She is in there." He pointed to the curtained boudoir.

The Basque shook his head. "Not so," he said in thick French. "She—they—all are below, waiting."

"Not so fast, just the same," persisted Ned.

He ran and drew back the curtain. No one was there. Even the old great-aunt, last seen strapped to a chair, had vanished. He darted through the boudoir, snatching aside other portières, only to find himself in the open spaces of the store. He ran back, and overtook the Basque.

"Where have they gone?" he demanded.

"Permit—I must pass," said the man doggedly. "The train—it leaves—there is but the time."

"What train, imbecile?"

"Permit, señor—I must. The maid, I—we have to catch them up with the *impedimenta*."

"What train, first? What train?"

"The Exprès Oriente," shouted the Basque, starting to hurtle past.

Ned caught him by both shoulders. "And who is going? Who is going?"

"I—the maid—milady—the señor duke makes milady to go. Now permit——"

"No, you don't. Now who else?"

"The señorita, she goes. They all go to her brother, the Señor King of Illyria——"

"And your master, your señor duke——"

"Oh, yes, he go too."

"And go to yourself," cried Ned, with a parting, terrier-like shake of his captive.

Ned's thoughts trailed swiftly. With this Honorable Patricia, no sooner did he trump one rival to a standstill than another popped up. All the time he had been helping this deep and secretive Cousin Renaldo to save her from an inadvertent elopement with Coligny, he had also been helping Cousin Renaldo to elope—or at least, to run away—with her himself. Tricked, tricked! Like a yokel! In fancy he saw Cousin Renaldo's faint smile.

But on the pavement below he heard an abrupt clatter of hoofs and swiftly departing wheels. As he dashed for the stairs, he shouted to Coligny, imperturbably waiting:

"Oh, yes, my address? Well, it's Illyria, see!"

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The REMEDY

by

THOMAS W. LAWSON

VII.

Keep your Eye on Washington

HAVE you read the Pujo report? Then you should.

Never since Congress was established has any one of its committees made a more important report than that just presented by the Pujo Committee, which since last November has been investigating the concentration and control of credit.

I have studied the Pujo Committee's work—have read and re-read, and then read again, every word of its many pages of testimony, and I have just finished a close study of its 250-page report. I have traced and retraced its wonderful charts, based on the sworn testimony of expert witnesses. That is why I feel qualified to state emphatically that the lawmakers of this country have never submitted to the people such a valuable result of honest, conscientious, and intelligent investigation.

With an understanding of the times and the conditions which created them; with fairly clear vision of what they portend; with insight into the social, political, industrial, and financial situation; and with ex-

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ceptional facilities for reading that rapidly making history which has not yet left the printing-press—I want to impress upon the American people the importance of securing at once a copy of this wonderful document. It is a true-to-life picture of the System's black-jacking the American people during the last half-century.

And yet—such is the lack of general interest in public documents—not one person in a hundred thousand will see this report unless EVERYBODY'S and other great publicity engines get busy and arouse in the people a gnawing appetite for it.

A NEW USE FOR THE "MOVIES"

I would like to put it into every graphophone in America, and its tables and charts into every moving-picture machine! If that were done, such pressure would be brought to bear on Congress to pass the bills suggested by the report that the System's resistance would be futile.

For the wonderful charts in this report show at a glance, by colored lines, circles, and figures, *what* the System controls and *how* it controls. They are based on sworn evidence given by the System's accredited representatives. These witnesses supplied each name and item, each fact and figure, which have been interpreted in colored lines. It is as if a pirate ship's crew, after competing among themselves for the blue ribbon of past piracies, were confronted upon the mainsail with a kinetophonic exhibition of their past.

This report of the Pujo Committee belongs to the American people. It has been compiled and printed by the Government at your expense for free distribution to you. The sworn testimony on which it is based would make a document five hundred times longer than one of my monthly instalments of "THE REMEDY." Much of this evidence needs expert interpretation, and that work has been done clearly and fairly in the report itself. All you have to do is to write to your congressman for a copy of this report, and it will be sent to you without charge.

When you have read it and found it convincing—as you must, because it is based on sworn evidence and figures that do not lie; when you realize that this work has been accomplished by a committee handicapped by lack of funds and hurried because its life extended only until the close of the last Congress—then write to your congressmen and senators *urging them to secure the extension of the life of the Pujo Committee.* Its work has not been finished. If the life of this Committee is extended it can compel, through sworn evidence, a public showing of the condition of the System's banks, its trust and insurance companies, that will make certain a wholesale and wholesome housecleaning in each one of these, the System's tools. Bank depositors will learn that their deposited millions in banks and trust and insurance vaults have been exchanged for bales of fraudulently inflated stocks, owned or controlled in many cases by the directors and officers of these institutions.

I can use my space this month no more effectively than in giving you a glimpse of the Pujo Report, the greatest contribution to the history of modern finance, in the hope that it may tempt you to do your duty to yourself and your country:

Read the entire report, and then get busy with "THE REMEDY."

If you have followed me in my demonstration that the American people are robbed directly and indirectly of two billions of dollars a year through the gambling end of the Stock Exchange, you are entitled to know how closely this report, based on sworn evidence, corroborates the statements that I have made about this biggest of all gambling hells.

A HYPOTHETICAL STOCK EXCHANGE

During the past decade the sales on the New York Stock Exchange have averaged 196,500,000 shares annually, at prices involving an average turnover of nearly $15,500,000,000, with transactions in bonds averaging $800,000,000.

Such a market-place, perhaps the most important of its kind in the world, has its honest and true functions, which are defined in this report:

> **"To furnish the widest possible market for securities." "To register with greater definiteness their current value."**

The Comptroller of the Currency accepts such quotations as a measure of value, and the banks base upon them the amount to be loaned on a given security. If these standards of value have been honestly established, then an exchange has performed

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rightfully its true functions. Not one witness of the hundreds who appeared before the Pujo Committee dared to assert that the chief business of the New York Stock Exchange was the establishing of fair standards of values for the securities listed on it.

OF COURSE, THIS IS NOT GAMBLING

My assertion in an earlier chapter of "THE REMEDY" that ninety-nine per cent. of the operations of the New York Stock Exchange were pure gambling was hooted by the System agents as malicious exaggeration. On this subject the report says:

"That in large measure transactions in shares on the New York Stock Exchange are purely speculative, is also evidenced by the high ratio of the sales of a given stock during very short periods to the total amount listed, and further by the gross disproportion between the number of shares sold and the number of shares transferred on the company's books within the period stated, such transactions measuring, at least in a rough way, the purchases for investment."

A study of the excellent series of charts presented by the Pujo Committee, showing the transactions in more than a dozen active gambling stocks, makes the paragraph quoted above sound weak. Let me summarize for you briefly some of the stories told by figures in these charts:

Every year since January 1, 1906, when the Reading Company's entire common stock was listed, it has been sold on the Stock Exchange at least twenty times over, and from that up to forty-three times over. In one single month of that period, six times the amount of the actual outstanding stock of the Reading Company was sold on the floor of the Stock Exchange; but—here is the point of each one of these charts which proves the gambling character of these transactions—although Reading is a dividend-payer, the number of shares transferred on the company's books, that is, actual investment purchases, averages for that entire period only 8 6-10 per cent. of the shares sold.

Since January 1, 1906, the entire listed common stock United States Steel issue has averaged an annual turnover five times a year. The number of shares actually transferred on the company's books has averaged twenty-five per cent. of the number sold. During that same period the entire listed common stock of the Union Pacific has been sold eleven and one-half times each year, and in 1912 only sixteen per cent. of such shares sold were actually transferred.

And then along come the charts showing that American Can common, Wall Street's latest whirling dervish, was bought by eager "speculators" eight and one-half times over annually, with twenty-five per cent. of its shares transferred; American Smelting and Refining has been sold twelve times over each year, with an actual transfer of eighteen per cent.; and the report says of these transactions:

"Such excessive and indiscriminate speculation in stocks as is thus shown to be conducted in the New York Stock Exchange is not only hurtful in the way that all public gambling is hurtful, but in addition it withdraws from productive industry vast quantities of capital."

WHERE THE CHIPS COME FROM

It is your money, my readers, deposited in your bank or paid in on your insurance policy, which is irresistibly drawn into the Wall Street gamble; and you haven't a word to say as to the manner in which the cards shall be played for it! And whether the gambler who stakes your money, without your consent, wins or loses, you pay the bill in the end in one of a dozen different ways of the System's tribute levying.

The evidence on the question as to where the chips of the game come from was gathered by the Pujo Committee from only thirty-two of the banks and trust companies in New York City; but it indicated that these institutions alone had outstanding loans on Stock Exchange collateral amounting to $766,795,000 for themselves and for their out-of-town correspondents. There is no data available which permits a reliable estimate of the full extent of the funds from all over this country and abroad employed in what is generously called "Wall Street speculation."

And don't these charts and figures clearly prove that unwilling witnesses admitted ninety per cent. of the New York Stock Exchange sales to be gambling and not investment transactions? Match up any of my then-seeming wildest of charges against the Stock Exchange, in the earlier chapters

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of my work, with the deduction of fact in this report based on sworn testimony of men most vitally interested in smothering the truth—and then for once mark me down as a conservative of conservatives in my use of language!

FOUND: THE MONEY TRUST

To-day only the most plainly tagged newspaper agents of the System are continuing to ask the question, "Is there a money trust?" Without its wardman—the money trust—the gambling end of the Stock Exchange would shrink into a cut-throat game for small stakes; and without the gambling end of the Stock Exchange, the money trust would eat its head off in the stall. This tremendous control of credit that is now centered in Wall Street was created logically in response to the Stock Exchange demand for sure-thing gambles with table stakes large enough to bluff out the lambs.

"Your committee is satisfied," says the Pujo report, "from the proofs submitted even in the absence of data from the banks that there is an established and well-defined identity of community interest between a few leaders of finance, created and held together through stock ownership, interlocking directorates, partnership and joint account transactions and other forms of domination over banks, trust companies, railroads and public service and industrial corporations, which has resulted in great and rapidly growing concentration of the control of money and credit in the hands of these few men."

Is that a money trust? And if it is not, what is it? Surely more than a coincidence, and yet less, undoubtedly, than a definite agreement between money lords for the purpose of controlling credit. If you have read the testimony of these dollar kings, you know that they think alike on this subject; that their interests are common, and that even without a definite binding agreement they are bound to work together for the control of credit and for their own pocketbooks.

The charts prepared for this report, showing the affiliations of J. P. Morgan & Co., the Guaranty Trust Company, the Bankers Trust Company, the First National Bank, and the National City Bank, with other corporations through interlocking directorates, make a veritable Bertillon system for the members of the Frenzied Finance Fraternity.

At any rate, the able members of the Pujo Committee believe that the evidence submitted has clearly established a money trust, and it has presented recommendations and a bill to amend the national banking laws, which, if passed, will prevent such combinations of banks as have been going on rapidly in the past ten years; will prevent interlocking directorates, and in other specific ways correct, so far as it is legally possible to do so, the tremendous abuses of control of credit now clearly marked "money trust."

My readers who have followed my work know that I have stamped the gambling end of the Stock Exchange as the real heart of the System, and it is due them to sketch briefly just how the Pujo Report recommends regulation of it.

THE REMEDY

After establishing with a wealth of sworn evidence every one of the charges that I made against the Stock Exchange, the Committee sums up its conclusion in this modest statement:

"The scandalous practises of officers and directors in speculating upon inside and advance information as to the action of their corporations may be curtailed if not stopped. In short, its opportunities as an agency of corporate reform are almost endless provided its own practises can be reformed so as to entitle it to exercise these broad powers. Instead of the investment business of the country abandoning the Exchange, as is now and has been to some extent the case for some time past, it will become necessary to the reputation and salability of a security that it should be listed. The general public, which has grown to look upon the Exchange with distrust because of the practises that have been permitted, will be given new confidence in it when it is under legal supervision. Notwithstanding these facts, it contends that it should be permitted to continue its voluntary organization with the privileges and freedom of action of a private club, and should not be made subject to legislative or judicial control or supervision, and that it is not amenable to Federal regulation in its use of the mails and of the telegraph and telephone in interstate commerce, and in the dealings of its members with foreign countries.

"To this contention your Committee is unable to agree. It is incongruous that

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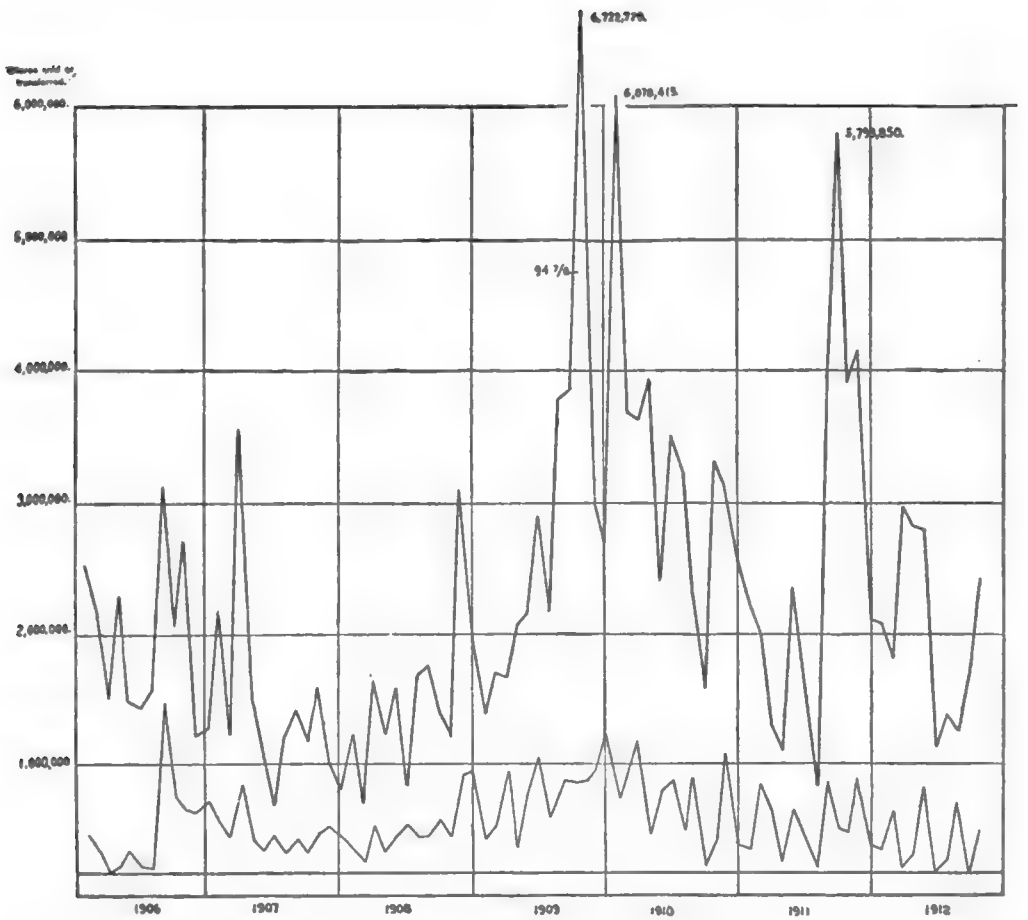

THIS PUJO CHART SHOWS BY THE UPPER LINE THE SALES OF U. S. STEEL COMMON STOCK ON THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, AND BY THE LOWER LINE THE ACTUAL TRANSFERS OF STOCK ON THE COMPANY'S BOOKS FROM 1906 TO 1912. TO FIND GAMBLING, SUBTRACT THE LOWER LINE FROM THE UPPER LINE.

such an institution wielding such power, and equipped to perform such useful and important functions in our economic system, should be uncontrolled by law. On the other hand, your Committee believes that incorporation and regulation would banish from the Exchange transactions which now disgrace it, bringing in their place a greater volume of business of an investment and otherwise legitimate character, and marking the dawn of a new era of prosperity for its members and of usefulness to the public." . . . In other words, the facilities of the New York Stock Exchange are employed largely for transactions producing moral and economic waste and corruption, and it is fair to assume that in lesser and varying degree this is true, or may come to be true, of other institutions throughout the country, similarly organized and conducted.

"Your Committee believes therefore that Congress has power unconditionally to prohibit the mails, the interstate telegraph and telephone, the national banks and all other instrumentalities under its control from being used in executing, negotiating, promoting, increasing or otherwise aiding transactions on such stock exchanges."

This suggestion of curbing the stock exchanges through the power of the Post Office Department does not sound as humorous to Wall Street as it did when I dug up the authority for such action in the Constitution of the United States and spread it on the pages of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, five

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months ago, with the law carefully drawn to fit the case. Public opinion has traveled rapidly since that time.

The questions then raised by my critics as to the power of Congress to deny the use of the mails and the telegraph have been answered completely by a thorough discussion of this power in the report of the Pujo Committee, which says:

"It follows that conceding the prevention of gambling and manipulation in the prices of securities to be not within the province of the Federal Government, this is no valid objection to a law excluding from the mails quotations or other information concerning transactions on stock exchanges not so organized and governed, in the opinion of Congress, as to prevent their facilities being used in aid of such gambling and manipulation."

Hence the Pujo Committee has offered a bill consisting of six sections, entitled:

"A bill to prevent the use of the mails and of the telegraph and telephone in furtherance of fraudulent and harmful transactions on stock exchanges."

This bill provides that no stock exchange shall be permitted to use the mails, telegraph, or telephone from one state to another for quotations, information, or orders to buy or sell, unless such stock exchange shall:

Be a body corporate of the state or territory in which it is located.

Require corporations whose securities it lists to make a complete disclosure of their affairs, in particular any commissions paid to promoters, middlemen, or bankers out of such security issue or the proceeds thereof.

Require a margin of not less than twenty per cent. on all purchases of stock.

Prohibit, as far as possible, the execution of simultaneous or substantially simultaneous orders proceeding from the same person or persons to buy and sell the same security for the purpose of creating an appearance of activity therein, and any orders the purpose of which is to inflate or depress the price of any security.

Prohibit members from pledging securities purchased and carried for a customer for an amount greater than the unpaid portion of the purchase price, whether with or without the consent of such customer.

Prohibit members from lending to other members securities carried by the former for customers, whether with or without such customers' consent.

State in its charter the condition on which issues of securities shall be admitted or removed from the trading list, and provide for a judicial review of its action in this regard.

Keep books of account showing the actual names and transactions of customers, and give access thereto to the Postmaster General.

My early chapters of assertion in "THE REMEDY" have been translated by the Pujo report into a chronicle of proved facts. Let me say again that no more important report on the subject of your money—for it is your money that is used in playing the game—has ever been made to Congress.

Send for this report at once, read it, and then help along the "REMEDY" work by writing to your representatives in Washington in favor of the proposed legislation, and demanding a renewed lease of life for the investigating committee, that it may complete the job so well begun. This is your share of the work, not mine; and if, with the facts before you, you fail to act, you can not fairly dodge the blame for the present monstrous conditions in the greatest money market in this country.

MORE DUST IN YOUR EYES

Wall Street is not going to reform itself. Something may be done through Albany, and then again perhaps not. The following correspondence speaks for itself:

February 13, 1913.

HON. THOMAS W. LAWSON,
Boston, Mass.

MY DEAR MR. LAWSON: Enclosed I am sending you my message to the Legislature on Stock Exchanges, together with the bills which I prepared to carry out the recommendations. These bills are now pending in the Legislature, and there will be a joint hearing on them on the 26th instant.

Many of our friends have suggested the advisability of you being present and saying a word for them.

With best wishes, believe me

Very sincerely your friend,

(Signed) WM. SULZER.

In reply to this I sent the following despatch to Governor Sulzer:

"I have received your letter enclosing your excellent rescue bills. I deeply regret that I can not come to Albany and add my effort toward putting them all on the statute-books. I thank you for your thoughtful and kindly invitation. Success to your efforts for the people and humanity."

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My despatch was published in the daily papers, and on the morning of the hearing Wall Street's shrewdest defenders, paid and volunteers, were on hand to prove that without the gambling end of the Stock Exchange New York would shudder off Manhattan Island; and an effort was made to impress the public with the idea that I was the only one in favor of bills curbing the Stock Exchange, and that I did not dare to come forward in defense of them.

I am not opposed to New York legislative reform, providing it is scientific reform of the Stock Exchange. I do know, however, that the only effective remedy, not only for the New York Stock Exchange, but for the many other stock exchanges of this country which differ from it in degree and not in character, is to be found in Federal laws, putting these stock exchanges under the control of the postal arm of the Government.

No sooner had the debate between Albany and Wall Street opened than the Stock Exchange threatened, if laws not to its liking were drafted against it, that it would move into New Jersey or Pennsylvania, or wherever a state would welcome the particular kind of business now transacted in Wall Street.

The result of the last election proved conclusively that there was popular discontent with the party that has long been in power; and a new President, a new Senate, and a new Congress are now in Washington pledged to reform. It is believed that President Wilson is honest, courageous, and able, and that he will be the puppet of no class, clique, or system. When he was threatened with a stock panic as a warning to be good or have his administration suffer the consequences, his quick reply—"Bring on your panic and I'll gibbet the System"—did not encourage further activity. The System's bluff was called.

I believe that President Wilson and his administration, with the facts of the Pujo report before them, have an opportunity to pass constructive legislation that will be of more vital and lasting benefit to the people of this country than tariff or income taxes or any of the political fads or fancies of the day.

Tariff and income tax are slated for action, and the System's agents are busy stirring up these questions to the exclusion of any Federal legislation recommended by the Pujo committee.

Don't let the System fool you again with its old bull-baiting game.

It is now dangling income tax and tariff, both assured measures, before your eyes to deflect your attack from the gambling end of the Stock Exchange. That is where the System coins its counterfeit stocks and bonds, on which you are paying a tribute of two billions of dollars a year in the increased cost of your living. This is where the swollen fortunes of the dollar monarchs are made, not by the chance favors of speculation or gambling, but by the trick that stamps worthless securities "good" and exchanges them for the money you have put in banks and insurance companies.

The System knows that if it may control the Stock Exchange and its wardman, the money trust, no income-tax and no tariff law, however honest, can seriously interfere with its pillaging the people.

So send for the Pujo report at once. Read it. *Then read it again.*

Then write to your congressmen and your senators, urging that the Pujo Committee's life be renewed to complete the work only just begun.

Demand that the Pujo Committee's recommendations for curbing stock-exchange gambling be made laws by Congress.

Then KEEP YOUR EYE ON WASHINGTON.

*The next instalment of "**The Remedy**" will appear in the June number.*

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From
HAND *to* MOUTH

BY

FREDERICK IRVING ANDERSON

EXCEPT man, the fiddler-ant is the most foolish animal in creation. When it finds an abundance of succulent food in one place, it never by any chance rings the dinner-bell, or even, for the matter of that, sits down by itself and enjoys a solitary feast.

No, that would be too simple. Instead, Mr. Fiddler-ant with infinite labor wraps up a large quantity of this food in a ball of mud, many generations of observation and experience having taught him that the spherical ball is the most scientific means of transportation. Then he mounts his ball, poises himself directly over the center of gravity for an instant, and with a dexterous flop (still hanging on), pretends to tumble off on the side toward home.

Result, the ball is set in motion, and before it stops he is on top and tumbling off again.

It really seems like a tremendous lot of trouble to take, just to move food from a spot where it exists in plenty to a spot where it does not exist at all. Sometimes, indeed, the fiddler-ant has to go for help. Little fiddler-ants, and maybe some neighbors, respond to the call, and among them they usually manage to get their car home, where they open it amid great rejoicing and have a fine feast. Sometimes, of course, the food spoils on the way; but give the wise ant-family time enough, and they too will devise means of refrigerating their cars.

But is it not truly strange that this astute little creature does not save himself and his tribe a lot of trouble and needless expense in the first place, by moving his Home to his Food, instead of moving his Food to his Home? It doesn't seem right that his center of population and his center of food supply should remain so remote from each other indefinitely. Especially when one considers that it is merely a matter of volition.

Now, the center of population of these United States is a transient guest at Bloomington, Indiana. It is, of course, going west, which is quite proper. The center of food supply of these United States has never been ascertained with any considerable degree of accuracy. The nearest we can come to it is to say that, as a rule, every thirty-five cents' worth of food is separated by about sixty-five cents' worth of transportation from the mouths it is destined ultimately to feed.

One-third of the population is compressed in one-twelfth the area—east of the Alleghanies. Forty-six per cent. of ninety-two million souls calling themselves a rural nation, dwell in cities. In other words, we have among us about forty-two million mortals who elect to contribute two out of every three dollars they spend, not for food itself, but for the process of rolling that food home—*to bring that food from a spot where it is produced in abundance to a spot where it is not produced at all.*

Unfortunately for these forty-two millions of John Joneses and Bill Smiths, their domestic and social economies are not so simple as the fiddler-ant's. Even if he hasn't sense enough to eat his food where he finds it, the ant at least has sense enough to attend to the transportation end of the business himself.

But John Jones and Bill Smith are busy doing something else. So they dig up three dollars and say to an obliging neighbor—Mr. Common Carrier: "Here, porter, bring us a dollar's worth of food and we will give you two dollars for the job."

It is a mighty good day's work for Mr. Common Carrier, and he hangs out a sign and solicits business.

Now John Jones and Bill Smith really are the Origin of Sin itself in this matter.

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They constructed a place called town, and started a community for the purpose of manufacturing steel. They were so busy manufacturing steel that they induced other people to follow them to town, to bring food to them and feed them with a spoon. Also, there must be others to clothe them. And still more to house them—carpenters, masons, plumbers, steam-fitters, painters, electricians, and so on.

And when business picks up they feel the need of bankers, brokers, clerks, stenographers, salesmen, telegraphers, truckmen, packers, porters, shippers, *et cetera ad infinitum*. These in turn must be fed, clothed, housed, and audited. Then come doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and undertakers, for their moral and material salvation; and actors, fiddlers, dancers, and bartenders to keep them in good humor while they are paying Mr. Common Carrier three dollars to bring them one dollar's worth of food.

After a time the task gets too big for Mr. Common Carrier to accomplish by old-fashioned means; and he goes to John Smith and Bill Jones, who started all the trouble, and says to them:

"We need help. You must give part of your time—most of it, in fact—from now on, to manufacturing steel rails and car wheels and engines and steamships and bridges to move this food and clothing to town to feed yourself, also for steel buildings to house yourself while you are doing it. We also need tin cans to pack this food in, and ice-making machinery to refrigerate the food when we desire to hold it for a rise."

So these two, the Origin of Sin, keep their furnaces blowing eighty-four hours a week, fifty-two weeks in the year, to manufacture the means of transportation of the food and clothing that is to feed and clothe the people who followed them to town to feed and clothe them. Every one of us toils for a certain number of hours each day to accomplish the difficult task of passing our food *from hand to mouth*.

Mr. Common Carrier drives on to the next door. He needs more help. He must call on the banker to finance John and Bill in their new line of endeavor; also to finance the movement of crops, and the means of moving crops, and the means of constructing the means of moving the crops—and, particularly, the means of getting the news of crop-growing and crop-moving, so that we can go to the Stock Exchange and lie about the number of bushels, and bet on the size of the dividends we shall have to pay to get them to us.

All of this means that those of us who came to town to feed those who had come before us, are so busy doing something else now that we have to induce more of our country cousins to come to town to feed us. Which means more railroads, more steel, more barbers, and more bartenders.

This is the house that Jack built.

Why do we "congest" in "centers"? The older nations of the earth furnish no parallel. Here are we, a youth among nations, yet already we have departed so far from the pastoral idea, the butcher-baker-and-candlestick-maker idea, that to-day we count 228 cities of over 25,000 population; 50 of more than 100,000; 19 of more than a quarter of a million; 5 more than half a million; and three, New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, actually containing within their policed limits a combined population greater than that of the Dominion of Canada.

BACK TO THE FOOD-BUSHES

If we had spent one-tenth the sum clearing swamps and timber-lands, and irrigating deserts, *to grow food*, that we have spent *to move food*, who will say that our national resources measured in terms of contentment would not have been vastly greater!

But stop your friend John Jones on the street, and tell him confidentially: "John, I know a place—in fact, several places—where food costs only one cent for every three cents it costs here. I know a place where food grows on bushes! Let's go and watch it grow, help it grow, and when it gets ripe we can eat it before it gets a chance to spoil."

"You need a doctor to examine into your mental state," says John, and hurries on.

But is it not strange that this astute little creature does not save himself and his tribe a lot of trouble and needless expense in the first place, by moving his Home to his Food, instead of moving his Food to his Home? It does not seem right that his center of population and his center of food supply should remain so remote from each other indefinitely.

Especially when it is a mere matter of volition.

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What America Must Be Like

by

W·L·GEORGE

AUTHOR OF "A BED OF ROSES," "UNTIL THE DAY BREAK," "WOMAN AND TO-MORROW," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

Editors' Note—We have always given sensitive attention to the impressions of distinguished foreigners who have traveled in the United States and written about us thereafter. The first inquiry we make as visitors come down the gangplank is, "How do you like America?" Dickens, Bourget, Kipling, Wells, and Bennett at various times have stirred our pride or our resentment. And yet the opinions and impressions held by the millions who have never been here are really much more important than the impressions gained by those few who come to write about us. It is this larger body of understanding or misunderstanding that establishes public opinion. It is gathered from newspapers, novels, music-hall songs, our own travelers abroad, wide and irresponsible sources. Here is the concept of America as visualized by one writer who has never seen us, drawn from these diverse sources. Whimsical though it may be, its very errors are illuminating.

IT IS always interesting to know the world's opinion of us. Whether good or evil be spoken, and whether the judge be worthy or not, the subject has for us an invincible fascination. Ourselves, our country, our customs, and our ideals—these are things we will always want discussed, so far as possible approved, and sometimes ridiculed . . . so that we may in return scoff at the scoffer. It is this that induces me to set on paper what I think of America; it matters hardly for the interest of this article whether I praise or blame.

But another consideration interferes: an appreciation by a qualified observer may be dull, an appreciation by a tyro may be unfair, but an appreciation by one who has never visited America, who must evolve in his mind an artificial picture of the country and its people, must be something tinged by imagination, a something therefore justified.

It would be audacious to claim for the ideas I venture to set forth a character of authenticity: I have never been in America, have never known one American intimately; American acquaintances in the most superficial sense have seldom fallen to my lot. Indeed, I know nothing precise of your country. I will not, therefore, judge it too definitely, but will confine myself to conveying what I feel when I hear the word "America" or am told that that elegant woman and that man with the padded shoulders are Americans.

Such words mean something; they draw from the depths of my consciousness an impression which is not all indefinite; they rouse in me prejudices, awake sympathies. Briefly, they cause all the secret knowledge that is in me to rise to the surface, make me say in advance: "Being an American, this man must be . . ."

But what he must be I will show by painting a mental picture of this civilization I have never seen, collecting details and fixing impressions drawn from books, newspapers, and instincts, showing in all its crudity what I, an untraveled European, think America must be like.

I have closed my eyes; said "America." There is a second of chaos; then details grow more numerous, and I find that it is not America I see, but New York. And, at first sight, New York is sky-scrapers; the

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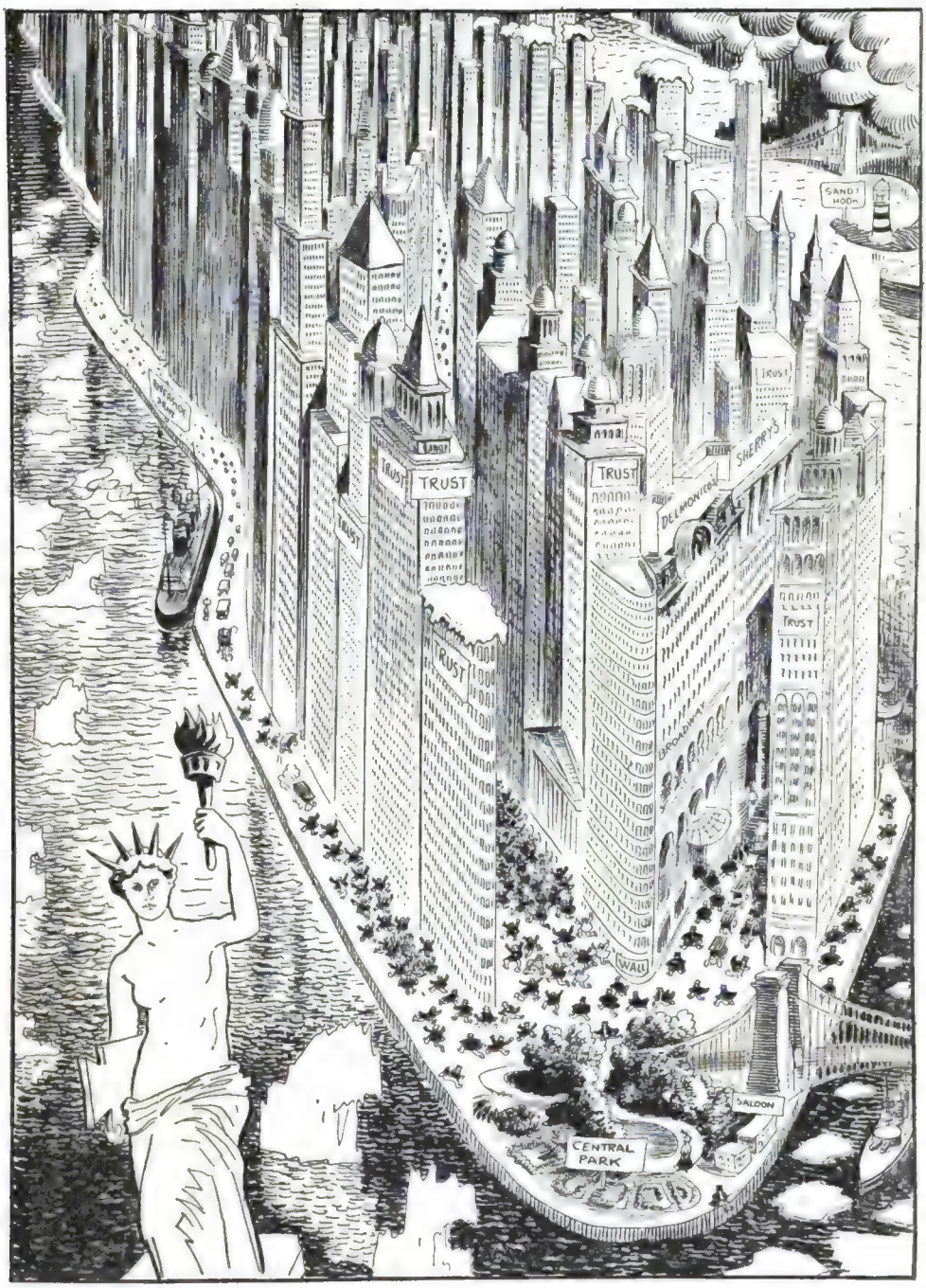

NEW YORK IS SKY-SCRAPERS. I SEE THEM AT EVERY CORNER OF EVERY STREET, THRUSTING INTO THE SKY AS COUNTLESS SPEARS OF BRICK AND MORTAR.

rest is indefinite. I picture the city as almost entirely composed of sky-scrapers. I see them at every corner of every street, thrusting into the sky as countless spears of brick and mortar. I may be haunted by some photograph, but this does not matter,

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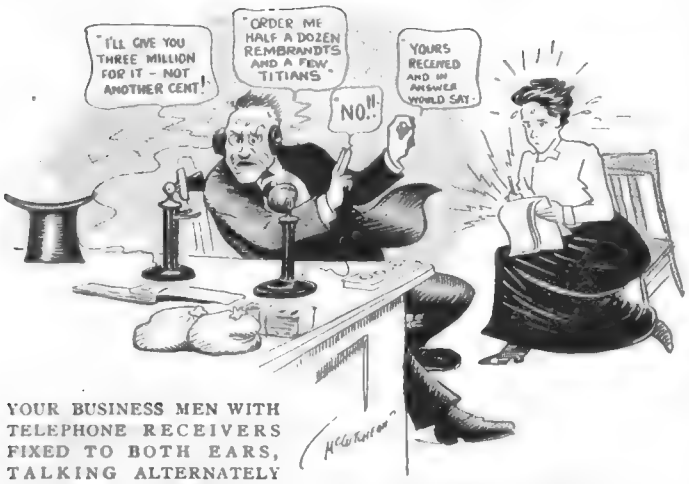
"I'LL GIVE YOU THREE MILLION FOR IT - NOT ANOTHER CENT!
"ORDER ME HALF A DOZEN REMBRANDTS AND A FEW TITIANS."
"NO!!"
"YOURS RECEIVED AND IN ANSWER WORLD SAY:

YOUR BUSINESS MEN WITH TELEPHONE RECEIVERS FIXED TO BOTH EARS, TALKING ALTERNATELY INTO TWO RECEIVERS, WHILE THEY DICTATE BY MEANS OF THE DEAF-AND-DUMB ALPHABET A LETTER INVOLVING MILLIONS.

for it is precisely this photograph, long forgotten and lost, which has helped to build up in my mind this vision of New York. I can not detach my attention from the skyscrapers; the word "Flatiron," the meaning of which I do not know, begins to preoccupy me; then I think of lifts, demon lifts which rush from the ground floor to the fortieth story at thirty miles an hour; I think of height—insolent, Babel-like height.

And, as I rise in the air, I imagine the plan of Manhattan Island like a colossal reproduction of the board studded with spikes on which we throw rings; that is a game we play at English fairs, but no instinct tells me whether Americans play it. I doubt it: it is too peaceful; I think American games must be like baseball, and involve sudden death.

I look again at New York. I see nothing else. I can not imagine small houses, American family-parties, or gardens; I suppose you have theatres, for you send us plays, which I generally think bad. (We, too, send you plays, and you, too, think them bad.) I suppose you have hotels, but my vision is limited to Sherry's and Delmonico's; I can see nothing else, not even East Side; nobody has told me anything about East Side, beyond that it is frequented by Chinamen. I add the word "steam-heat," and I have done with New York; it is a faint picture, the picture of some kind of town in the foreground of which is a statue of Liberty: that is all.

Incredible as it may seem to you, that is all; your city, to you so alive and vigorous, is for me no more than a shadow. It is more than a spot on the map, but not much more. An attempt to force my imagination to visualize other details is vain; it flies to your personal appearance, your characteristics, your customs; it rebels when I ask it for topography.

Your typical New Yorker is more evident to me than his city. Indeed, if I construct his town at all, it is through him; he must be the product of your climate, which I can never realize as moderate: icebergs and blizzards, droughts and heat-waves—such are the conditions under which you must live. The abnormal is for you the normal; you are born and exist in the violence of the sun and the throttle of polar gales. It is not wonderful, then, that I picture you as nervous, excitable, feverish, hysterical; your haste is a haste to live in an atmosphere that is too harsh. I see you as always in a hurry, always seeking stimulation.

So much is this the case that you have had to manufacture a new language: words and sentences which erupt from our old English tongue, flame in it as patches of color. I think you must speak as quickly as you act. I imagine you as everlastingly "hiking around" at top speed, marrying on horseback, and going to your last rest on a motor hearse to an accompaniment of college yells.

Do not think that this rapid sketch fills me with distaste. The New Yorker whom I visualize frightens me, but he compels my admiration; I see you as more vital than we are, I imagine you do more in the same time. I like to think of your business men, with telephone receivers fixed to both ears, talking alternately into two receivers, while they dictate by means of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet a letter involving millions. I can not think of American business save in terms of millions; I feel that you casually strike out the thousands to "round off" the deal.

I have never heard of your retail trade; I can hardly believe there is any—that there are American shopmen, packing with

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American brown paper and string American pounds of tea. I see rather a monster building, over which stands the sky sign "TEA-TRUST," and I imagine an excited populace fighting to buy their pounds of tea at dollar-in-the-slot machines.

For I think of machines—I see yours as a land of machines, all of which have been invented by Edison; a land which will in a few years be endowed with yet more machines, now in process of invention, also by Edison. I dream more wildly than H. G. Wells when I think of your mechanical future—of the dinner-pills which will destroy the quick-lunch, as the quick-lunch destroyed the leisurely roast beef of old England.

But—and here is a paradox—I repeat that I have heard of your two restaurants, Sherry's and Delmonico's; I feel that they are magnificent, marbled, gilt; that some New York supermen can afford the time to dine there on terrapin, cocktails, canvas-backed duck, and that rare American variety of peach known to me as the Blue Point. These are your aristocracy; I figure them as strong rather than languid, conscious of power rather than weary of power. They are all enormously rich: so rich that they have acquired a taste for the arts which we can not afford in England; so rich that they can not dine save in gondolas in a flooded hotel yard, while Melba and Caruso, disguised as Italian peasants, sing expensive duets.

And I am genuinely impressed when I reflect that this aristocracy is not, as ours, idle and listless; that it goes every day to the store from which its fortune springs. The American aristocracy is justified because it takes steps to maintain itself—indeed, to enhance its own vigor; it is to me more respectable than ours, for it lives on the cash-on-delivery system, while ours lives on credit.

I do not know any more—or rather all else that I imagine concerns the American, not the New Yorker. For me the New Yorker is a fierce business man, and the rest is silence; the American is more definite. I can even think of him as poor, which the New Yorker never is; I see the New Yorker mainly in Wall Street (a thoroughfare entirely filled with straw hats) indulging in "Frenzied Finance;" but the American may somewhere be humble; he is probably oppressed by the trusts. I believe there is a trust in everything, from Government to literature. But the real American men and women live in many towns; they differ in inscrutable ways according to the latitude, and, in my mind, according to the name of the town.

Some of these names are for me mere geographical expressions: Topeka, Atlanta, Baltimore, Indianapolis—all these could be removed from the map and my vision of the United States would be unimpaired. They

I IMAGINE YOU AS EVERLASTINGLY "HIKING AROUND" AT TOP SPEED, MARRYING ON HORSEBACK, AND GOING TO YOUR LAST REST ON A MOTOR HEARSE TO AN ACCOMPANIMENT OF COLLEGE YELLS.

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have for me no personality; they are not inhabited by business men, lovers, dandies. They do not exist. But other towns, Boston, Newport, Chicago, Salt Lake City, are for me living, characterized entities; I can not see them, but I can feel them. I know they are there, as a blind man knows that a friend has entered the room. This does not mean that mine is a very clear vision; for me Newport is costly bathing, a Madison Square Garden by the sea. But I can not imagine it with any reality; I see no lovers walking hand in hand by the "sad sea waves," though I feel that there must be such places and such lovers, for Dana Gibson has drawn scenes which make one understand why English noblemen gladly wed American girls.

What I can not grasp, however, is the fact that English girls are not fascinated by American men. I see these as invariably tall, clean-shaven, long-limbed, and rather as young Apollos; their square-toed boots, ready-made clothes, and padded shoulders may be the cause of the English girl's distaste. The problem is beyond me.

AMERICA'S APPETITE

From Newport I pass to Chicago, which, to me, means "pork." That is all. I also think of Mr. Upton Sinclair, a little uncertain whether his theme was pork or canned beef; but in my English brain, pork, beef, Mr. Upton Sinclair, and affinities are so completely entangled that I can not dissociate one from the other. I apologize for adopting once more a gastronomic tone, but food is ever present in my mind when I think of America; from a secret spring flows the conviction that eating and drinking matter more in the States than they do here, that they are, in a sense, national concerns.

This does not surprise me, for we are oppressed by the same feeling when we read Rabelais: like Pantagruel, like Gargantua, America is gigantic; like them it is preoccupied with material things.

All its concerns seem to me immense: its agitation, its haste, its credulity, its wit, its politics; I can not see America as small in anything; if I say "American railway," I think of five-day-long journeys through forests as vast as my own island, over prairies which are generally on fire and cataracts which are always in spate. If I say "newspapers," I think of hordes of reporters, not of the modest men who in England come to the celebrity as single swallows. Everything is big; big is in every phrase—in the merchant's "big money" and Roosevelt's "big stick."

Likewise, Salt Lake City suggests to me a matrimonial experiment on an enormous scale. I can not visualize its founder, nor its every-day life, but it evokes for me the pageant of American religions. The uprising of new religions strikes me as inherently American. Seldom does a new faith succeed in England; at best it collects a score of adherents who meet, half-secretly, in suburban drawing-rooms; but in America any new faith seems to me vital, real. There must be in America a restless spirit of inquiry, from which the material is born: it matters little whether the result be a religion or a super-telescope, the ancestry of the product is the same. I imagine the American soul as restless as the American brain; I imagine that it as desperately seeks for the meaning of life as for its joys.

Hence the religious schisms, the heresies and the orthodoxies; hence the spiritual movements that rise from their seed under the eyes of the beholder, as does the little tree from the seed in the fakir's pot. No nation but the American could have given birth to Brigham Young, to Prophet Dowie, to Mrs. Eddy. I do not profess to judge them, I do not know their creeds, and it is not for me to offend unawares those who have conscientiously adopted them; but these names are in my mind most definitely American.

The spiritual activity which I divine in the United States tends to clear your nation of the charge leveled against it, that it is purely materialistic. I have no evidence, I have but instincts; and I see the American flying to new religious standards because he has imagination; in a disinterested spirit of conquest he wants to possess the world of which this one is but the vestibule.

But—and this is a whisper—into my envious admiration there intrudes a qualification. I ask myself whether, through American spirituality and mysticism, there does not run an alien vein; to put it bluntly, hysteria. I suspect you somewhat of hysteria, and by that big word, to which we all give different meanings, I understand a state of perpetual excitement, an unreasoned craving for novelty, an incapacity to assimilate or create tradition; in brief, nervous

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instability. I feel that in this sense you may be a hysterical nation; your adoption of new faiths may not be heralded by the offering of a broken and contrite heart. . . . But it is not for me to preach; I do not know whether you deserve to be indicted.

And now Boston, the Athens of the West, as I am told you call it—a term I must resent, as the Athens of the West is evidently London! But, though I protest against this "jumping" of our claim, the word Boston does mean culture for me, culture with a "C" so capital that it is almost a "K." I should instinctively defer to a Bostonian rather than to a denizen of Leadville, for Boston means to me American literature and American pictorial art. Now American pictorial art I can dismiss in one sentence and three names: Whistler, Sergeant, and Dana Gibson. There is no intention in the order; I know of no others. I am aware that Americans paint in Paris. That is all. And I am inclined, in a mean spirit, to place Whistler among the accidents, with Walt Whitman and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

But American literature is a more complicated affair. It does not at first sight deserve a place in these random imaginings; but as Americans and Englishmen speak (approximately) the same language, it has deeply affected my ideas. I know American literature through Sydnor Harrison, W. B. Trites, and Robert W. Chambers, who seem to me very national and very inferior; through Frank Norris, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Wilkins, Howells, Jack London, Upton Sinclair, Winston Churchill, Owen Wister, Edith Wharton, whose work is always good and often excellent. And then there is Henry James—but you shall not have him: good Americans go to Paris when they die, but Henry James went there in his lifetime. He now lives in England, and, apart from early indiscretions, such as "The American," has proved that he knows what a great artist must write about if he is to be happy.

The first three writers are more interesting than the superior second group. For me W. B. Trites, Sydnor Harrison, and Robert W. Chambers represent America and commonplace American literature with extraordinary faithfulness. *Life* evokes the little American town as a place of stores, beanfeasts, and fraud. It may be exaggerated, for this America is described as mean, corrupt, and brutally sensual. That is the impression it gives—an impression confirmed by such books as Reginald Wright Kauffman's "Daughters of Ishmael." They have tainted America for me, persuaded me that your politicians are as venal as your police; it is not we who have invented these charges; it is the American writer of this stamp. That they should exaggerate does not matter to me; what does matter is that they have convinced me that in New York City I may sin at a price. And I do not say that they are wrong to tell the truth as they see it: if, however, it is the truth seen through the microscope, theirs is the responsibility, and their vision is my vision.

THE TASTE FOR CANDIED FICTION

Sydnor Harrison, however, paints in "Queed" quite another picture. I do not resent its success in the United States, for it has been quite as successful in England; we too have our sentimentalists whom no sweetness can sicken, who can vie with you in their purchases of "The Rosary." In "Queed" I find a characteristic which I think to find in the American man: a deep, unreasoning soft-heartedness, which is almost soft-headedness. It passes my comprehension, this paradox, this inconceivable coupling of the hard business brain and the tremulous heart.

I am amazed to think that the American is a knight of dames; that he hides his merit from woman, while flaunting it before man; that he will slave for her, bear with her whims, her injustice; that he will weep over the antics of a little child, "feel good" when he hears soft music, and applaud when the heroic hero defies the trust. I am sure that the trust magnate applauds as loudly and as honestly as anybody. I am convinced that you are sentimentalists of the very worst kind; that you think women too good to live and almost too noble to love.

I see it in another manifestation of your literature—your sumptuous advertisements, of which a few have passed the Atlantic; I imagine your shopkeepers as quite sincere when they announce their hope that "with every customer we make, we make a friend."

It is sentiment all through: sentiment in "The Pit," when the ruined captain of industry returns to the noble girl who has been true to him; sentiment in Jack London's "Adventure," where the pure American

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young man lives respectfully among cannibals by the side of the beautiful girl. . . . I do not know the rest of your literature —the literature which (I am told) is most suitably offered to the American girl in lieu of candies. There are, it is true, others; the sentimentalists even are not always true to type, for Frank Norris wrote "Mac Teague," which was so good that I believe it had to be remaindered. You have admirable writers, such as Edith Wharton, your première novelist; and the spirit of James Lane Allen still floats fragrant in Kentucky; but I do not feel them to be truly American, or if they are American, then they are of another breed. With some insolence I claim them as English.

Your South and your far North, too—I claim them for England, the England of "Good King George" or of the *Mayflower*.

I see them less clearly than New York, but I feel them keenly, the former in loving wise, the latter as might a Scotchman. Your South I think of as a land of languor where the old Queen Anne and Georgian houses of our own countryside are dotted about in green fields, bowered in flowers, in orchards laden with heavy fruits, warmed with sunshine, and cheered by the songs of gay-hued birds. The women are graceful, beautiful, lazy—they never do any work; the men are gallant, fight duels, and hunt the fox; they too never work. There is a touch of Spain and an air of France; your South is older than the sturdy Orange days—it is Stuart country. It is beautiful, indolent, and I think it is absolutely sterile, devoid of enterprise, commerce, and industry. Indeed, I can not see why the busy Yankees preserve the land that lies south of the thirty-fifth parallel, save as a historical monument.

And your North, your New England, I see it dour, redolent with the spirit of our Covenanters; I feel that it practises the Scotch Sunday, that it still scourges the soul as the Roman Catholics scourge the body. It is a harsh country, I think; I imagine it as un-American as Cumberland. I feel that it is narrow, cruel, that it frowns on the joy of life, revels in the joy of death . . . and yet makes a passing good thing of trade. I hear that it has manses: does not that show that New England is not the real, thrilling America? It is another England.

Let me make an end of these topographical imaginings by saying that for me you have hardly any West. I can think of naught save an enormous Buffalo Bill show, with a little mining, euchre, murder, and horse-stealing in the Brandy Gulch style. For me the West is merely theatrical, its people supers and its houses properties. Indeed, there is no concrete America for me west of the Mississippi; even the roping of the bronco (who may, for what I know, be either a bull or a horse) does not invest with reality the land we call "the wild and woolly West." But I suspect that in this phantom country there live some millions of men and women who do not vastly differ from the Americans I divine.

Ah, those Americans, they are very singular! Your paradoxic men, your placid women, and your entirely disagreeable girls —they rise up in my imagination almost as lurid as your advertisements.

I have said so much incidentally about the American man that I need not harp upon him. I have said that I imagine him as hard and soft, as materialistic and idealistic. I see him as an intellectual and mental cross. More subtly, I believe that he must show the characteristics of the many races which bred him; I believe that he is at heart a primitive and somewhat ferocious* animal; that some contagion must have spread to him from the Red Indian whom he overcame. He evidently has two characteristics of the savage, acquisitiveness and curiosity. I conclude that he must exhibit other savage traits, simplicity, superstition, and cruelty; indeed, I am not sure that I do not feel simplicity to be the dominating factor in your temperament; I suspect that your complexity is all on the surface and that you are as young individually as your race is in the mass.

I have seen too many Americans abroad getting out at the frontiers to buy the proper stamps for their post-cards to believe that impressions sink into you very deeply. You are collectors; you die after having gathered not sixty years or so of experience, but sixty years of experiences.

Your very restlessness shows that you are still unfit for deep satisfactions: it is rather splendid, this vigor of yours (as I see it). It is the vigor of the child, the kitten, who can not sit still, but must be up and doing, for the sake of doing—possibly futile but evidently absorbing things. And I feel that you have stamina too, that one does not

* Yes, ferocious. What about lynching?

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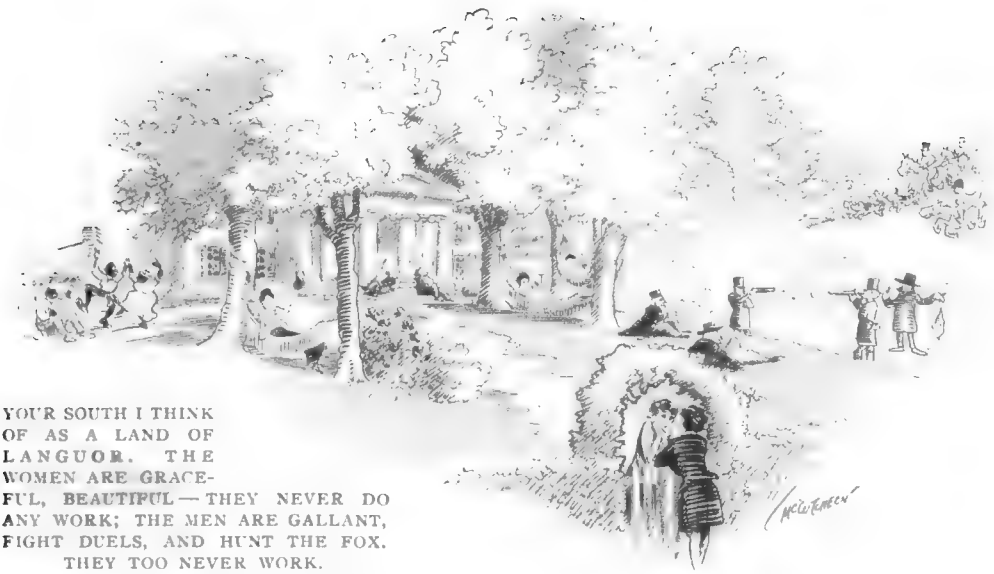

YOUR SOUTH I THINK OF AS A LAND OF LANGUOR. THE WOMEN ARE GRACEFUL, BEAUTIFUL — THEY NEVER DO ANY WORK; THE MEN ARE GALLANT, FIGHT DUELS, AND HUNT THE FOX. THEY TOO NEVER WORK.

easily crush an American, for one can not hold him, one can not drive reality deep enough into his sturdy, experimental soul; one can not dam the great, bubbling fountain of his optimism.

But all this superficiality carries its penalty. I do not believe that you have passion. I see none in your writers. You have no lyric poets, no composers, and that is to a certain extent evidence. It is not complete proof, for the Portuguese, the Spaniards, and the peoples of the Balkans have not produced much that is notable; yet they are not devoid of passion. I believe that your men lack deep emotion because they are sentimentalists. They have put too much sugar into their tea. I believe that you are divorced from raw reality, that you have lost the art of loving because you have worshiped too much. And that has spoiled the woman I conjure up, the American woman and her daughter, the girl.

The American woman I imagine as faded, worn down by the friction inherent in American life; I expect the pace has been made too hot for her and that she is jaded. She has gone too fast and she has gone too hard; your high prices, your sudden successes and ruins, your "scare" headlines, your journeys and alarums—all this has been too strenuous for her. I can not imagine the American woman as sweetly mature; for me she is either very young or quite suddenly old. I must assume that she is active, but I feel no zest of life under her steely surface; you have worn her out; the excess of oxygen in your air has burnt her up.

I believe that she is modest, that she makes few demands upon you, that she thinks all the world of her man, and that she, without humility and with indifference, surrenders to him the leadership of her life. I believe that when the American marries he takes charge of his wife; it is not so here, where a girl who takes unto herself a husband takes also a grown-up child. The picture I paint is one of neutrality.

But there is no neutrality in your girl. Bright and steely is her surface, too, and I can not imagine the stages through which she passes before she merges into my dream-picture of the American woman. She is so keen, so fierce, so desirous of pleasure and conquest that I am inclined to think there are no stages: I feel that she marries and then suddenly collapses as a victorious runner falls fainting over the tape. Frankly, I don't like my picture.

The American girl is pretty: I can never think of her save as pretty as a German, with lightness as an Italian, with refinement as an Anglo-Saxon, with vivacity. I never think of her as coarse-featured, spectacled, or sallow. She is always pretty and she is always smart; often she is elegant, and after a visit to Europe, always elegant. I imagine her as so totally devoid of prejudice as to be able to absorb any other civilization, and as totally devoid of softness. I think she is hard, aggressive, selfish, and

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grasping. There can be no more perfect example of femininity than my imaginary American girl.

Perhaps I am unjust, but my mind is filled with tales of American girls who expect to find in every man a devoted cavalier, the source of candies, ice-cream, novels, seats at the theatre, or, according to her class, at the "dime museum." Light American literature (and light American conversation) perpetually evoke to me a half-organized, half-unconscious system of exploitation of man at the hands of woman. I see it is accepted by the man, fostered even; I think he looks upon the American girl as the most luxurious product his continent has evolved, and he is so proud of his deity that he will gladly gild her pedestal. In England it is woman who gilds the pedestal; it is much more agreeable.

I would forgive the American girl if I felt her to be grateful; but I do not believe she is. She takes attention, gifts, love, as her due; she shall give charm, he shall give service: that is a business proposition. She is a harsh, gluttonous little animal, as beautiful as a tiger-cub . . . and as gentle. Still, it is not for me to say she is not worthy of you; presumably she is, for I incline to think that every nation has the women it chooses and deserves. We believe that

> A woman, a spaniel and a walnut-tree,
> The more you beat them the better they be;

and as a result we have charming but unintelligent slaves; you have intelligent governors, but to my mind you are mere Frankensteins.

That you are Frankensteins is evident to me when, to close this rambling excursion, I consider your politics. I shall not delay, for I do not in the least understand them. I believe that you have two parties: one the Republican, which is Conservative when it is not Radical; the other the Democratic, which is concerned with silver and tariffs. In common with most Englishmen, I do not know which, if either, of the two is earnestly opposed to the trusts, which one believes in low tariffs. Your legislation is for me a jungle; your state reservations foster evasion of the law; your Supreme Court is a singular medium which settles whether the law shall be applied at all.

I know none of your politicians except Roosevelt, Taft, Bryan, Elihu Root, and Hearst, and all save the first are shadows. I know the name of Elihu Root; I know that Hearst owns vigorous newspapers, that Bryan is one of your electoral institutions, that Taft—well, I don't know anything about him except that he has been your President. Roosevelt alone stands forth, and I am not far from accepting William Watson's verdict:

> . . . . Nay, thou art more:
> Thou art her fiery pulse, her conquering will;
> Thou art America, dauntless Theodore.

I have no knowledge of his program, I never read his speeches; I know nothing of him, except that his face is familiar, his voice enormous. Thus I can not judge him, but I intensely admire him. He may be an unscrupulous politician (and your newspapers are not very kind to him), or the statesman of the twentieth century. I do not know. But he is for me the American type; I imagine him as ready to work for twenty-four hours a day, or to hunt, with Kermit, the grizzly, the rabbit, or the boss. I do not care what he does: he is so tempestuous, he has so filled me with the thrilling of his vitality, that I am carried away by him as by some great wind. And much of the wondering respect I feel for your nation comes to me, magnified and megaphoned, through your ambassador to the world, Theodore Roosevelt.

And so I finish this little picture of my vast ignorance. It shows, I think, how very little literature and the newspapers have done for the untutored Englishman. As I write these concluding paragraphs I am conscious of gaps, of things I ought to have said, things I would have said if I could have dragged them from the nebulous Hinterland of my perceptions. But this country I have never seen must remain for me a theatre of arabesques.

I will not enter into the considerations of international policy which this entails, for they are obvious and hackneyed; besides, I am far more interested in the odd task of what I may call artistic reconstruction: that is, in the conjuring up, by sheer intuition, of an unknown land. As such this study must be taken, and not as a serious and didactic attempt to criticize you; it is therefore open to you—and that is a mercy—to take the good I feel in you as evidence of my sagacity, while you reject the evil as a fruit of the addled brain of an ignoramus.

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The Golden Barrier

Roger Phillips's Sentimental Search Leads up Fifth Avenue

by

Walter Prichard Eaton

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY," "AT THE NEW THEATRE AND OTHERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL FOSTER

ROGER PHILLIPS, finding himself at thirty-two in possession of an income and freed from the grind of newspaper editing, which had absorbed his time and energy for ten years, was bent on indulging in belated experiments with life. The man who has worked hard, seen little or nothing at first-hand of men and women in their playtime, and who has known few women on any terms, may be pardoned if, at thirty-two, he plunges in to capture lost ground.

Roger tried first what was represented to him as New York's "literary Bohemia"—and found it neither literary nor Bohemian. Its bravado of freedom took the form of somewhat vulgarly risqué remarks, harmlessly enough meant but having, by reiteration, a terrible power of suggestion to weak minds. Being nearly drawn in himself to do a grave wrong to his sense of honor and decency, he fled "Bohemia" and all its ways, and looked not upon the pretty face of Mrs. Porter again.

Roger, however, had no Parsifalian desire to avoid all pretty faces. He could still remember vividly the tingling excitement of romantic adventures in his youth time—how once, for instance, when he was nineteen, he had sat on the rocks beside a summer sea, looking down the golden moonpath, a soft, white hand in his, and had dreamed he knew not what vague dreams of idealistic happiness and achievement. In those early days he had felt, almost to tears sometimes, the beauty and wonder and mystery of nature, and had once, alone upon a hilltop at sunset, consecrated himself to poetry. He had decided to be a twentieth-century Wordsworth! And, mixed inextricably with such ideal visions, were his love passions of those days, compounded of romantic yearning and the high, foolish, splendid ambitions of youth.

Well, Wordsworth had become a copy-reader! Those golden girls of yesteryear had gone their ways to drab matrimony! But there were other girls—a shade less golden, perhaps—and he was but thirty-two, after all. Was none of the romance to be captured again?

Mozart, calm, serene, and perfect, was Roger's god in music. Concert pianists seldom play Mozart's sonatas. They are too simple, and hence too difficult. But the quiet, unaffected young man on the platform had just finished the second sonata. Roger had not applauded. He was too deeply content. He glanced about him for the first time, now, for he had slipped into his seat just before the number began and had listened with closed eyes. Two women

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sat beside him, dressed simply but, even he could tell, expensively. One was perhaps forty, the sort of woman who has health, ease, and a happy, active mind, and so is at her best at forty. The other, who closely resembled her and might have been a sister, was evidently ten or fifteen years younger.

As he glanced at them they chanced to glance at him. His deep content with the music was evidently written on his face, and he half smiled as if he wished to share it. The women understood. They, too, were caught up by the performance, and their eyes expressed to him their pleasure. Seeing that Roger had no program, the elder woman, who was next to him, passed him hers.

"Anything else will be an anticlimax to me," he smiled, as he thanked her. The girl leaned forward and nodded. Then the next number began.

When the concert was over, Roger saw the two women on the curb, looking for their car. Just as it came up, an expensive limousine, they saw him, and the elder woman smiled brightly. Roger construed it as a bow, and lifted his hat. He walked away with a pleasant sense of friendliness toward these two aristocrats, who could share a mood so graciously, and yet lose no reserve.

Two or three afternoons later Bob Wentworth and Roger met at the squash courts.

"Is it true you've quit work?" asked Bob, who stood six feet two and weighed 196 pounds.

Roger nodded.

"Well, you're the man of destiny, then! Mother has ordered me to bring somebody home for dinner. I'm sick of these little yellow-mustached manikins that live in the society columns. I'll have one other 'he' at the table, anyhow!"

Roger dressed and walked up the avenue eagerly. The Wentworths were not extravagantly rich, but they belonged to the inner circle of so-called Society, especially through their former New England connections. Roger had no particular reverence for Society, to be sure. Indeed, he had rather a Yankee scorn of it. But his early years had been spent amid gentle surroundings; his father had known Emerson and Holmes and Lowell; and here, at the Wentworths', he hoped to find again some of that atmosphere of high breeding which is certainly not conspicuous in a newspaper office.

Bob met him in the hall, and took him to meet Mrs. Wentworth, who received him with all the graciousness of the experienced hostess, listened with every show of lively interest to some remark he began to make, and then suddenly turned to greet a new guest without ever again remembering what he had started to say to her. To one so long unaccustomed to the ways of formal society, this was rather annoying, but Roger bottled his resentment, and turned to look about the room. A few other guests had arrived, among them two of the "little yellow-mustached manikins," who wore pointed pumps and were talking in affected voices to the women. Bob was about to lead him across the room, when two more women entered. Roger recognized them at once as his neighbors at the concert.

"Sisters?" laughed Bob. "That's Mrs. Morse and her *niece*, who lives with her. Know who Mrs. Morse is?"

Roger nodded. Morse, a wealthy banker, had died a few years before and left her, it was reported, sixty million dollars. Hadn't Roger edited copy about her a hundred times?

Bob presented him. "Took you, Alice, for your aunt's sister!" Bob laughed.

"Which of us ought to be flattered?" smiled the girl.

"I hoped you'd both be," said Roger, a little embarrassed.

Mrs. Morse laughed, a soft, infectious laugh. "We are!" she said. "Of course *I* am, and Alice wouldn't dare not be! But we really know Mr. Phillips, Bob. Mozart introduced us."

There was something so warming and delightful about Mrs. Morse's manner of putting a man at his ease that Roger was her friend at once. The niece had much of her aunt's manner beneath her more maidenly reserve, and instead of the aimless, insignificant chatter of strangers meeting before a dinner party, Roger found himself discussing music with her almost excitedly. After a few moments she led him among the other guests, and even before the party moved in to dinner Roger had sunk happily into a mood of delicious enjoyment of these handsome, well-dressed women, this well-bred talk, this sense of luxury and good taste.

He had the further satisfaction of sitting beside Miss French at dinner. On the other side of her sat Bob. The friendship

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"ANYHOW, YOU'VE MADE A GREAT HIT WITH EUNICE MORSE. SIXTY MILLIONS, BOY! AND A LOVELY WOMAN."

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between the two men dated back to their school-days at Andover. They were Bob and Roger to each other, and Miss French could not fail to feel the regard in which Roger was held by his friend. Bob, in his big, good-natured fashion, was a pretty serious individual, who had taken up the work of conducting his father's manufacturing plant, and the great modern problems of industrial unrest were troubling him.

"I make pianos," he was saying, "and my men are skilled workmen. They get good pay, clean, healthful shops, and are not striking. I don't suppose the piano can be classed as a necessity, either, so there's no immediate question of socializing my plant. But I must say all this anti-trust agitation strikes me as merely reactionary, and not meeting the real issue at all. The issue isn't to keep things from being combined, but to keep 'em from being combined by individuals. I guess I'd be a Socialist, if I weren't a capitalist," he finished with a laugh.

"Oh, Bob!" said Miss French, incredulous. "You're not a Socialist, are you, Mr. Phillips?"

"I don't know," said Roger. "When you've been on a newspaper ten years, you're not much of anything!"

"Oh, were you on a newspaper?" There was the faintest hint of disapproval in her voice. "Poor Arthur Reeves went on his father's paper, and had to work every night at all sorts of disagreeable things."

"Yes," said Roger, for the first time feeling a shade of resentment against the general atmosphere which surrounded him, "I guess he did. I made him!"

Even the girl smiled at the heartfelt tone, and the conversation drew into safer channels.

When the women had left, most of the men talked Wall Street, after the manner of their kind. They seemed rather a shallow and useless lot to Roger. It seemed incredible that some of them should have their every move recorded in the papers as a matter of public importance. He was silent himself, and went back to the women with relief.

Mrs. Morse made room for him on a sofa beside her. "You must come up to my house day after to-morrow at tea-time," she said. "One of my niece's friends will be there, and she, too, can really play Mozart. We won't let anybody else come to spoil it, unless that great bear, Bob Wentworth, can come. Can you, Bob?"

"I won't promise," Bob replied. "I'm a working man, you know."

"Nonsense. You know what *Sammy Burns* said in the play—'work's for workmen, mister.' We'll look for you anyway, Mr. Phillips."

Both aunt and niece said good-night to Roger as they departed. Bob detained his friend for a nightcap and a cigar.

"I haven't really seen you in ten years, you old hermit," he complained. "Well, has the world knocked all those dreams of yours out of you?"

Roger smiled. "Every damn one, Bob," he said.

"You lie. Anyhow, you've made a great hit with Eunice Morse. Sixty millions, boy! And a widow. *And* a lovely woman. *And* a niece, who seemed not displeased with you, either."

"Shut up," said Roger. "It is good to be with such women again, though. They're not a bit like our 'lady reporters.' "

Bob took a long pull at his cigar. "No, they're not," he said, slowly, "but your lady reporters have had one advantage they've never had."

"And that is?"

"Your newspaper women have had to earn their own livings."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"I can't exactly tell you," the other replied. "You are the one who could always put things into words. I'll just have to let you find out."

"I'll try," Roger smiled, as he said good-night.

His friend's remark did not come home to him for a long time. He found Mrs. Morse and Miss French no less charming in their own home, a very rich home on the east of the park, with two Van Dykes in the dining-room, a Rembrandt in the hall; and in the sunny, cheerful room where tea was served, and where the decorated piano filled a corner, the walls were hung, to Roger's joy, with sunny New England landscapes by Willard Metcalfe and Alden Weir and a lovely Berkshire snow scene by Walter Nettleton. He commented on this at once, and Mrs. Morse smiled, much pleased. "Oh," she said, "I'm old-fashioned enough to 'know what I like.' My folks—don't I say that like a native, 'folks'?—came from New

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MISS FRENCH'S FRIEND PLAYED MOZART WELL ENOUGH TO GIVE THE THREE LISTENERS MUCH PLEASURE.

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England, and I love to have these sunny records about me."

It was in such a room, on the first afternoon, that Miss French's friend played Mozart—not impeccably, to be sure, but well enough to give the three listeners much pleasure. Then a maid, a soft-moving maid like a trained automaton, brought tea, and another brought toast and gingerbread, and the hostess served it cozily.

"Gingerbread!" cried Roger. "Oh, joy! Do you always have gingerbread? When I was a boy hot gingerbread and butter was an event. We used to have autograph albums, and a favorite quotation to write in them was:

"May thy virtues ever spread
Like butter on hot gingerbread."

Every one laughed, and Miss French rose and pushed a button. The automatic maid appeared. "Butter," said Miss French. The maid vanished without a trace of surprise, and reappeared with butter and knives. Still laughing, they all tried butter on their gingerbread. The chat was light, easy, yet every now and again touched a serious topic, chiefly concerning pictures, books, or music, and then the comments of the women were interesting and well informed. Roger, however, found that Miss French was not familiar with the pictures of Arthur B. Davies. Somewhat hesitantly he asked if he might escort her to an exhibition of them then in progress. She consented readily, and set an afternoon.

As he left the house after that first tea-party, Roger's chief sensations were amusement at the superstition that the very rich live vulgar, flamboyant, sensational lives, and a warm glow of personal satisfaction that he could share in the intimacy of these two delightful women.

Still in the glow of that satisfaction, there was no disillusionment for him at the exhibition of Davies's dream canvases, wherein strange nymphs disport their elongated limbs beside blue waters curling into foam, under a light that never was on sea or land. For Roger these pictures, amid a wilderness of facts, were an authentic vista into the unreal and ideal. They stirred in him a wistful response, a slumbering heartache from his romantic youth, when he had wandered adream through the pages of Keats. Something of this he tried to tell Miss French, too captivated, however, by her charm and sympathy to realize that in reality she did not comprehend at all.

"Yes, they are very strange and lovely," she said, "especially the wonderful smooth blue of the skies." That satisfied Roger. How could he know that in her life of ordered ease and luxury and taste the fighting ache for an ideal beauty had never been aroused, that she knew nothing of it? Her appreciation went as far as good taste could go, and no farther. But in his present mood Roger asked no more.

Their intimacy rapidly deepened. Roger was, undoubtedly, more interesting to her than many of the dancing fops, or finance-absorbed Wall Street operators, or good-natured idle sons of millionaires, with whom her social position habitually threw her. New York society, so-called, makes no pretense of admitting people on their intellectual merits—unlike the cultured society of most capitals. It is chiefly a financial oligarchy, with an inner circle of family position. But Roger had come to the Morses with the authentic stamp of Wentworth approval, and in that smaller segment of society wherein these two fine women chiefly moved, such an introduction was sufficient.

Roger dropped in frequently for tea; he was several times a dinner guest, and he became their favorite companion at the theatre and opera. He and Miss French walked often in the Park together for exercise, and on those brisk excursions he found, perhaps, his greatest pleasure, for she delighted in the open air, she frankly enjoyed his society, she joked gaily, she argued with vim on her favorite topics. She met him now, when he called, with outstretched hand, and Mrs. Morse called him Roger.

Where it would lead, he did not permit himself to think. The meager $218,000 worth of Essex County mortgages his uncle had left him looked foolish enough beside the sixty million dollars to which Miss Alice was only heir. He brushed the reflection away, and went on basking in this delicious intimacy with a girl who in her slender, elegant person summed up the finer graces of a polished society.

It was one night at dinner that the talk fell on the vexed subject of Socialism. In the soft candle-light six or eight men and women were sitting about the red and gold china, under the eyes of the aristocratic

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Van Dykes on the wall. Silent-footed serving-men relayed the food from kitchen to table with the precision of a machine.

"Socialism," came the rather shrill voice of a woman, "strikes at the very roots of Christianity."

Roger pricked up his ears with amazement, and something in him rose in hot revolt.

"It always seemed to me that Christ was the first great Socialist," he said, in a voice which betrayed his feeling. The rest of the guests looked at him. Strong feeling was not common in their dinner talk.

"Not at all," the woman replied. "The basis of Christianity is charity, and as Socialism would abolish rich and poor, it would thus abolish charity."

She spoke as one who drives the spike of logic through the butterfly of fallacy. Roger almost gasped for breath. Then his humor came to his rescue and showed him the futility of reply.

"So charity consists in carrying turkeys to the East Side in motor-cars!" he smiled, and looked to Mrs. Morse to lead the talk into safer waters. But when the other guests had gone, he lingered, still indignant, and stormed against the point of view of the woman at dinner.

"But surely you don't believe in Socialism?" said Miss French.

"I don't know whether I do or not," he replied. "It's a terrible problem in economics. But the attitude of rich people who would keep other people poor and downtrodden so they can satisfy their own souls by dealing out alms, is hideous, monstrous. I—I can't grasp it!"

"Elsie Mantle is a bit of a fool, Roger," said Mrs. Morse kindly. "You mustn't take what she says so seriously."

"Oh, but it's even more her idea of what charity is that gets my goat," cried Roger. "Excuse the vernacular. There's no charity in giving money. Anybody who has money can do that. It never accomplished anything, never saved a single soul. Charity consists first in realizing that all men and women are your brothers and sisters, and then in giving to those who need it of your sympathy and love. Charity is personal, spiritual. God knows Socialism won't do away with the need for it. In New York we think charity consists of a long list of 'subscribing members,' at one hundred dollars a year. Bah! I sometimes think the workers of the world are the only ones who know what charity means, for they are the only ones who have felt that great bond of brotherhood—the terrible necessity of keeping going!"

He paused, suddenly remembering Bob Wentworth's words. He looked at Miss French. She was looking at him with contracted brows, as if trying to grasp his meaning. He suddenly felt alien to her, as if he belonged to another order. He felt that she felt the same thing. It was as if they gazed at each other across a gulf. "Oh, can't you understand?" he flung out with sudden passion.

The calm, sweet voice of Mrs. Morse broke the tense hush.

"I'm one of those subscribing members you speak of, Roger, to about fifty charities, I guess," she said. "What would you have me do?"

"Go down among the people your money goes to—if any of it gets to them, after salaries and rents have been paid—and love 'em! Don't give 'em money, give 'em hope and courage and right ideals and a chance to earn money. Give 'em your sweet self!"

"You're asking a good deal."

"I'm asking for charity," he exclaimed.

"It strikes me, auntie, that Mr. Phillips is lecturing us," said the girl.

"Oh, no!" he cried, hurt by her tone.

"Perhaps we need it, if he is," smiled the older woman. "Roger, we'll all put your theories tc the test. I have a splendid idea. They have started Saturday-night dances in a girls' industrial school I'm interested in, to keep the neighborhood boys and girls out of the horrid public dance-halls. Mrs. Dressler, the manager, asked me to chaperon the next one. I'll tell her I will, and we'll all go down and help them have a good time. You come here to dinner—early, say quarter to seven—and we'll make a beginning."

"Must I dance with the neighborhood boys?" asked Alice, between a laugh and a frown.

"Everything but the turkey trot and the bunny hug," smiled her aunt.

"Now you've got me in for it," she whispered to Roger at the door.

"Don't say that!" he pleaded with an earnestness she could not understand.

They had their early dinner on Saturday, dressed in street clothes, and from the presence of the aristocratic Van Dykes and soft-footed men-servants, drove in an imported

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motor-car down the avenue and then eastward. Roger smiled inwardly at the contrast, but it was a wry smile, for he felt, he could not have told just how or why, that on so simple a thing as this attendance at a Saturday-night dance disillusionment waited. He would have preferred himself to go in a street-car, but had not dared suggest it. He was acutely conscious when they drew up at the curb of the curious glances cast upon them by the bystanders and the young men and girls going into the building. His companions, however, felt nothing of this. They were accustomed to it.

The dance was being held in a large, bleak, uncomfortable room on the ground floor, habitually used as a gymnasium. At one end a dancing-teacher was giving a lesson. His was the only "dress-suit" in the place. He wore paste-diamond studs. On either side of him, in parallel rows, as in a Virginia reel, were the young men and girls, of all races and the girls of all ages, from fourteen-year-old bold-eyed Jewesses to women of forty, garment workers, clerks, servants. Between these two rows the dancing-master minced and hopped and shouted, "*One*, two, three; *one*, two, three," and the rows advanced and receded from him, clumsily learning the steps of a waltz.

In the rest of the room youths and girls who already knew how to dance were sitting about the walls, the men on one side, the girls on the other. A few girls were dancing together. There was an air of constraint over the place, which was not lessened any by the advent of Mrs. Morse and her niece. The manager, a keen-eyed but tired-looking woman, who had been hired to run an industrial school, not a dance, greeted them.

"It isn't working as well as we hoped," she said. "There aren't as many here as last week, and last week there were less than the week before. They won't seem to get acquainted."

"Well, we must make them!" cried Mrs. Morse cheerily. "Roger, you and Alice go dance, and see if that won't start the boys."

Roger smiled, but obeyed. In about two minutes they were alone on the floor, a hundred pairs of eyes staring at them.

"I can't stand this," whispered the girl. "For Heaven's sake, let's stop."

"Why don't the boys dance with you?" Mrs. Morse asked one of the girls.

"Ask the boys!" the girl replied with a shrug.

Mrs. Morse and her niece looked helpless.

"You know, auntie, I can't go and *ask* one of those men to dance with me!" said the latter, a little crossly, to her aunt's reproach.

Roger sought the manager. "Introduce me to a girl or two," he said.

She led him to a group of three, girls of twenty or twenty-two, perhaps, dressed neatly if a little cheaply and showily, and one of them extraordinarily pretty. He was careful to repeat their names. Miss Macdonald, the very pretty one, answered for the others.

"The matter?" she said, with a laugh. "I guess the boys all think they are in high sassiety, where pickups don't go. They think they've got to tell their real names."

Roger left them a moment, and selected two youths with low button shoes and extremely high collars. "This stag business is no good," he said with a laugh. "Let's get together. Somebody's got to begin. Come over and meet those girls in the corner?"

The boys assented, and he led them back. "Now, for Heaven's sake, mix folks up!" he cried, as he and Miss Macdonald led off in a two-step. They were followed by half a dozen other couples. As Roger and his partner danced past Miss French and her aunt he was aware that the two women were watching him. At the same moment Miss Macdonald was saying, "Well, we've busted up the ice-jam a little, anyhow!"

"Have you been here before?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I'm studying here evenings—design. I'm at the glove counter in Beekman's, but I want to be a window-dresser."

"Good for you! I had to write up window-dressers once for the *Star*. They get big money, and they also get mad if you call 'em window-dressers instead of artists."

"Are you a newspaper writer?" she asked, surprised.

"I was till a little while ago," he replied.

Her pretty face smiled up to his. "Gee, I thought you was a swell," she laughed, "coming with those ladies in a gasoline drawing-room."

"Can't newspaper men be swells?" he inquired, with a smile.

"No, they have to work," she answered, so naively that he laughed.

The dance stopped when they were in front of Mrs. Morse and her niece. Roger introduced his partner. The elder woman

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"THE ATTITUDE OF RICH PEOPLE WHO WOULD KEEP OTHER PEOPLE POOR AND DOWN-TRODDEN SO THEY CAN SATISFY THEIR OWN SOULS BY DEALING OUT ALMS, IS HIDEOUS, MONSTROUS."

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greeted her with that disarming kindliness of which she was mistress. The younger woman was not able so well to adapt herself to the situation. It was plain that neither she nor Miss Macdonald was at ease. Roger soon led his new friend away. "Come," he said, "we must keep things moving."

They walked across the floor, chatting on the best of terms, and joined a group on the other side. The two youths had brought up more of their friends, and Miss Macdonald was besought for the next dance by several men. "Remember, you've promised me the next waltz after it," laughed Roger, and turned to one of the other girls. "Shall we start off?" he asked. She nodded, and off they went.

By this time half the people in the room were dancing. Roger and Miss Macdonald stopped every now and then to find partners for those who were not yet on the floor. Roger's own partner was a black-eyed Jewess who had evidently but recently learned to dance. She told him in her eager, intense way that she had learned as part of her education. She was also learning English literature at night school, and stenography as well, to fit herself for what she termed "a business position."

"I'm sure you really learned dancing to give me this pleasure," said Roger gallantly. She looked at him, her big eyes narrowing, decided that his remark was honestly meant, and blushed happily under her olive skin.

"Bring your partner and introduce him to Mrs. Morse and Miss French," whispered Roger over his shoulder to Miss Macdonald as the dance ended. The four went up, the youth red and embarrassed, the Jewess looking as if she regarded it as a new form of education. Again Mrs. Morse met them with her disarming kindness, and again Roger was aware of a certain barrier in her niece's attitude. He hoped that the youth would ask Miss French to dance with him, but that young gentleman stammered a few words, and made a clumsy departure.

As Roger and the potential window artist swung out in a waltz, he inquired of her what he could do to induce some man, of his own free will, to ask Miss French to dance.

"You might offer a prize," she laughed. "On the dead, your little friend don't want to dance with any of these Kirschbaum kids, and they're wise, all right. Neither of 'em would enjoy it, and say, you don't dance as a duty, you know, like you go to church or kiss your mother-in-law."

"Maybe I came here as a duty to-night," said Roger.

"Say, if you don't like this dance, now's where we stop," she said, letting go of his arm and smiling up at him.

He drew her closer for reply, and she put her arm back with a little sigh. "Say, but this is a dreamy waltz, all right," she half whispered. "I'm going to shut my eyes. You can wake me when the music stops."

Roger could feel in the rhythmic touch of her body close to him her physical delight in the melody. There was a smile on her pretty face. She was supremely happy.

"You don't dance as a duty"—her words came back to him. Why was he dancing? Secretly, he didn't like to dance, though he did it very well. It was because he enjoyed these people, because he hated not to see them have a good time, because he could share in their fun, help in it. He felt quite as much at home with them as with those two patrician women watching from their corner—no more, no less.

There was no difference in people, after all. The differences are of our own making; they lie only in our own warped visions. And Miss French could not see that. She could never feel herself one with these East Side girls and youths. It wasn't a case of being unable to unbend: it was a case of not being able to feel in her heart the fundamental unity. No doubt it wasn't her fault—but the fault was there.

The music ceased. His partner smiled into his face. "Thirsty?" he said. She nodded. They collected a dozen or more, and Roger stood treat at the lemonade stand.

The party had become a success. The atmosphere of restraint had vanished. Roger realized it had partially vanished because the two women in the corner were forgotten. He had finally persuaded a youth to ask Miss French to dance, but she had refused, and nobody had repeated the experiment. Roger himself, hot, flushed, laughing from his efforts to dance on the main floor with a large German girl who had just finished her first lesson with the beginners, came up and sat beside his friends.

"I must say, Roger, you're a hero!" laughed Mrs. Morse.

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"A martyr, I should say," added Alice.

"Both wrong; I'm having a bully time," he replied. "That Macdonald girl is a wonder, though. If it hadn't been for her, the dance would have been a frost."

"So I've noticed," said Alice.

Roger darted a look at her, but she did not meet it.

"Come on," he said, "dance a Virginia reel with me. I'll get everybody out for it. *Please* do."

She shook her head. "I've refused to dance with one of those boys," she said. "Besides, I can't feel free and easy with these people—the way you seem to do."

"Oh, go ahead, Alice," said her aunt.

But she shook her head again.

Roger said nothing, but sought Miss Macdonald. Her arm in his, he stepped onto the floor and clapped for silence, announcing the reel. The band struck up, everybody joined in, and soon the room was filled with the sounds of shuffling feet and laughter and music and shouts. Each time Roger swung his partner she smiled up at him. Once, over her shoulder, he caught sight of Miss French's eyes upon him. With a certain malicious pleasure, he spun his partner by the waist, and whispered something intimately in her ear.

When the last dance was over, Miss Macdonald lingered by his side. "You're coming again?" she finally asked, with a touch of embarrassment. "You've made this dance a hit, you know. Last week I thought we'd have the cold-storage inspectors down on us. Of course, *I* don't like to dance with you, or anything!"

"Maybe I will," he smiled. "How shall I find out if *you're* coming?"

"Oh, I'll be here, all right. Gee, Saturday nights are your little bright-eyes' one mad dissipation! But if you should be real curious, I live day-times behind the ladies' mitts at Beekman's—gloves, you know."

"I get you," laughed Roger.

The manager thanked him sincerely, and urged Mrs. Morse to bring him again.

"Well," said Mrs. Morse, as the three sat back in the motor, "you made a hit, Roger. I'll admit frankly I felt helpless and out of place. All I could do was to be nice to them when you introduced them. I shouldn't have known how to make them dance. Do you suppose I could learn?"

"You don't learn," said Roger; "you feel.'

"And what do you feel?" The voice was Miss French's out of the shadowy corner of the car.

"Why, you feel, 'Hello, here's a crowd of friends having a dance. Let me get into it. Say, you'll dance with me? Good, come on!' "

"But why should you feel that way? They're not one's friends. One doesn't dance with them except as a duty."

Again Roger recalled Miss Macdonald's words, and smiled to himself. "They're my friends while I'm with them," he replied, with a touch of asperity. "Every one's my friend, I hope."

"Oh," said Miss French.

There was silence in the car. Roger knew that he had been tagged as a "plebeian." He knew this girl could never understand, could never get away from the grim inhibitions of her birthright. She dwelt behind a golden barrier. He felt at the moment a certain hostility toward her, not on personal grounds, but as a representative of a class which places false standards in the world and works subtle evil. The car stopped before his club. Mrs. Morse was speaking.

"If I try again, you must come with us," she was saying. "I want to learn—no, feel—no, learn to feel, as you do." She put out her hand. There was no hand extended from the corner. The car moved away.

A few days later, toward tea-time, Roger walked out to the avenue, and stood irresolute on the corner. Northward was a rich but cozy room hung with beautiful landscapes, where two patrician ladies served tea and gingerbread. Southward was Beekman's, and a glove counter. He tapped his cane on the curb a moment, shrugged his shoulders, and turned south.

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THE PLAYERS

by

CLAYTON HAMILTON

AUTHOR OF "THE THEORY OF THE THEATRE," ETC.

THE current theatre season seemed dying down to hopeless mediocrity, when interest was reawakened by the return of the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. It is to be hoped that these earnest artists will make a habit of visiting us every year, between their autumn season at home and their spring season in London; for the originality of their plays and their performances adds a note of needed variety to the otherwise monotonous weeks of the midseason in New York.

The purposes and methods of this admirable company were sufficiently set forth in the pages of this magazine a year ago; but it is a pleasure to record that in this their second season in America, they have everywhere been greeted by larger audiences and by a more refined appreciation of their efforts than they encountered on their first appearance. In particular, it should be noted to the credit of America that "The Playboy of the Western World"—the greatest work of their greatest writer, the dead and deathless poet, John M. Synge—has been welcomed everywhere by audiences sufficiently cultured to appreciate its delicious blend of poetry and whimsicality, and that no objectionable vegetables have been hurled at the ladies and gentlemen who have devoted their best efforts to the repetition of Synge's incomparable eloquence.

Thus, in a single year, the beauty of a great poet has triumphed over the bad manners of a few of our imported citizens; and we need no longer blush at an apparent breach of hospitality toward a high-minded company of artists from overseas.

This year, the Irish Players have advertised a repertory of no less than thirty-four plays, in any of which they are prepared to appear at an hour's notice. They have repeated the most successful pieces which they presented in America a year ago; but, not content with resting on their laurels, they have also brought forward several new plays as tentative additions to their regular repertory. Without repeating our appreciation of their former efforts, we may at present confine our attention to the most significant compositions which they have set forth for the first time during the current year.

NEW IRISH PLAYS

The Abbey Theatre Players have apparently discovered an important dramatist in the person of St. John G. Ervine. His most considerable play is a tragi-comedy in four acts entitled "Mixed Marriage."

A great industrial strike has been undertaken in Belfast by a large mass of workmen, half of whom are Protestants and half

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of whom are Catholics. The strike would assuredly have been successful if the eloquent leader of the disaffected workmen, who happens to be a bigoted Protestant, had not discovered, during the critical period of the contention, that his eldest son has made up his mind to marry a girl who is a Catholic. In his narrow-minded opposition to this marriage, the leader allows himself to stir up religious strife within the ranks of the strikers. This strife not only results in the ruin of their industrial cause, but also leads to a violent riot in the streets. Random shots are exchanged between parties who, according to the call of reason, should be friends; and the heroine, rushing forth to calm the silly conflict, is shot down dead at the conclusion of the play.

This drama is deeply wise in its analysis of character. In particular, attention should be called to the author's careful contrast between his women and his men. The minds of the men are fixed entirely upon their petty differences of religious and political opinion; but the women think only of the permanent realities of life. A wonderful dialogue in the second act, between the Catholic young girl and the Protestant old woman who is the mother of the girl's intended husband, is deserving of immortality for its exposition of the serene wisdom with which true women look down upon the merely intellectual contentions of the men whom they instinctively feel called upon to mother as wandering and helpless children.

St. John G. Ervine is also represented in the present repertory of the Irish Players by a one-act play entitled "The Magnanimous Lover." This little piece employs a similar situation to that which Stanley Houghton set forth in the last act of "Hindle Wakes;" but the unconventional crisis is here treated as the basis of a comedy of character. The sanctimonious Henry Hinde, having suffered the experience of religious conversion to a non-conformist sect, solemnly offers to save the soul of a girl he had seduced ten years before, by conferring upon her the legal reparation of marriage; but the girl, who rightly thinks herself a better person than her repentant lover, scornfully rejects his belated proposal to confer his name upon her illegitimate child. This difficult situation is set forth by the dramatist in a mood of humor that is achieved by admirable writing.

An interview with Lady Gregory, the benign and motherly patron of the Abbey Theatre Players, elicited the fact that Mr. Ervine is only twenty-six or -seven years of age. "But," said Lady Gregory, with a twinkle in her eye, "that isn't young for us." Nearly all the Irish artists, both dramatists and actors, are considerably under thirty-five; and this fact may be accepted as an explanation of the eagerness and joy that is displayed in all their work. Lady Gregory further stated that Mr. Ervine lives in London and is a protégé of Bernard Shaw.

He has not only written plays in the Irish dialect for the Abbey Theatre Company, but has also written plays in the Lancashire dialect for Miss Horniman's repertory company in Manchester. He is therefore a friendly rival of Stanley Houghton as well as of the other Irish playwrights. This literary versatility, added to his intuitive profundity of humor, must lead us to expect from Mr. Ervine a great achievement in the future.

William Boyle, the author of "The Building Fund," is represented this year by a new comedy in three acts entitled "Family Failing." The "do-nothing" Donnellys have always been afflicted with the family failing of laziness. The return of an uncle from America, who is reputed to have made a fortune, stimulates them to sudden activity, in the hope that the uncle will reward them by leaving them his money. But, when it transpires that the uncle has also succumbed to the family failing and is really as penniless as they, they resign their effort at unwonted energy and settle down once more to peaceful ruin. This comedy is clever enough in its analysis of character; but the negative action is too long attenuated, and the dialogue is frequently redundant. The piece would have been more amusing if the author had compressed his three acts into one.

"Maurice Harte" is a harrowing tragedy in two acts by T. C. Murray, the author of "Birthright." A young man who has devoted several years to studying for the priesthood realizes, when he is about to be ordained, that he has no true vocation for the religious life. But when he confesses his qualms of conscience to his parents, he learns that they have involved themselves deeply in debt in order to raise the money

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for his education, and he regards it as his duty to them to go ahead. As a result of this decision, he succumbs to a nervous breakdown which reduces him to madness; and his simple-hearted parents, who had struggled for years to make their son a priest, are left with a helpless idiot upon their hands. This terrible little tragedy is written with appalling truthfulness, and produces a profound impression.

Two of the poetic plays of William Butler Yeats were also produced in America this season by the Abbey Theatre Players. Their performance of "The Land of Heart's Desire" was amply adequate; but it did not eclipse the memory of the first American production of the piece, made a dozen years ago by Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, with Mabel Taliaferro, who was then a child herself, in the lyrical and lovely part of the fairy child.

The production of "The Countess Cathleen" was a more ambitious effort. So many years have elapsed since this play was first presented in New York by Margaret Wycherley that it may not be superfluous to recall the medieval legend which it charmingly retells. At a time when Ireland is afflicted by a great famine, a couple of demons appear in the guise of Oriental merchants and offer to pay gold in exchange for human souls. Many starving peasants sell their souls in order to obtain the price of food; but, hearing of this traffic, the great Countess Cathleen sells her own beautiful and spotless soul for an enormous sum, and with the proceeds of her sacrifice buys back the forfeited souls of her afflicted people. At the moment of her death, an angel appears from heaven and rescues the kindly Countess from ultimate damnation.

This lovely story is set forth with no apparent implications; but it is difficult not to regard it as indicating allegorically that the great soul of Ireland herself has been sold into bondage in order to save her peasants from the ravages of famine.

"The Countess Cathleen," which is written in blank verse and is disclosed in five imaginative scenes, is the sort of play that would seem to most stage-directors to require an expensive and elaborate production; yet the Irish Players presented it acceptably without investing any considerable sum in the endeavor. They hung up a green cloth as a back-drop, cast a mystic light upon it, and allowed the actors to tell us in the lines that the scene was in a forest. This simple subterfuge was more convincing in effect than any exhibition of canvas trees and padded rocks. If the Irish Players have taught us nothing else, they have at least taught us how to save money in the theatre by appealing to the natural eagerness of the audience to make believe.

The Abbey Theatre Company must also be commended for producing Bernard Shaw's extraordinary "sermon in crude melodrama" entitled "The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet." Blanco Posnet professes to be the wickedest man in a very wicked town in Arizona. He steals a horse and runs away with it; but, meeting on the road a wistful woman whose child is dying of croup, he "turns soft" and gives the horse to her in order that she may hurry to a doctor. In consequence, his pursuers capture him and bring him back to trial. The town prostitute, who bears a grudge against him, is about to swear away his life, when the wistful woman enters the crowded court-room and pleads for Blanco Posnet. The hard-hearted prostitute "turns soft" in her turn; and, against the will of nearly everybody present, Blanco is acquitted.

The point of the play is that even such depraved creatures as pride themselves upon their wickedness are forever at the mercy of what Matthew Arnold called "the eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness."

This play of Mr. Shaw's is one of the most sincere and persuasive religious utterances of recent art; but the British censor has pronounced it blasphemous and has forbidden the production of the piece in England. The Abbey Theatre Players do not appear to their best advantage in a play so utterly different as this from all the other pieces in their repertory, but they should be heartily thanked for giving this great work of Mr. Shaw's a hearing in Ireland and in America.

"ROMANCE"

By far the most effective American play of the mid-season was "Romance," by Edward Sheldon. This young writer—he is at present only twenty-six years old—has been rapidly forging to the front as one of our most important playwrights. His earlier plays, while disclosing an undeniable talent for the theatre, were marred by an apparent

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Photograph by White, New York.

DORIS KEANE, THE OPERA SINGER, AND WILLIAM COURTENAY, THE CLERGYMAN, IN "ROMANCE."

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SAM BERNARD IN HIS PLAY FOR THIS SEASON, "ALL FOR THE LADIES."

inability to sustain a character consistently from act to act, and by a tendency to disrupt the harmony of the fabric as a whole by a too emphatic insistence on certain details that were effective in themselves. But in the present piece Mr. Sheldon has outgrown these former faults. Instead of working from the outside in, he has at last learned to work from the inside out.

Whereas formerly he relied upon his talent for observation to make a drama out of an assemblage of details selected here and there from actuality, he now relies upon imagination to create details in consonance with a preconceived and central theme. By this change of method he has risen from mere realism to the higher reality of romance, and has achieved the ability to develop his characters from act to act in accordance with the truth of nature.

The importance of "Romance" may perhaps be most readily appreciated if we summarize the theme in abstract terms. It often happens that a great love spontaneously arises between a woman so excessively experienced with men that she has lost all ideals of sexual morality, and a man so utterly inexperienced with women that he looks upon life with a virginal mind. The tendency of such a passion will always be to drag the man down to the physical level of the woman and to drag the woman up to the spiritual level of the man.

As a result of this mutual and overmastering impulse to meet each other upon common ground, a crucial moment must arise when the lovers will hover within hailing distance and must decide forever whether their future destiny is to carry them above or below the level of their meeting. Such a crisis occurs frequently in life; and Mr. Sheldon has embodied this theme with ample wisdom in the story of his play.

A young clergyman falls in love at first sight with a famous opera-singer who has led a loose life with many men. He idealizes her in his imagination, and she loves him for his purity of mind. When he asks her to marry him, she is impelled, because she loves him utterly, to confess to him the fact that her past life has not been chaste; but he is willing to forgive what he regards as the guiltless errors of her unprotected youth, until he discovers that she has very recently been the mistress of his best friend in the world. In utter agony

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he walks the streets for hours, asking counsel of his God, and thereby batters his enfevered spirit into a mood of religious ecstasy.

Thus inspired, he visits his fallen angel after midnight, with the purpose of exhorting her to save her soul. But, in the midst of his exordium, he succumbs to the terrible and thrilling appeal of her physical nearness, and, seizing her in his arms, he begs her to yield herself immediately to his passion. But her love for him has already lifted her far beyond ear-shot of his surrender of the soul. She loves him far too utterly to yield. Instead, she calms him like an angel mothering a child, and sends him away from her forever.

This story is set by Mr. Sheldon in the period of 1860; and he has tastefully employed his extraordinary talent for the assemblage of innumerable actual details to evoke the atmosphere of a departed decade in the history of New York. He decided wisely that his somewhat violent romance would seem more alluring if it could be looked upon in the calming mood of reminiscence; and he therefore enclosed his three-act play within a prologue and an epilogue, set precisely at the present day, in which the clergyman, grown elderly, is exhibited as telling to his grandson the story of his old romance. By this expedient the passion of the drama is mellowed by a mist of memory, and the audience is led to look upon the narrative from a distance that lends enchantment to the view.

"THE NEW SECRETARY"

The latest of Charles Frohman's importations from Paris is "The New Secretary," which was adapted by Cosmo Gordon Lennox from "Le Cœur Dispose," by Francis de Croisset, the playwright who dramatized "Arsène Lupin." This piece, which enjoyed a long run at the Athénée in Paris, is utterly miscast in the American production. Miss Marie Doro is incapable of suggesting the character of the heroine; and such excellent actors as Charles Cherry, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Frank Kemble-Cooper have been permitted by the stage-director to play in several different keys at once.

The piece itself is representative of that lighter type of French comedy which seems to have been designed for the strict-

Photograph by James J. Bucknell, Seattle.

ANN MURDOCK, THE SPIRITED HEROINE OF "THE BRIDAL PATH."

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MAY IRWIN, NOW APPEARING IN "WIDOW BY PROXY," IS ONE OF THE VERY FEW COMEDIENNES WHO CAN BE FUNNY AT WILL.

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Photograph by White, New York

FRANCIS WILSON, WHO WROTE THE PLAY IN WHICH HE IS STARRING,
"THE SPIRITUALIST."

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ly nurtured young. The new secretary is a clever but impecunious young man who has been employed to look after the affairs of a very wealthy family. The young daughter of the house has engaged herself to marry an ambitious baron; and the new secretary incurs the enmity of her entire family when he discovers and reveals the fact that the baron is a party to a scheme to defraud her unsuspecting family of a considerable sum of money. But his fidelity to his employer is ultimately rewarded when the young girl, against her will, is forced to acknowledge that she loves him; and, in the pleasant fashion of all amiable comedies, she drifts into his arms as the final curtain falls.

"THE BRIDAL PATH"

"The Bridal Path," by Thompson Buchanan—like Mr. Sheldon, a young American playwright of indubitable promise—is lacking both in unity of mood and in consistency of characterization. It starts out, agreeably enough, as a comedy of manners; but, in the second act, the author has made an ill-advised attempt to emulate the serious Parisian drama; and, in the third act, in a belated endeavor to scramble back to the mood of comedy, he crawls too far and reduces the fabric to mere farce. Furthermore, his heroine alters her character from act to act. Because of this arrant inconsistency, it is impossible not to suspect that the author was unfortunately persuaded to rewrite his second act during the period of rehearsal, at a time when he had lost the informing recollection of his original inspiration.

The heroine is a spirited young girl who has long been in love with a fine fellow who regards her as a genial comrade. In order to hurry him into a proposal of marriage, she mails anonymously to a scandal-mongering society weekly, a compromising bit of fabricated gossip that links his name with hers. Her ruse succeeds; and, after an interval of three weeks, we attend an amusing scene, conceived in the manner of Clyde Fitch, which exhibits the wedding-ceremony of the clever heroine.

The next scene reveals the bride and bridegroom in the privacy of the nuptial chamber. At this point, it is easy enough for any one to plan a proper development of the story in accordance with the already established key of comedy. The heroine could suffer a revulsion of spirit from the ruse by which she has tricked the nero into marrying her; and the hero, who has had ample time to realize his love during the weeks of their engagement, could protest —vainly, for a while—that the trickery of the girl has been gloriously justified by its fortunate result in bringing them together; until, at last, the reality of their affection should triumph over the heroine's misgivings.

But instead of developing his story in some such mood as this, Mr. Buchanan has vainly endeavored to achieve a more dramatic crisis. His heroine discovers, immediately after her wedding, that her husband has very recently been allied, in an illegitimate relation, with an amorous adventuress; and, aghast at this discovery, she orders him out of the room. Thereupon her husband locks the door and announces his intention of remaining in her presence, whatever she may think of him.

This scene, which might be interesting enough in a serious drama by a psychologic Parisian playwright like Paul Hervieu, is utterly out of keeping with the key of comedy in which the present piece was originally planned. It sins against the auditor's instinctive taste, and ruins irretrievably the appeal of the play.

In the last act, Mr. Buchanan descends to the mood of farce, in order to effect what must now appear a fabricated reconciliation between the estranged, though married, lovers. By this time the game is lost, and the auditor must necessarily resent the protracted continuance of the story. But because of the ability revealed in many moments of this play—especially in the course of the initial act—the critic can only conclude that the piece must have been rewritten to its death during the course of its rehearsals.

"THE MASTER MIND"

Any critical opinion of "The Master Mind," a melodrama in four acts by Daniel D. Carter, must depend upon the point of view from which the play is regarded. If it be considered seriously as a representation of life, it must be dismissed at once for its preposterous improbability; but if it be approached as a frankly fabricated narrative, it must be praised for the ingenuity displayed in the concoction of its mechanism.

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This is the latest of those melodramas of the underworld with which the present season has abounded. The Master Mind is an ingenious criminal who slowly works out his dark schemes with the assistance of many minor crooks whose movements he commands by holding over them the threat of betraying them to the police. He "has something on" all of them, as the phrase is; and they are forced to obey his orders without even understanding the purport of the plans in the execution of which they are employed.

EDMUND BREESE IN "THE MASTER MIND."

Photograph by White, New York

PEGGY WOOD, PLAYING IN "THE LADY OF THE SLIPPER."

This is an excellent idea for the basis of a melodrama. The present play concerns itself with the plot of The Master Mind to ruin the career of a rising district-attorney who had once condemned the brother of the hero to capital punishment. The sinister schemer traps his victim into marrying an innocent young girl, whom he has cleverly provided with a hypothetical family of crooks. He is about to wreck the career of the

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attorney by revealing the obliquity of the characters to whom the latter has apparently allied himself by marriage, when a sudden rush of sympathy for the heroine moves The Master Mind to relent.

This story is exceedingly unplausible, and the characters exhibit no discoverable reference to life; but the fabric is exciting, none the less, and the daring ingenuity of the author's invention keeps the interest of the audience continually active. The play may be safely recommended to those tired business men who are willing and eager not to think.

"WIDOW BY PROXY"

This is the first time in three seasons that May Irwin has appeared upon Broadway; and her reappearance in New York is so welcome that no one would care to criticize too captiously the vehicle that she has chosen. Miss Irwin is one of the very few comediennes who can be funny at will, regardless of the text that is assigned to her. She is a far finer artist than the average auditor imagines. She is funny, not—like Marie Dressler—because she is fat, but in spite of the fact that she is fat.

In her present piece she exhibits a very delicate evidence of her calculated artistry. The play offers her equal opportunities in every act; but, with a fine sense of crescendo, she has planned her own performance so that she is twice as funny in the second act, and three times as funny in the third act, as she allows herself to be in the first.

Her play is inconsiderable in itself. It is entitled "Widow by Proxy," and is the work of Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Miss Irwin plays a bachelor girl who is living impecuniously with a young widow who has never been recognized by her husband's family. In order that a certain parcel of property may be divided, it becomes obligatory that the widow should visit her snobbish family for the purpose of signing the necessary papers. But when the widow's sensibilities revolt against this resignation of her independence, her chum impulsively resolves to impersonate her, and to carry through, by proxy, the needed negotiations.

Arrived in the family mansion, the widow by proxy promptly falls in love with her pretended cousin; and she is about to marry him, when her assumed husband suddenly turns up, unexpectedly alive, to interject new complications in the plot. His unforeseen return ultimately clears up the intricacies of the situation, and the temporary widow by proxy marries the man of her choice.

This play is not especially ingenious in plot, and is positively deficient in the elements of character and dialogue; but Miss Irwin makes it seem as entertaining as if it were a masterpiece of comedy. Thus, from time to time, an excellent interpretative artist may come to the rescue of an author whose work would otherwise have failed to be effective.

FROM A HOSPITAL BED

BY EUNICE TIETJENS

THIS is a house of many-fingered pain—
Swift fingers, pitiless, that probe and press;
A sullen house where torture is, and stress,
And where drugged nightmare dreams grow real again.
Here in the darkness shudder cries that strain
Like living things and throb all powerless
Against dead walls grown pale with weariness,
And dull, blank windows where the hours wane.
Yet here—begot by very violence
Of pain, that pain might sting itself, and heal—
The living spirit of compassion dwells
And ministers in selfless diligence
With keen, strong hands; till I who lie here feel
That heaven has stooped and laid its lips to hell's.

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The IRON TRAIL

by

REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "THE NET," "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL," "THE SPOILERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

PRECEDING INSTALMENTS: When the *Nebraska*, bound from Seattle to Alaska, struck a rock and sank, Murray O'Neil, builder of the North Pass and Yukon Railway, saved the life of Natalie Gerard, ward of Curtis Gordon, a promoter of dubious Alaskan projects. The next day Miss Gerard persuaded O'Neil to take her north with him so that she might join her mother and Gordon at Hope, Gordon's new mining-town. After staying over as Gordon's guest for a few hours, O'Neil left Hope with a former employee, "Happy Tom" Slater, who had been working for Gordon, but resigned the moment he saw O'Neil. At Cortez, Murray acquired also Dan Appleton, a young engineer whom Gordon had just fired for telling the truth about his worthless mine. Then O'Neil's expedition, bound for the Kyak coal-fields to make good Murray's claims, pushed on till it came to the cañon by which the Salmon River bursts through the coast range, and within sound of the twin glaciers that make the river a battle of icebergs. Here O'Neil conceived the idea of carrying a railroad by this apparently impossible route to the rich resources of interior Alaska, thus defeating both Gordon's road and the Copper Trust's.

O'Neil went to New York to raise capital, and a few weeks later he met all of his old railway "boys" in council at Seattle. Their consultation was interrupted by a reporter, who turned out to be Eliza Appleton, Dan's sister—a frank, humorous, boyish girl who won O'Neil's interest as her brother had done. A year after this introduction to O'Neil, Eliza was commissioned by her paper to write up Alaskan projects from a muckraking point of view. She joined Dan at Omar, where O'Neil welcomed her generously and gave her and Dan a bungalow by themselves. Here Natalie Gerard, who had been a shipmate of Eliza's, stopped off for a visit, and confided to O'Neil the loss of her own and her mother's fortunes through Gordon's neglect of Government rulings. Going on to Hope, Natalie verified her suspicions of her mother's relations with Gordon; a terrible scene between Mrs. Gerard and Gordon followed, and the two women left Hope and sought refuge with O'Neil. Gordon was furious, and during O'Neil's absence from camp he sent a man to hire away his workers. He was outwitted by the camp doctor, who, with the assistance of Eliza—and croton oil—made "Happy Tom" a convincing victim of smallpox, and quarantined the town. Meantime Eliza's first article appeared, distorted by editing into an attack upon O'Neil. While she was raging about this, her brother told her of his trouble—his love for Natalie, despite his conviction that O'Neil had first claim; and he begged her to win O'Neil's interest herself.

Gordon's next move was to change the starting-point of his road from Hope to Kyak, where the trust was building a breakwater; and the contest now became a three-sided race to the glaciers. To help his road along, Gordon planned to steal the cañon—to pass O'Neil's men on their right-of-way along its steep west wall. O'Neil promptly sent Dan Appleton, with a picked crew and a load of dynamite, to hold the position; and two long, nerve-racking days brought him within sight of the rival encampments.

CHAPTER XV—CONTINUED

FORTUNATELY the voice of the river and the periodic bombardment from the glaciers drowned the rattle of loose stones dislodged by their footsteps. But it was a trying half-hour that followed.

Dan did not breathe easily until his party had crossed the bar and was safely out upon the placid waters of the lake, with the last stage of the journey ahead.

About mid-forenoon of the following day Curtis Gordon halted his party at the lower end of the rapids and went on alone, following a faint footpath scarcely wide enough in places for a man to pass. This trail dipped in and out, wound back and forth around frowning promontories. It dodged through alder thickets or spanned slides of loose

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rock, until, three miles above, it emerged into the more open country back of the parent range. It had been worn by the feet of wild animals, and it followed closely the right of way of the S. R. & N. To the left, the hills rose swiftly in great leaps to the sky; to the right, so close that a false step meant disaster, roared the cataract, muddy and foam-flecked.

As Gordon neared the first bluff, he heard, above the clamor of the flood, a faint metallic "tap-tap-tap," as of hammer and drill, and, drawing closer, he saw Dan Appleton perched upon a rock which commanded a view in both directions. Just around the shoulder, in a tiny gulch, were pitched several tents, from one of which curled the smoke of a cook-stove. Close at hand were moored four battered poling boats.

"Look out!" Appleton shouted from his rock.

Gordon flushed angrily and kept on, scanning the surroundings with practised eye.

"Hey, you!" Dan called, for a second time. "Keep back! We're going to shoot."

Still heedless of the warning, Gordon held stubbornly to his stride. He noted the heads of several men projecting from behind boulders, and his anger rose. How dared this whipper-snapper shout at him! He felt inclined to toss the insolent young scoundrel into the rapids. Then suddenly his resentment gave place to a totally different emotion. The slanting bank midway between him and Appleton lifted itself bodily in a chocolate-colored upheaval, and the roar of a dynamite blast rolled out across the river.

It was but a feeble echo of the majestic reverberations from the glacier across the lake, but it was impressive enough to send Curtis Gordon scurrying to a place of safety. He wheeled in his tracks, doubling himself over, and his long legs began to thrash wildly. Reaching the shelter of a rock crevice, he hurled himself into it, while over his refuge descended a shower of dirt and rocks and débris. When the rain of missiles had subsided, he stepped forth, his face white with fury, his big hands twitching. His voice was hoarse as he shouted his protest.

Appleton scrambled carefully down from his perch in the warm sunshine, and approached with insolent leisure. "Say! Do you want to get your fool self killed?" he cried; then in an altered tone: "Oh! Is it you, Gordon?"

"You knew very well it was I." Gordon swallowed hard and partly controlled his wrath. "What do you mean by such carelessness?" he demanded. "You ought to be hanged for a thing like that." He brushed the dirt from his expensive hunting suit.

"I yelled my head off! You must be deaf."

"You saw me coming! Don't say you didn't. Fortunately I wasn't hurt." In a tone of command he added: "You'll have to stop blasting until I go through with my party."

"Sorry! Every day counts with us." Appleton grinned. "You know how it is—short season, and all that."

"Come, come! Don't be an idiot. I have no time to waste."

"Then you'll have to go around," said Dan. "This isn't a public road, you know."

Gordon had come to argue, to pacify, to gain his ends by lying, if necessary; but this impudent jackanapes infuriated him.

"You scoundrel!" he cried. "You'd have blown me into the river if you could. But I'll go through this cañon——"

"Go as far and as fast as you like," Dan interrupted with equal heat. "Only take your own chances, and have a net spread at the lower end of the rapids to catch the remains."

They eyed each other angrily; then Gordon said more quietly: "This is ridiculous. You can't stop me."

"Maybe I can't, and maybe I can. I'm under orders to rush this work and I don't intend to knock off to please you. I've planted shots at various places along our right of way and I'll set 'em off when it suits me. If you're so anxious to go up river, why don't you cross over to the moraine? There's a much better trail on that side. You'll find better walking a few miles farther up, and you'll run no risk of being hurt."

"I intend to run a survey along this hillside."

"There isn't room; we beat you to it."

"The law provides——"

"Law? Jove! I'd forgotten there is such a thing. Why don't you go to law and settle the question that way? We'll have our track laid by the time you get action, and I'm sure Mr. O'Neil wouldn't place any

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DURING THAT FIRST MAD PLUNGE SHE HAD SEEN O'NEIL GO DOWN BENEATH ONE OF THE REARING BOATS. A MAN WAS HELPING HIM OUT.

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obstacles in the way of your free passage back and forth. He's awfully obliging about such things."

Gordon ground his teeth. "Don't you understand that I'm entitled to a right of way through here, under the law of common user?" he asked, with what patience he could command.

"If you're trying to get a legal opinion on the matter why don't you see a lawyer? I'm not a lawyer. I'm an engineer. However, I happen to know that the law of common user has never been applied to Alaska."

Gordon started. "That's a ridiculous statement."

"Perhaps—but it's true. Until the law of common user has been applied here, you'll have to use the other side of the river."

"Don't get funny. I can't send my men in here if you continue blasting."

"So it seems to me, but you appear to be hell-bent on trying it."

The promoter chewed his lip for a moment in perplexity, then said with a geniality he was far from feeling:

"Appleton, you're all right! I admire your loyalty, even though it happens to be for a mistaken cause. I always liked you. I admire loyalty—it's something I need in my business. What I need, I pay for, and I pay well."

"So your man Linn told us."

"I never really discharged you. In fact, I intended to reemploy you, for I need you badly. You can name your own salary and go to work any time."

"In other words, you mean you'll pay me well to let you through."

"I mean that you can fix your own price, and I'll double it."

"Will you come with me up this trail a little way?" Dan inquired.

"Certainly."

"There's a spot where I'd like to have you stand. I'll save you the trouble of walking back to your men—you'll beat the echo."

There was a pause while Gordon digested this. "Better think it over," he said at length. "I'll never let O'Neil build his road—not if it breaks me—and you're merely laying yourself open to arrest by threatening me."

"Please come with me!" urged Appleton. "You'll never know what hit you."

With a curse, the promoter wheeled and walked swiftly down the trail by which he had come.

"Get ready to shoot," Dan ordered when he had returned to his vantage-point. A few moments later he saw the invading party approach, but he withheld his warning shout until it was close at hand. Evidently Gordon did not believe he would have the reckless courage to carry out his threat, and had determined to put him to the test.

The engineer gauged his distance nicely, and when the newcomers had fairly passed within the danger zone he gave the signal to fire.

A blast, heavier than the one which had discouraged Gordon's advance, followed his command, and down upon the newcomers rained a deluge which sent them scurrying to cover. Fortunately no one was injured.

An hour later the invaders had pitched camp a mile below, and after placing a trusted man on guard, Appleton sent his weary companions to bed.

CHAPTER XVI

WE JOURNEY TO A PLACE OF MANY WONDERS

Curtis Gordon's men broke camp the next day and, by taking the east bank of the Salmon River, pressed through to the upper valley. Here they recrossed to the west side and completed their survey, with the exception of the three-mile gap which Dan Appleton held.

Gordon continued to smart under the sting of his defeat, however, and he devoted himself to devising further measures by which to harass his enemy and incidentally advance his own fortunes.

His business career had consisted of a series of brilliant manipulations, whereby, with little to go upon, he had forced financial recognition for himself. No one knew better than he the unstable foundation beneath his Alaskan enterprises; yet more than once he had turned ventures as desperate into the semblance of success. Gordon was one of those money wolves of the commercial world who prey upon the weak and depend upon the spirit of compromise in their adversaries. He had the faculty of snatching at least half a victory from apparent defeat, and for this reason he had been able to show

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a record sufficiently impressive to convince the average investor.

By purchasing for a song the McDermott rights at Kyak, he had placed himself in position to share in the benefits of the Heidlemann breakwater, and by rapidly pushing his tracks ahead he made his rivalry seem formidable. As a means of attack upon O'Neil he adopted a procedure common in railroad building. He amended his original survey so that it crossed that of the S. R. & N. midway between the lower bridge over the Salmon River and the glaciers, and at that point began the hasty erection of a grade.

It was at the cost of no little inconvenience that he rushed forward a large body of men and supplies, and began to lay track across the S. R. & N. right of way. If Appleton could hold a hillside, he reasoned, he himself could hold a crossing—if not permanently, at least for a sufficient length of time to serve his purpose.

His action came as a disagreeable surprise to O'Neil. These battles for crossings have been common in the history of railroading and they have not infrequently resulted in sanguinary affrays. Long after the ties are spiked and the heads are healed, the legal rights involved have been determined, but usually amid such a tangle of conflicting testimony and such a confusion of technicalities as to leave the justice of the final decision in doubt.

In the unsettled conditions that prevailed in the Salmon River Valley, physical possession of a right of way was at least nine-tenths of the law, and O'Neil realized that he must choose between violence and a compromise. Not being given to compromise, he continued his construction work, and drew closer, day by day, to the point of contact.

Reports of his opponent's preparations for resistance came from the front. Gordon had laid several hundred yards of light rails upon his grade, and on these he had mounted a device in the nature of a "go-devil" or skip, which he shunted back and forth by means of a donkey-engine and steel cable. With this in operation across the point of intersection like a shuttle, interference would be extremely dangerous. In addition he had built block-houses and breastworks of ties, and in these, it was reported, he had stationed the pick of his hired helpers, armed and well provisioned.

Toward this stronghold Murray O'Neil's men worked, laying his road-bed as straight as an arrow, and as the intervening distance decreased, anxiety and speculation at Omar increased.

Among those who hung upon the rumors of the approaching clash with greatest interest was Eliza Appleton. Since Dan's departure for the front she had done her modest best to act the part he had forced upon her, and in furtherance of their conspiracy she had urged O'Neil to fulfil his promise of taking her over the work. She felt an ever-growing curiosity to see the glaciers, and she reflected, though not without a degree of self-contempt, that nothing could be more favorable to her design than the intimacy of several days together on the trail. Although she had no idea that Murray could or would ever care seriously for her, she felt that there was a bare possibility of winning his transient interest and in that way, perhaps, affording her brother time in which to attain his heart's desire. Of course it was all utterly absurd, yet it was serious enough to Dan. And her own feelings?—well, they didn't matter.

She was greatly excited when O'Neil announced one evening: "I'm ready to make that trip to the front, if you are. I have business at Kyak; so after we've seen the glaciers we will go down there and you can take in the coal-fields."

"How long shall we be gone?"

"Ten days, perhaps. We'll start in the morning."

"I'm ready to leave at a moment's notice."

"Then perhaps you'd better help Natalie."

"Natalie!" exclaimed Eliza, seeing all her well-laid plans tottering. "Is she going?"

"Oh, yes! It's an opportunity she shouldn't miss, and I thought it would be pleasanter for you if she went with us."

Eliza was forced to acknowledge his thoughtfulness, although it angered her to be sacrificed to the proprieties. Her newspaper training had made her feel superior to such considerations, and upon this, of all occasions, she would have liked to be free of mere conventions. But of course she professed the greatest delight.

O'Neil had puzzled her much of late; for at times he seemed wrapped up in Natalie and at other times he actually showed a

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preference for Eliza's company. He was so impartial in his attentions that at one moment the girl would waver in her determination and in the next would believe herself succeeding beyond her hope. The game confused her emotions curiously. She accused herself of being overbold and then she noted with horror that she was growing as sensitive to his apparent coldness as if she were really in earnest.

To counteract this tendency she assumed a very professional air when they set out on the following morning. She was once more Eliza Appleton the reporter, and O'Neil, in recognition of this fact, explained rapidly the difficulties of construction which he had met and overcome. As she began to understand, there came to her a fuller appreciation of the man and the work he was doing. Natalie, however, could not seem to grasp the significance of the enterprise. She saw nothing beyond the even gravel road-bed, the uninteresting trestles and bridges and cuts and fills, the like of which she had seen many times before, and her comment was childlike. O'Neil, however, appeared to find her naïveté charming, and Eliza reflected bitterly:

"If my nose were perfectly chiseled and my eyebrows nice, he wouldn't care if my brain was the size of a rabbit's. Here am I, talking like a human being and really understanding him, while she sits like a Greek goddess, wondering if her hat is on straight. If ever I find a girl uglier than I am I'll make her my bosom friend!" And she jabbed her pencil viciously at her notebook.

When the engine finally stopped, it was in the midst of a tent village beside which flowed one of the smaller branches of the Salmon. In the distance the grade stretched out across the level swamps like a thin, lately healed scar, and along its crest gravel trains were slowly creeping. An army of men, like a row of ants, were toiling upon it, and still farther away shone the white sides of another encampment.

"Oh! That's Gordon's track," Eliza cried quickly. "Why, you're nearly up to him. How do you intend to get across?"

O'Neil nodded at the long, thin line of toiling men in the distance. "There's a loose handle in each one of those picks," he said.

"Somebody will be killed in that kind of a racket."

"That rests with Gordon. I'm going through."

"Suppose he had said that when Dan stopped him at the cañon?"

"If he'd said it, and meant it, he'd probably have succeeded. He bluffs; I don't! I have to go on; he didn't. Now, lunch is served, and since this is our last glimpse of civilization I advise you to fortify yourselves. From here on we shall see nothing but the wilderness."

He led them to a spotless tent which had been newly erected at the edge of the spruce. It was smoothly stretched upon a framework of timber, its walls and floor were of dressed lumber, and within were two cots all in clean linen. There were twin wash-stands also, and dressers and rocking-chairs, a table and a stove. On the floor beside the beds lay a number of deep, soft bear rugs. A meal was spread amid glass and figured china and fresh new napery.

"How cozy! Why, it's a perfect dear of a house!" exclaimed Natalie.

"You will leave everything but your necessaries here, for we are going light," Murray directed them. "You will stop here on our way back to Kyak, and I'll warrant you'll be glad to see the place by that time."

"You built this just for us," Eliza said accusingly.

"Yes. But it didn't take long. I 'phoned this morning that you were coming." He ran a critical eye over the place to see that its equipment was complete, then drew out their chairs for them.

A white-coated cook-boy served a luncheon in courses, the quality of which astonished the visitors—soup, a roast, delicious vegetables, crisp salad, a Camembert which O'Neil had imported for his private use, and his own particular blend of coffee.

The boat crews were waiting when they had finished, and they were soon under way. A mile of comparatively slack water brought them out into one of the larger estuaries of the river, and there the long, up-hill pull began. O'Neil had equipped his two companions with high rubber boots, which they were only too eager to try. As soon as they got ashore, they began to romp and play and splash through the shallows quite like unruly children. They spattered him mischievously, they tugged at the towing ropes with a great show of assistance, they scampered ahead of the party, keeping him in a

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"WHEN I'M WITH NATALIE, I BECOME AS HEAVY AND STUPID AS A FROG FULL OF BUCK-SHOT—I JUST BLINK AND BASK AND REVEL IN A SORT OF SPEECHLESS BLISS."

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constant panic lest they meet with serious accident. So it was with no little relief that, some hours later, he gave the order to pitch camp.

It was late summer, and O'Neil had expected to find the glaciers less active than usual; but heavy rains in the interior and hot, thawing weather along the coast had swelled the Salmon until many bergs clogged it, while the reverberations which rolled down the valley told him that both Garfield and Jackson were caving badly. It was not the safest time to approach the place, he reflected, but the girls had shown themselves nimble of foot, and he put aside his uneasiness.

Short though the miles had been, and easy as the trip had proved, Eliza soon found herself marveling that it should be possible to penetrate this region at all. The snarling river, the charging icebergs, the caving banks, and the growing menace of that noisy gap ahead, began to have their effect upon her and Natalie; and when the party finally rounded the point where Murray and Dan had caught their first glimpse of the lower glacier, they paused with exclamations of amazement.

They stood at the upper end of a gorge between low bluffs, and just across the hurrying flood lay the lower limit of the giant ice-field. The edge, perhaps six hundred feet distant, was sloping and mud-stained; for in its slow advance it had plowed a huge furrow, lifting boulders, trees, acres of soil upon its back. The very bluffs through which the river had cut its bed were formed of the débris it had thrown off, and constituted a bulwark protecting its flank. Farther up-stream the slope became steeper, then changed to a rugged, perpendicular face showing marks of recent cleavage. This palisade extended on and on, around the nearest bend, following the contour of the Salmon as far as they could see.

The sun was reflected from its myriad angles and facets in splendid iridescence. Mammoth caves and caverns gaped. In spots the ice was white, opaque; in other places it was a light cerulean blue, which shaded into purple. Ribbons and faint striations meandered through it like the streaks in an agate.

But what struck the beholders with overwhelming force was the tremendous, the unbelievable bulk of the whole slowly moving mass. It reared itself sheerly three hundred feet high, and along its foot the river hurried, dwarfed to an insignificant trickle. Here and there it leaned outward threateningly, bulging from the terrific weight behind; at other points the muddy flood recoiled from vast heaps which had slid downward and half dammed its current.

Back of these piles, the fresh cleavage showed dazzlingly. On, upward, back into the untracked mountains it ran, through mile upon mile of undulations, until at last it joined the ice-cap which weighted the plateau. As far as the eye could follow the river ahead, it stood solidly. Across its entire face it was dripping; a thousand little rills and waterfalls ate into it, and over it swept a cool, dank breath.

The effect of the first view was overwhelming. Nothing upon the earth compares in majesty and menace to these dull-eyed monsters of bygone ages. Nothing save the roots of mountains can serve to check them; nothing less than the ceaseless energy of mighty rivers can sweep away their shattered fragments.

Murray O'Neil had seen Jackson Glacier many times, but always he experienced the same feeling of awe, of personal insignificance, as when he first came stumbling up that gorge more than a year before.

For a long time the girls stood gazing without a word. They seemed to have forgotten his presence.

"Well?" he said at last.

"Isn't it *big!*" Natalie faltered with round eyes. "Will it fall over on us?"

He shook his head. "The river is too wide for that, but when a particularly big mass drops it makes waves large enough to sweep everything before them. This bank on our right is sixty feet high, but I've seen it inundated."

Turning to Eliza, he inquired: "What do you think of it?"

Her face as she met his eyes was strangely glorified, her eyes were shining, her fingers tightly interlocked.

"I—I'd like to cry or—or swear," she said uncertainly.

"Why, Eliza!" Natalie regarded her friend in shocked amazement, but Murray laughed.

"It affects people differently," he said. "I have men who refuse to make this trip. There's something about Jackson that frightens them—perhaps it is its nearness.

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You see, there's no other place on the globe where we pygmies dare come so close to a live glacier of this size."

"How can we go on?" Natalie asked.

"We must work our boats along this bank. If the ice begins to crack anywhere near us, I want you both to scamper up into the alders as fast as your rubber boots will carry you."

"What will you do?" Eliza eyed him curiously.

"Oh, I'll follow, never fear! If it's not too bad, I'll stay with the boats, of course. But we're not likely to have much difficulty at this season."

Eliza noted the intensity with which the boatmen were scanning the passage ahead, and something in O'Neil's tone told her he was speaking with an assurance he did not wholly feel.

"You have lost some men here, haven't you?" she asked.

"Yes. But the greater danger is in coming down. Then we have to get out in the current and take our chances."

"I'd like to do that!" Her lips were parted, her eyes were glowing, but Natalie gave a little cry of dismay.

"It's an utterly new sensation," O'Neil admitted. "I've been thinking of sending you up across the moraine; but the trail is bad, and you might get lost among the alders——"

"And miss seeing this thing! I wouldn't do it for worlds." Eliza's enthusiasm was irresistible, and the expedition was soon under way again.

Progress was more difficult now, for the river shore was paved with smooth, round stones which rolled under foot, and the boats required closest attention in the swift current. The farther they proceeded, the more the ice wall opposite increased in height, until at last it shut off the mountains behind. Then, as they rounded the first bend, a new prospect unfolded. The size of Jackson became even more apparent; the gravel bank under which they crept was steeper and higher. In places it was undercut by the action of the waves which periodically surged across. At such points Murray sent his charges hurrying on ahead, while he and his men tracked the boats after them.

In time they found themselves opposite the backbone of the glacier, where the Salmon gnawed at the foot of a frozen cliff of prodigious height. And now, although there had been no cause for apprehension, beyond an occasional rumble far back, or a splitting crack from near at hand, the men assumed an attitude of strained watchfulness and kept their faces turned to the left. They walked quietly, as if they felt themselves in some appalling presence.

At last there came a sound like that of a cannon-shot, and far ahead of them a fragment loosened itself and went plunging downward. Although it appeared small, a ridge promptly leaped out from beneath the splash and came racing down the river's bosom toward them.

"Better go up a bit," O'Neil called to his charges.

The men at the ends of the tow-lines scrambled part way up the shelving beach and braced themselves, then wrapped the ropes about their waists, like anchor-men on a tug-of-war team. Their companions waded into the flood and fended the boats off the rocks.

The wave came swiftly, lifting the skiffs high upon the bank, then it sucked them back amid a tangle of arms and legs. A portion of the river bottom suddenly bared itself and as suddenly was submerged again. The boats plunged and rolled and beat themselves upon the shore, wrenching the anchor-men from their posts. They were half filled with water, too, but the wave had passed and was scudding away down-stream.

Eliza Appleton came stumbling back over the rock-strewn bank, for during that first mad plunge she had seen O'Neil go down beneath one of the rearing boats. A man was helping him out.

"Nothing but my ankle!" he reassured her when she reached his side. "I was dragged a bit, and jammed among the boulders." He sank down, and his lips were white with pain, but his gray eyes smiled bravely. The boatman removed his chief's boot, and fell to rubbing the injury, while the girls looked on helplessly.

"Come, come! We can't stay here," Murray ordered. He drew on the boot again to check the swelling.

"Can you walk?" they asked him anxiously.

"Certainly! Two feet are really unnecessary. A man can get along nearly as well on one." He hurried his men back to their tasks, and managed to limp after them, although the effort brought beads of sweat to his lip and brow.

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It was well that he insisted upon haste, for they had not gone far when the glacier broke abreast of the spot they had just left. There came a rending crack, terrifying in its loudness; a tremendous tower of ice separated itself from the main body, leaned slowly outward, then roared downward, falling in a solid piece like a sky-scraper undermined. Not until the arc described by its summit had reached the river's surface did it shiver. Then there was a burst as of an exploded mine. The saffron waters of the Salmon shot upward until they topped the main rampart, there to separate into a cloud of spray which rained down in a deluge.

Out from beneath the fallen mass rushed a billow which gushed across the channel, thrashed against the high bank, then inundated it until the alder thickets on its crest whipped their tips madly. A giant charge of fragments of every size flew far out across the flats or lashed the waters to further anger in their fall.

The prostrate column lay like a wing dam, half across the stream, and over it the Salmon piled itself. Disintegration followed; bergs heaved themselves into sight and went rolling and lunging after the billow, which was rushing down-stream with the speed of a locomotive. They ground and clashed together in angry confusion as the river spun them; the greater ones upended themselves, casting off muddy cascades. From the depths of the flood came a grinding and crunching as ice met rock.

Spellbound, the girls watched that first wave go tearing out of sight, filling the river bank-full. With exclamations of wonder, they saw the imprisoned waters break the huge dam to pieces. Finally the last shattered fragment was hurried out of sight, the flood poured past unhampered, and overhead the glacier towered silent, unchanged, staring at them balefully like a blind man with filmed eyes. There remained nothing but a gleaming scar to show where the cataclysm had originated.

"If I'd known the river was so high, I'd never have brought you," O'Neil told them. "It's fortunate we happened to be above that break. You see, the waves can't run up against the current." He turned to his men and spurred them on.

It was not until the travelers had reached the camp at the bridge site that all the wonders of this region became apparent. Then the two girls, in spite of their fatigue, spent the late afternoon sightseeing. At this point they were able to gain a comprehensive view; for at their backs lay Jackson Glacier, which they had just passed, and directly fronting them, across a placid lake, was Garfield, even larger and more impressive than its mate. Thirty, forty miles it ran back, broadening into a frozen sea out of which scarred mountain peaks rose like bleak islands; and on beyond the range of vision lay still more ice.

They were surrounded by ragged ramparts. The Salmon River ran through a broken chalice formed by the encircling hills, and over the rim of the bowl or through its cracks peered other and smaller ice bodies. The lake at its bottom was filled by as strange a navy as ever sailed the sea; for the ships were bergs, and they followed each other in senseless, ceaseless maneuvers, towed by the currents which swept through from the cataract at its upper end. They formed long battle-lines, they assembled into flotillas, they filed about the circumference of a devil's whirlpool at the foot of the rapids, gyrating, bobbing, bowing until crowded out by the pressure of their rivals. Some of them were grounded, like hulks defeated in previous encounters, and along the guardian bar which imprisoned them at the outlet of the lake others were huddled, a mass of slowly dissolving wreckage.

O'Neil was helped into camp, and when his boot had been cut away he sent news of his arrival to Dan, who came like an eager bridegroom.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW THE TRUTH CAME TO ELIZA

Appleton found his employer with one foot in a tub of hot water and his lap full of blue-prints. O'Neil explained briefly the condition of affairs down the river.

"I want some one to make that crossing," he said.

"A volunteer?" asked Dan, with quickened pulses.

"Yes."

"Will I do?"

"I sent for you to give you the first chance —you've been chafing so at your idleness. We must have steel laid to this point before snow flies. Every hour counts. I daren't risk Mellen or McKay, for they might be

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disabled. I intended to take charge myself, but I sha'n't be able to walk now for some time." He swore a little, and Dan nodded sympathetically. "I wouldn't send anybody where I'd refuse to go myself. You understand?"

"Of course."

"If either McKay or Mellen were hurt," explained O'Neil, "I couldn't build the bridge, and the bridge must be built."

"If Gordon stands pat somebody may be —hurt."

"I don't look for anything worse than a few broken heads, but, of course, I can't tell. I'll stand behind you with my last dollar, no matter what happens."

Dan laughed. "As I understand the situation, you won't have a dollar unless we make the crossing."

"Right!" O'Neil smiled cheerfully. "The life of the S. R. & N. depends upon it. I'd give ten thousand dollars for your right ankle."

"You can have it for nothing, Chief. I'd amputate the whole leg and present it to you," Dan declared earnestly.

Murray took his hand in a hearty grip. "Perhaps I'll be able to serve you some time," he said simply. "Anyhow, I'll look out for the chance. Now spend the evening with the girls and leave in the morning. I'll be down as soon as I can travel to watch the fight from the side lines." O'Neil's voice was level, but his teeth were shut and his fingers were clenched with rage at his disability.

Dan hurried away, highly elated, but when he told Eliza of the part he had undertaken, she stormed indignantly:

"Why, the brute! He has no right to send you into danger. This isn't war."

"Sis, dear, it's my chance. He can't stand, and he daren't risk his right-hand men."

"So he sacrifices you! I won't permit it. Your life and safety are worth more than all his dollars. Let his old railroad go to smash!"

"Wait! More than my safety depends on this. He said he'd wait for a chance to pay me back. If I do this, he'll owe me more than he does any man on the job, and when he learns that I love Natalie——"

"Dan!" exclaimed his sister.

"Oh, he'll make good!"

"Why, you're worse than he! The idea of suggesting such a thing!"

"Don't preach! I've had nothing to do lately but think of her; she's always in my mind. The loneliness up here has made me feel more than ever that I can't exist without her. Why, I tell you, if I knew I had no chance with Natalie, I'd let Gordon's men put an end to me—that's how serious it is. But I have a chance—I know I have."

"Bosh! You've lived in railroad camps too long. I know a dozen girls prettier than she." Eyeing him with more concern, she asked seriously: "You wouldn't really take advantage of a service to Murray O'Neil to —to tell him the nature of your insanity?"

"I might not actually tell him, but I'd manage it so he'd find out."

"Don't you think Natalie has something to say? Don't you think she is more than a piece of baggage waiting to be claimed by the first man who comes along?" sputtered Miss Appleton, in fine disgust at this attitude. "She has more sense and determination than any girl—any *pretty* girl I ever saw. That's one reason why I hate her so. There's no use trying to select a husband for her. When the time comes she'll do the selecting herself. She'll knock over all our plans and walk blushingly up to the altar with O'Neil, leaving us out on the sidewalk to cheer. I'm sorry I ever tried to help you! I'm going to quit and get back my self-respect."

"You'll do no such thing. You'll continue to help your poor red-headed brother to the finish. Say! When I'm alone I'm just bursting with optimism; when I'm with you I wither with despair; when I'm with Natalie, I become as heavy and stupid as a frog full of buckshot—I just sit and blink and bask and revel in a sort of speechless bliss. If she ever saw how really bright and engaging I am——"

"You!" Eliza sniffed. "You're as uninteresting as I am."

"Now that you've pledged your undying support, here goes for some basking," said Dan, and he made off hastily in search of Miss Gerard.

Eliza had really made up her mind to wash her hands of the affair, but she wavered, and, as usual, she gave in. She did go to O'Neil to protest at Dan's selection for the post of danger, but after talking with him she began to see the matter in a new light, and her opposition weakened. He showed her that the S. R. & N. had an individuality of its own—an individuality

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greater than Murray O'Neil's, or Dan Appleton's, or that of any man connected with it. She began to understand that it was a living thing, and that O'Neil was merely a small part of it—a person driven by a power outside himself, the head servant of a great undertaking, upon whom rested a heavy responsibility.

She saw, for the first time, that the millions invested in the project imposed upon those concerned with its management a sacred duty, and that failure to defend the company's rights would be the worst sort of treachery. She began to appreciate also how men may be willing to lay down their lives, if necessary, to pave the way for the march of commerce.

"I never looked at it in this way," she told him when he had finished. "I—don't like to take that view of it, even now, but I suppose I must."

"Try not to worry about Dan," he said sympathetically. "We'll start back as soon as I'm able to move about, and I'll do my best to see that he isn't hurt. It's—tough to be laid up this way."

As the days wore on and Murray remained helpless, his impatience became acute, and on the fourth morning he determined to leave, at whatever cost in pain or danger to the injury. He gave orders, therefore, to have a boat prepared, and allowed himself to be carried to it. The foreman of the bridge crew he delegated to guide the girls down across the moraine, where he promised to pick them up. The men who had come with him he sent on to the cataract where Dan had been.

"Aren't you coming with us?" asked Natalie, when they found him seated in the skiff with an oarsman.

"It's rough going. I'd have to be carried, so I prefer this," he told them.

"Then we'll go with you," Eliza promptly declared.

Natalie paled and shook her dark head. "Is it safe?" she ventured.

"No, it isn't! Run along now! I'll be down there waiting when you arrive."

"If it's safe enough for you, it's safe enough for us," said Eliza. Climbing into the boat, she plumped herself down with a look which seemed to defy any power to remove her. Her blue eyes met O'Neil's gray ones with an expression he had never seen in them until this moment.

"Nonsense, child!" he said. "Don't be silly."

"Don't you try to put me out. I'll hang on and—kick. Don't you say 'please,' either," she warned him.

"I must," he protested. "Please don't insist."

She scowled like an angry boy, and seized the gunwales firmly. Her expression made him smile despite his annoyance, and this provoked her the more.

"I'm going!" she asserted darkly.

This outing had done wonders for both girls. The wind and the sunshine had tanned them, the coarse fare had lent them a hearty vigor, and they made charming pictures in their trim, short skirts and sweaters and leather-banded hats.

"Very well! If you're going, take off your boots," commanded O'Neil.

"What for?"

"We may be swamped and have to swim for it. You see the man has taken his off." Murray pointed to the raw-boned Norwegian oarsman, who had stripped down as if for a foot race.

Eliza obeyed.

"Now your sweater."

Natalie had watched this scene with evident concern. She now seated herself upon a boulder and began to tug at her rubber boots.

"Here! Here! You're not going, too!" O'Neil exclaimed.

"Yes, I am. I'm frightened to death, but I won't be a coward." Her shaking hands and strained voice left no doubt of her seriousness.

"She can't swim," said Eliza, and O'Neil put an end to this display of heroism with a firm refusal.

"You'll think I'm afraid," Natalie expostulated.

"Bless you, of course we will, because you are! So am I, and so is Eliza, for that matter. If you can't swim you'd only be taking a foolish risk and adding to our danger. Besides, Eliza doesn't know the feel of cold water as we do."

Natalie smiled a little tremulously at recollection of the shipwreck.

"I'd much rather walk, of course," she said, and then to Eliza: "It—it will be a lovely ramble for us."

But Eliza shook her head. "This is material for my book and I'll make enough out of it to—to——"

"Buy another orchard," Murray suggested.

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"DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? DAN WOULD NEVER HAVE FORGIVEN ME, AND— AND— I JUST *HAD* TO COME, THAT'S ALL."

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Feeling more resigned, now that the adventure had taken on a purely financial color, Natalie at length allowed herself to be dissuaded, and Eliza settled herself in her seat with the disturbing consciousness that she had made herself appear selfish and rude in O'Neil's eyes. Nevertheless, she had no notion of changing her mind.

When the other girl had gone, the oarsman completed his preparations by lashing fast the contents of the skiff—a proceeding which Eliza watched with some uneasiness. O'Neil showed his resentment by a pointed silence, which nettled her, and she resolved to hold her seat though the boat turned somersaults.

Word was finally given, and they swung out into the flood. O'Neil stood as best he could on his firm leg, and steered by means of a sculling oar, while the Norwegian rowed lustily.

Bits of drift, patches of froth, fragments of ice bobbed alongside so persistently that Eliza fancied the boat must be stationary until, glancing at the river banks, she saw them racing past like the panoramic scenery in a melodrama. The same glance showed her that they were rushing directly toward the upper ramparts of Jackson Glacier, as if for an assault.

Out here in the current there were waves, and these increased in size as the bed of the Salmon grew steeper, until the poling boat began to rear and leap like a frightened horse. The gleaming wall ahead rose higher with every instant: it overhung, a giant, crumbling cliff, imposing, treacherous. Then the stream turned at right angles; they were swept along parallel with the ice face, and ahead of them for three miles stretched the gauntlet. The tottering wall seemed almost within reaching distance; its breath was cold and damp and clammy.

O'Neil stood erect and powerful in the stern, swaying to the antics of the craft, his weight upon the sweep, his eyes fixed upon the Thing overhead. The Norwegian strained at his oars while the sweat ran down into his open shirt. The boat lunged and wallowed desperately, rising on end, falling with prodigious slaps, drenching the occupants with spray. It was splendid, terrifying! Eliza clung to her seat and felt her heart-beats smothering her. Occasionally the oarsman turned, staring past her with round, frightened eyes, and affording her a glimpse of a face working with mingled fear and exultation.

Thus far the glacier had not disputed their passage; it maintained the silence and the immobility of marble; nothing but the snarl of the surging flood reechoed from its face. But with the suddenness of a rifle-shot there came a detonation, louder, sharper than any blast of powder. The Norwegian cursed; the helmsman dropped his eyes to the white face in the bow and smiled.

Half a mile ahead of them, a mass of ice came rumbling down, and the whole valley rocked with the sound. Onward the little craft fled, a dancing speck beneath the majesty of that frozen giant, an atom threatened by the weight of mountains. At last through the opening of the gorge below came a glimpse of the flats that led to the sea. A moment later the boat swung into an eddy and came to rest, bumping against the boulders.

O'Neil sat down, wiping his wet face.

"Well, was it worth your trouble, Miss Kick-over-the-Traces?" he asked.

"Oh! It was glorious. I'll never forget it." Eliza's cheeks were burning now, her aching hands relaxed their hold, and she drew a deep breath—the first of which she had been conscious since the start fifteen minutes before.

"Now, on with your boots and your sweater. We'll have an hour's wait for Natalie."

The boatman fastened the painter and resumed his outer clothing. O'Neil lit a cigar and asked:

"Tell me, why did you insist on coming?"

"I was afraid something might happen to you." He raised his brows, and she flushed. "Don't you understand? Dan would never have forgiven me, and—and—I just *had* to come, that's all. It's corking material for me—I thought you might upset and I—I don't know why I insisted." She bent over her stubborn boots, hiding her face.

She was flaming to the ears, for suddenly she knew the reason that had prompted her. It rushed upon her like a sense of great shame. She recalled the desperate grip at her heart when she had seen him ready to leave, the wildness of her longing to share his danger, the black fear that he might meet disaster alone. It had all come without warning, and there had been no time for self-consciousness; but now she realized the truth. The poignant pain of it made her

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fingers clumsy and sent that flood of scarlet to her neck and ears.

When Natalie arrived, they cast off, and the remaining miles were made in a few hours.

Appleton joined them for lunch in the tent they remembered so well, and professed to be shocked at the report of his sister's foolhardiness. But whatever may have been Natalie's fear of ridicule, it promptly disappeared under his complete endorsement of her wisdom in refraining from such a mad adventure. As if to put her even more at ease, O'Neil was especially attentive to her, and Eliza reflected gloomily that men, after all, dislike bravado in women—that a trapeze artist or a lady balloonist inspires only a qualified admiration.

During O'Neil's absence work had progressed steadily. On his return he found the grade completed to within a few yards of Gordon's right of way. Although he was still unable to walk, he insisted upon going to the front, whither he was helped by Appleton and "Happy Tom."

Into the narrow space between the end of his embankment and that of his rival's, a gravel train was spilling its burden, and a hundred pick and shovel men were busy. The opposing forces also seemed hard at work, but their activity was largely a pretense, and they showed plainly that they were waiting for the clash. They were a hard-looking crew, and their employer had neglected no precaution. He had erected barricades for their protection, until his grade looked like a military work.

"They haven't showed any guns yet, but I'm sure they're armed," Appleton told his chief.

"How is the place lighted by night?" O'Neil inquired.

"Oil torches," Slater answered. "Ah! We've been recognized. That comes from being fat, I s'pose."

As he spoke, a donkey-engine at the right of the proposed crossing set up a noisy rattling, a thin steel cable whipped into view between the rails, and from the left there appeared a contrivance which O'Neil eyed curiously. It was a sort of drag, and rode back and forth upon the rails.

After watching the device scuttle back and forth for a few moments O'Neil said shortly:

"Post a notice at once, offering a thousand dollars for any man who cuts that cable."

"A thousand—" Appleton gasped. "Why, I'll do it! Let me——"

"No, you won't," Slater broke in. "I'll take that on myself."

"I spoke first. It's my first chance," Dan cried.

"It's my job! I'm going——"

"Wait a minute!" O'Neil silenced the two, who were glaring at each other angrily. "Don't let's have any fighting; there will be enough of that later."

"I spoke first," Dan repeated stubbornly.

"I had my mouth puckered to spit, that's why," the fat man explained. "A fellow has to spit——"

"I'd rather you wouldn't volunteer, Dan," said O'Neil.

"Why?"

"You might get hurt."

"Happy Tom" nodded his agreement. "Certainly! Never send a boy on a man's errand."

"And I don't want you to do it, either, Tom, for the same reason."

Slater mumbled some sort of sour acquiescence; but Dan would not be denied.

"You made the offer, and I took it up," he argued. "Somebody has to make the first move, and I have a particular need for exactly one thousand dollars. If they start a rumpus, it will give us the excuse we're looking for. I've been studying that 'go-devil' through field-glasses for two days now, and I'll guarantee to put it out of commission before Gordon's men know what I'm about. Just forget the reward, if you like, and give me a chance."

"What's your plan?" Slater inquired eagerly; but Appleton shook his head.

"No, you don't, Tommy!" he said. "I'm wise to you."

Murray hesitated briefly, then gave his permission. "I'd rather you'd let one of the rough-necks take the chance, but if you insist——"

"I do."

"Then get your sister's consent——"

Slater swore mournfully, as if from a heart filled with black despair.

"Ain't that my luck? One cud of gum cost me a thousand dollars! Hell! It would take a millionaire to afford a habit like that." He expelled the gum violently, and went grumbling off up the track.

When O'Neil had managed to regain the camp, he began preparations for an attack that very night, using the telephone busily.

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News of the coming affray quickly spread, and both the day and night shifts discussed it excitedly at supper-time. Nor was the excitement lessened when a loaded gravel train rolled in, and Doctor Gray descended from it with his emergency kit and two helpers from the hospital at Omar.

Up to this point both Eliza and Natalie had hoped that the affair might not, after all, turn out to be very serious; but the presence of the grim-faced surgeon and the significant preparations he set about making boded otherwise. Eliza undertook to reason with her brother, but her words refused to come. As a matter of fact, deep down in her heart was a great rebellion at the fate which had made her a woman and thus debarred her from an active part in the struggle. Natalie, on the other hand, was filled with dread, and she made a much more vigorous attempt to dissuade Dan from his purpose than did his sister. But he refused to heed even her, and soon hurried away to finish his preparations.

After supper the camp settled itself to wait for darkness. Night was slow in coming, and long before Appleton signified his readiness, speculation was rife. With the approach of twilight, the torches along Gordon's grade began to glow brightly. Then Dan set his watch with "Happy Tom's," kissed Eliza, and made off across the tundra. He left the S. R. & N. at right angles and continued in that direction for a mile or more before swinging about in a wide circle which brought him well to the rear of Gordon's encampment. The gloom now covered his movements, and by taking advantage of an alder thicket, he managed to approach very close to the enemy's position. But the footing was treacherous, the darkness betrayed him into many a fall, and he was wet, muddy, and perspiring when he finally paused not more than two hundred feet from the scene of the proposed crossing.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BATTLE OF GORDON'S CROSSING

Curtis Gordon was not in charge of his field forces, having left the command to his favorite jackal, Denny. Beneath his apparent contempt for the law there lurked a certain caution. He knew his rival's necessity, he appreciated his cunning. Wishing to guard against the possibility of a personal humiliation, he retired to Kyak, where he was prepared to admit or to deny as much responsibility as suited him. Denny had not forgotten O'Neil's exposure of his dishonesty, and his zeal could be relied upon.

From his covert, Dan Appleton measured the preparations for resistance with some uneasiness. If Denny had the nerve to use firearms, he would undoubtedly rout O'Neil's men, who had not been permitted to carry guns. By the bright torchlight, he could see figures coming and going along the grade, like sentinels, and from within the barricades of ties he heard others talking. The camp itself, which lay farther to the left, was lighted, and black silhouettes were painted against the canvas walls and roofs. Some one was playing an accordion, and its wailing notes came to him intermittently. He saw that steam was up in the boiler which operated the "go-devil," although the contrivance itself was stationary. It was upon this that he centered his attention, consulting his watch nervously.

At last ten o'clock came, bringing with it a sound which startled the near-by camp into activity. It was a shrill blast from an S. R. & N. locomotive and the grinding of car-wheels. The accordion ceased its complaint, men poured out of the lighted tents, Appleton moved cautiously out from cover.

He stumbled forward through the knee-deep mud and moss, bearing slightly to his right, counting upon the confusion to mask his approach. He timed it to that of the gravel train, which came slowly creaking nearer, rocking over the uneven tracks, then down upon the half-submerged rails which terminated near the opposing grade. It stopped finally, with headlight glaring into the faces of Denny and his troops, and from the high-heaped flat cars tumbled an army of pick- and shovel-men.

During the hullabaloo, Appleton slipped out of the marsh and climbed the gravel bed in time to see the steel cable of the skip tighten, carrying the drag swiftly along the track. The endless cable propelling the contrivance ran through a metal block which was secured to a dead-head sunk between the ties, and up to this post Dan hastened. He carried a cold-chisel and hammer, but he found no use for them, for the pulley was roped to the dead-head.

Drawing his knife, he sawed at the Manila strands. Men were all around him,

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but in their excitement they took no notice of him. Not until he had nearly completed his task was he discovered; then some one raised a shout. The next instant they charged upon him, but his work had been done. With a snap the ropes parted, the cable went writhing and twisting up the track, the unwieldy apparatus came to a stop.

Dan found himself beset by a half dozen of the enemy, who, having singled him out of the general confusion as the cause of disaster, came at him headlong. But by this time O'Neil's men were pouring out of the darkness and overrunning the grade so rapidly that there was little opportunity for concerted action. Appleton had intended, as soon as he had cut the cable, to beat a hasty retreat into the marsh; but now, with the firm gravel road-bed under his feet and the battle breaking before his eyes, he changed his mind. He carried a light heart, and the love of trouble romped through his veins. He lowered his head, therefore, and ran toward his assailants.

He met the foremost one fairly, and laid him out. He vanquished the second, then closed with a burly black man who withstood him capably. They went down together, and Dan began to repent his haste, for blows rained upon him and he became the target not only of missiles of every kind, but of heavy hob-nailed shoes that were more dangerous than horses' hoofs.

The engineer dearly loved a fair fight, even against odds, but this was entirely different: he was trampled, stamped upon, kicked; he felt himself being reduced to a pulp beneath the overpowering numbers of those savage heels. The fact that the black man received an equal share of the punishment, was all that saved Dan. Over and over between the ties the two rolled, scorning no advantage, regarding no rules of combat, each striving to protect himself at the other's expense.

They were groveling there in a tangle of legs and arms when "Happy Tom" came down the grade, leading a charge which swept the embankment clean.

The boss packer had equipped his command with pick handles and now set a brilliant example in the use of this, his favorite weapon. For once, the apathetic Slater was fully roused; he was tremendous, irresistible. In his capable grasp the oaken cudgel became both armor and flail; in defense it was as active as a fencing-master's foil, in offense as deadly as the kick of a mule. Beneath his formless bulk were the muscles of a gladiator; his eye had all the quickness of a prize-fighter. There was something primeval and appallingly ferocious about the fat man, too: he fought with a magnificent enthusiasm, a splendid abandon. And yet, in spite of his rage, he was clear-headed, and his ears were sensitively strained for the sound of the first gunshot—which he dreaded beyond measure.

He was sobbing as much from anxiety as from the violence of his exertions when he tore Appleton from the clutch of the black man and set him on his feet.

"Are you hurt, son?" he gasped.

"Sure! I'm—hurt like hell." Dan spat out a mouthful of blood and sand. "Gimme a club."

"Go back yonder," Tom directed swiftly. "Nail Denny before he gets 'em to shooting. Kill him if you have to. I'll take care of these fellers."

Dan saw that the engagement at this end of the line was no longer general, but had become a series of individual combats, so he made what haste he could toward the scene of the more serious encounter to the right of the crossing. He judged that the issue was still in doubt there, although he could make out little in the confusion, on account of the glaring headlight, which dazzled him.

As he ran, however, he discovered that the S. R. & N. forces were in possession of the middle ground, having divided the enemy's ranks like a wedge, and this encouraged him. Out of the darkness to right and left came shouts, curses, the sounds of men wallowing about in the knee-deep tundra. They were Gordon's helpers who had been routed from their positions.

Now that Appleton had time to collect himself he, too, grew sick with suspense, for he knew that arms had been stacked inside the barricades. Any instant might bring them into play. He began to wonder why Denny withheld the word to fire.

The next instalment of "The Iron Trail" will appear in the June number.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

YOUTH

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

GIULIA was in my employ. I hired her—paid her a housemaid's monthly wages. I have to state that in plain language.

I admit that we had an unfortunate beginning. Bertram had paid his share of the household expenses that morning in unspeakably soiled bills. I always touch our paper currency with reluctance; but this was literally unfit to handle, so I had laundered it, and was pressing it with the electric iron in the sewing-room when I discovered Giulia planted in the doorway, leaning informally on her broom and staring. She was a country pony of a girl, with a peasant's beauty, and one felt an old race in her blood; her interest in my performance was not raw, and her astonishment always smiled.

"Miss Stockwell has the Eye for Dirt," she said softly. "I know; I have work for it before. No nice, quick feather-duster, no nice, long, easy mop; all scrub, scrub. *I* know." And she turned to sweep the hall, mock melancholy covering an evident twinkle.

THE DAY SHE LOCKED ME OUT ON MY UP-STAIRS BALCONY, I DECIDED THAT SHE MUST GO.

I would have made some quiet attempt to regulate her attitude if I had not caught sight of my brother Bertram listening in open sympathy. Like most men, Bertram has no appreciation of household cleanliness. His shyness with women would usually have sent him tiptoe and embarrassed through a hall that held a strange housemaid; but he was smiling at Giulia as if she had been ten instead of twenty.

"Were you looking for me, Bertram?" I asked.

He started. "No. I was just going to take a look at Jerry," he explained, and slipped down-stairs in his usual bent-head fashion.

It was a curious thing, this shyness of Bertram's; for, with his good looks, his means, and his brilliant reputation, women were not at all inclined to be shy with him. Quite the contrary. But he never really enjoyed any companionship except that of children and dogs. His devotion to Jerry sometimes made me uncomfortable; but I could not be expected to have a great, bouncing dog all over the premises. I liked a well-bred cat, myself, but did not

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indulge the feeling. Jerry was boarded where he had every care, but Bertram was capable of breaking off his morning's work and walking ten blocks to bathe a scratched paw. If one interrupted him for anything legitimate, such as a visit from a relative, or to have the library cleaned, he became quite savage, for him.

Giulia watched him go with frank interest. "But he is old, too," was her rather startling comment. "And the cook is old. And the down-stairs Kate. All over forty. And I am so yong," she ended plaintively, then flashed a smile into my face. Like a handsome child, she assumed that every one was attached to her—an oddly disarming attitude.

I HAD LAUNDERED SOME PAPER CURRENCY AND WAS PRESSING IT WHEN I DISCOVERED GIULIA PLANTED IN THE DOORWAY.

It is difficult to understand some men. That afternoon I made Bertram go to a reception—at least, I told him that it was a family obligation, and a discourtesy not to, but, of course, I left the decision to him. He went, and was bored, shy, repellent, clinging miserably to a deaf old man who had once compiled an anthology of something. I saw charming women try in vain to make friends with him. They could not win a human gleam. We drove home in a silence that on my part was sufficiently eloquent. When we arrived I went straight up-stairs, but he paused to ask Giulia if a package had come. She stood with her hands behind her, exaggeratedly demure.

"No; no package for Mr. Bertram," she said, with clear, childlike candor. Now, from the head of the stairs I could see a book-shaped parcel in her hands, and I paused in surprise.

"Are you sure, Giulia?" he asked disappointedly. "It was promised for to-day."

She fell back a step, shaking her head. "You are very cross because it did not come?" she asked.

"Furious," he assured her, and smiled.

"Ah, that is too bad!" Then she showed a corner of the package. "It was not that you mean?"

"Oh, yes, it was." He started forward, but at the same moment she darted back; and then from the stairs I saw my brother Bertram chase the housemaid the length of the hall, round through both drawing-rooms, across to the library, and back through the hall, where Giulia dropped the book and vanished in a gurgle of laughter.

"Bertram!" I exclaimed. "Giulia is not a child. You must not——"

The face he lifted had lost all its constraint. "I wish she were," he interrupted. "I'd adopt her." And he marched into the library, closing the door. Well, it was the way he had always acted on the rare occasions when there had been a child in the house. My concern was only for the spoiling of an excellent servant.

I tried to talk to Giulia the next day—

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very kindly, for the girl had a young-animal quality that disinclined one to severity. She stood with bent head and drooping mouth, looking too humbled and crushed to be perfectly convincing.

"Oh, I am so b-a-d," she lamented.

Ten minutes later she was executing a wild scramble known as "last tag" with a red-headed youth who delivered our groceries, while Mary and Kate held their sides with laughter. It was discouraging.

I should have sent her away. To have a housemaid who is likely at any moment to play a joke is too wearing. The day she locked me out on my up-stairs balcony I decided that she must go. Kate came at once to release me, respectfully shocked, yet with her gravity a little shaken. I went straight to the kitchen, but met Giulia running wildly to find me. Mary—no doubt from laughter at Giulia's tale—had seriously cut her hand.

The prank was never even spoken of: Giulia's sympathy with Mary was too disarming. She cared for the wound, waited on her, did every one's work with joyous willingness. I saw then that her excellence as a housemaid was not due to any real love of cleanness: she merely desired to make others happy. If I had preferred home chaos, she would have achieved that just as readily. I do not say this disparagingly.

A singularly pleasant month followed Mary's recovery. Bertram took to humming about the halls, and was almost sociable at meals. The daily work went with a new swing. I had a maid who could be trusted even to wash out the waste-baskets with the bathroom hose—every good housekeeper knows all that that means. As I told Bertram, there seemed to be a special zest in the air. He responded with a warmth that should have made me suspect something, and the next evening I ought to have known.

We were finishing dinner, Bertram and I, when a shriek echoed through the house. It was Giulia's voice, and, wild though it sounded, I was more startled than alarmed; but Bertram turned a ghastly white. More shrieks followed as we hurried to the kitchen. It was not a scene of blood and horror. Giulia stood on a chair, skirts clutched, screaming, while Mary, rocking with laughter, chased a small mouse with a broom.

"Upon my word!" I said strongly, but Giulia still shrieked. She was enjoying herself superbly.

"Ah, be still, dear," pleaded Kate. "The poor beast won't hurt you."

"I got him, Julie!" Mary shouted. Never had I seen my kitchen so oblivious of my presence. The enemy disposed of, Giulia allowed herself to be helped down.

"I am always like that wiv a mouse," she explained, apparently expecting applause.

"If you make such a noise again, you leave the house at once," was what she got from me.

In the dining-room, Bertram quite turned on me. "You are unkind. People can't help these antipathies," he jerked out. "You might for once—" Then he went out, banging the door.

I ought to have known.

Giulia washed yards of white paint the next day, as a peace-offering—hanging her head as I passed and throwing side glances up at me. Never was there a more palpable humbug. When at last she won a smile, she dropped her penitence and her labors and raced down the back stairs shouting aloud that she was forgiven. I saw her presently telling Bertram the glad news, out in the garden, while he looked down at her with the smile he keeps for all young things. It did occur to me that perhaps Bertram's life was a lonely one; but people have no business to be so shy and constrained. They ought to get over it.

The blow came with stunning suddenness. Bertram left his library one afternoon and found me in the linen-room.

"I think it right to tell you," he said dryly, "that I am going to ask Giulia to marry me."

I could not speak, could not believe that I had understood.

"I know just how you will feel," he went on. "I am sorry. And you will want to warn me what it means to marry a—peasant. Believe me, I have considered every objection." His tone was very close to hostile.

Bewildered, suffocated though I was, I saw at once that I must be, above everything, wise. "Have you thought of her side of it?" I asked, as quietly as if I were not shaking from head to foot.

"Of course—" quickly. "I am over twice her age. But if she will have me—"

"She will," I interrupted. "And when you have taken her out of her active life—

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when other maids do her work for her, and you are shut up all day in your library, do you believe that she will be happy?"

He winced and there was a silence. "Very well, then—we will live in a cottage, and Giulia shall do the work as she was born to do it. And I shall like it better."

I kept my head as if I were driving a coach along a precipice. "Yes; but will she be wise enough to like it better? Girls like that dream of being ladies."

He flung out his hands. "I can't help it! For Heaven's sake, let me alone!" he cried.

I SAW BERTRAM CHASE THE HOUSEMAID THE LENGTH OF THE HALL, ROUND THROUGH BOTH DRAWING-ROOMS, AND BACK.

I saw that I was losing, but I made a last stand. "I will let you alone on one condition." I waited till his eyes asked what. "That you go away for a week without a word to Giulia. If you feel the same when you come back, I will not—make it any harder than I can help. But you owe me that, Bertram."

"You will play fair? You will not make one move against me?"

"On my word of honor."

I think he was glad to consent. He was grateful that I had spared him a scene. Later, I heard him tell Giulia in the lower hall that he was going away. Her voice took rich cadences of regret. When he had gone, she came racing up-stairs like a young whirlwind.

"Mr. Bertram, he kissed his hand to me!" she bubbled. Giulia's worst enemy could not have called her sly or designing.

Never did seven days pass more heavily. I could not really hope. The girl's charm lay in the richness of her nature as well as in the child-candor of her wide eyes and her rippling spirits. Seeing me sad, she would have worked her willing arms lame to cheer me. On her day out, Kate and Mary visibly moped. The grocer's youth could never leave without an exchange of "last tag." He brought her presents—an elaborate package containing nothing but sawdust, a twist of newspaper with a silver bracelet inside; and one had to smile with the child's delight.

On the afternoon Bertram was to return she asked me if she could go out, and I thought it fair to assent. I should not myself have sent her.

He came in the late afternoon, and one look at his face told me. We Stockwells are good losers. "She is not in now, but she will be soon," I said.

I don't know how long the silence had lasted when the door opened and Giulia, still in her flowered hat, stood before us. She smiled a greeting at Bertram, but her eyes came back to me, and her bearing had some important meaning.

"I come right away to tell Miss Stockwell, s'e has been so good to me," she began, faltering over the words. "Some day I s'all be leaving her. I go to be married."

I could not feel anything but Bertram's rigid stillness. "Who is the man, Giulia?" I managed to ask.

"He comes here with the groceries; but his father, he owns the store," she explained with pride.

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"And is he—" the words came of themselves—"is he good enough for you?"

"Oh, he is a good boy." Then she smiled and dimpled. "I like him," she confessed. "He plays jokes wiv me!"

Bertram lifted his head. "Would you have married me, Giulia?" he asked.

She met the question quite simply, considering him with a child's gravity. I saw him, with his fine perceptions, his look of gentle blood, his modestly carried renown, his kind heart, and his pleasant background; and, beside him, a red-haired lout whose whole face seemed to open for his guffaw, and who knew only the material of life, not its spirit. And I shivered.

Giulia's gaze ended in her rippling, pleading smile. "I am so yong!" she breathed, and slipped out.

Dinner was a weary farce for both of us. I ought to have rejoiced; but no doubt the prospect of losing the best housemaid I ever had, depressed me. And I could not get away from the look in Bertram's eyes. The clock was striking eleven when at last I gave up and followed him to the library.

"Bertram," I said, "if you want to bring Jerry home, I don't mind."

The light in his lifted face hurt me like an accusation. "Really? You mean it?" he stammered, starting to his feet. Then he hesitated. "You know he'll bother you!"

"No, he won't," I declared. "I am thinking of having a cat myself."

Bertram smiled at me as he usually smiles only at little children. "Do you mind if I get him now?" he asked.

LATE SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THISTLE-BLOOM in Scotland,
Iris-bud in Spain,
Wild tulips gleaming
All across Touraine,
Wine-dark and burnished
More than Homer's sea—
Violets, roses,
Crowning Tuscany:
These can bring no nearer
Loveliness I know
Locked in my lilac-buds
Out in the snow.

Devon fresh with hawthorn,
Haughty with her heather;
All the Irish hillsides
Wearing gorse together;
Paris spiced with chestnut,
Tokio with cherry;
Baden in pale primrose,
Garlanded and merry;
April, gipsy April,
Gone a-truanting:
Unlock my lilac-buds!
Yield me the spring!

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STRAIGHT TALK

THE LOAD ON LABOR'S BACK

I have been an interested reader of articles by Thomas W. Lawson, Lincoln Steffens, and other writers, as they appeared in EVERYBODY'S from time to time. I am quite sure that these writers have diligently sought for the inside facts of the particular phases of present-day society which they regard as most important; but they all seem to ignore the foundation on which this society is built, and they fail to see the facts that really count.

Nearly all the work in the highly organized industries is done by so-called unskilled workers, whose standard of living is about as high as that of the prehistoric cave-man—although the method of production of which they are a part is several hundred times more efficient.

These workers receive for their labor a wage which is in no way related to the work they perform, nor to the total amount of the product. The wage is determined solely by the supply of, and the demand for, laborers, and by the degree of poverty by which they are driven.

The wage paid to the workers is but a small part of the product, and the remainder of the product belongs to the owners of the industrial plant. This remainder may be called profit, or unearned increment, or surplus value, or any other nice, inoffensive name—or it may be called industrial plunder. It is not only the substance with which all the stock-gambling is done: it is also the sole means of subsistence for the larger part of respectable society.

It is the natural tendency of this unearned increment to concentrate into fewer hands and larger masses; and this process of concentration is accelerated by gambling and stock-manipulation.

Thomas W. Lawson's "Remedy" may retard the concentration of wealth, but that is not of the slightest interest to the useful workers.

The high cost of living is due to the decrease in the value of gold, which in turn is due to the increase in gold production, and, in a still greater degree, to the fact that only a small part of the gold is destroyed or consumed or lost, and the gold therefore accumulates almost as fast as it is mined. Gold has been decreasing in value ever since it was first used as a medium of exchange—several thousand years before stock-gambling was invented.

High prices affect the standard of living only because wages are not raised in proportion as prices rise. The decreasing value of gold automatically reduces the buying power of the wages, and conscious effort is required on the part of the workers to force the money wage up to a point where it will again provide them with the same kind of a living.

The only thing I have seen in the magazines so far that seemed to hold out any promise to the workers is the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, and even that promise sounds very faint and far-away.

The very first thing that the members of this commission should learn is that they, and the Congress by which they are appointed, and the whole legislative and administrative and judicial machinery through which they must act, are part and parcel of the burden that oppresses labor and causes industrial discontent, and that this burden must be removed from labor's back before the industrial discontent can cease. After learning this simple lesson they may proceed "to seek to discover the underlying causes of dissatisfaction in the industrial situation."

If they refuse to learn this primary lesson of industrial economics, they may as well stand aside and let the revolution proceed.

Yours for Industrial Freedom,

B. E. N.

Portland, Ore.

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WHY EDITORS PERSEVERE

Your "Advertising Goodness," by Gerald Stanley Lee, hits hard. I personally like it. And, if you will, tell Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee that he is on my book for a setting of my prize-winning Brown Leghorn eggs *free* to any address that he names. The best that I own is my Brown Leghorn hens. I enjoyed reading the article and feel that I owe more than what I paid for the magazine.

I have taken your magazine when I could afford to get it, ever since Thomas Lawson wrote "Frenzied Finance." When I read that first article of his I was packing apples in boxes, so I just marked one box to Tom and sent it along. His secretary wrote me, thanking me, and I was always thankful myself for sending it, as what he has done and is doing will always be remembered, especially by the man that has to fight to live—and I certainly do, as I have not seen the time in the last ten years that I could not hear the wolf barking if I went to the door and listened. But send on your address to this hen and get your eggs.

Wilton, N. H. H. F. McG.

DR. HUTCHINSON A "SOUR-DOUGH"?

Dr. Woods Hutchinson is a tactful and versatile writer. His articles abound in the practical, the humorous, and the useful. But he would not be human if he did not err sometimes, and the most misleading and cruel thing I have read from him is his unwarranted attack on the health-resorts of America, under the title "Taking the Waters," published in the February EVERYBODY'S.

This article, coming from a man whose "M. D." rings sonorously after his name in every magazine contribution, appears to hold a solemn warning, calculated to shake the faith of the millions who annually visit and believe in our national watering-places. Just why Dr. Hutchinson should train his guns on these great and legitimate national assets of ours, and covertly brand them as fraudulent, ridiculous, and foolish, is more than I can fathom.

The patronage of the widely known American health-resorts grows with our national prosperity and pride. The ablest medical men in the world, hundreds of recognized authorities on hydrotherapy, and thousands of more unpretentious M.D.'s, not only send their patients to mineral-water resorts to be benefited, when technical medicine can do no more—not only that, but they *go themselves*, knowing full well the superiority of the great and perfect chemistry of Nature's God over the puny and adulterated prescriptions of the human pharmacy; and by thousands and millions we can number the satisfied, healed, or benefited patrons.

He states specifically of Hot Springs, Arkansas, that the waters there do not cure certain diseases for which the resort is famed. I do not believe that they claim the *water* cures such diseases; and as for the mercury's doing it, it has been a well-known fact among the medical profession for nearly twenty years that *the medicines cure in favorable coaptation with the waters and baths*, which are indispensable adjuncts. So the doctor has foisted an antiquated fact upon us as his new-laid discovery—or the inference is that way.

What have the legitimate health-resorts of our country done to Dr. Hutchinson that he should cast this stigma upon them, and turn them into a joke? They are necessary adjuncts to the nation. They are distinct assets of any country—essentially so in America. Their virtues are too well known to be doubted, in spite of odium thrown upon them by the medical "sour-dough" or the disgruntled. A professional writer should not vaunt his title in an effort to dethrone thousands of his eminent brethren, even in an indirect way.

His criticism will not hold. The great majority of physicians, who neither write for magazines nor believe *all* they read in them, know better. And the millions who rely on natural mineral waters for their measure of life and health will not forsake their last and best hope. But Dr. Hutchinson is an able writer and scholar. He can draw an elephant with few strokes:

How easy! No trouble the colors to lay on;
It can't have fatigued him—no, not in the least.
A dash here and there with a haphazard crayon,
And there stands the wrinkle-skinned, baggy-limbed beast!

Excelsior Springs, Mo. J. J. G.

THE ONE FUNDAMENTAL

In your February number you sound the keynote of our needs in saying, "Let us get down to fundamentals." The only difficulty will be in the definite ascertainment of what is the fundamental. Each one of us is influenced by his environment and education, and will define his idea of "fundamental" from that point of view—and each will differ from the others. It would seem, however, that we can all agree that *one* of the main fundamentals—upon which lies most of hnman happiness—is Liberty, which is another name for Justice.

The great minds of each age have expressed this idea, each in different terms, yet with the same meaning.

ONE has said: "Do unto others even as you would they should do unto you."

Another has said: "Equal rights to all; special privilege to none."

Another: "Every man should have all that

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he earns, and every man should earn all that he has."

And still another: "The greatest good in the world is happiness. The only way to attain this is through the happiness of others. There is only one sin—selfishness."

Is there any doubt that all these had in view the one end—Justice?

It seems to me that the total ends of Justice will be subserved when we so administer our Government that "each man shall receive the total product of his labor." Then involuntary poverty will be impossible, and charity will be an insult.

Can we but educate the people to see this, then indeed will the first effulgent rays of the millennial dawn brighten the horizon of our hopes, and their realization may yet lift the burden from suffering humanity.

San Diego, Cal. P. McC.

WHY COSTLY COMMISSIONS?

I am puzzled to distraction as to whether the author of "A National Diagnosis" in your February number really has faith in legislative commissions, or with fine satire seeks to show the uselessness of this old and worn-out device of how-not-to-do-it. I suspect the latter.

The Commission of Nine, on Industrial Relations, with its $500,000, will meet and travel and take testimony and spend the money and report. Few outside of the commission will know what is in it. Later, when we have forgotten all about it, some one who has borne the burden of obloquy and adverse criticism will get a hearing, and put the finger of certainty upon the first thing to be done, and the people will arise and elect some men who will do it.

The Aldrich Banking Commission traveled the world over and spent hundreds of thousands of dollars. It brought forth a monstrosity built upon all the errors of past financial insanity. It sought safety for bankers and depositors, and came back to the very thing as a remedy that had caused the disease—Inflation.

Congress is now ignoring the commission's report and talking of doing what common sense, and banker's sense also, knows is the safe and effective thing—the insurance of depositors from loss under the direction of the Government, by taxing all the banks and creating a fund to pay the losses of depositors caused by bank failures. What causes bank panics? The fear of depositors that they will lose their money. When they know they are insured under the direction of the Government, the failure of one bank will not start a run upon others, and panics from that cause will cease.

So with this new commission that is to discover the underlying causes of dissatisfaction in the industrial situation. Mr. Lippmann thinks or says it is a large order. The size of the order is limited by the size of the appropriation, and the difficulty of making its report indefinite enough to satisfy the privileged few who want it so. Hundreds of thousands, probably millions, of the people know the cause of industrial unrest. It is old. It is the persistence of poverty in the midst of increasing wealth. It is lack of opportunity for men to earn remunerative wages, and the increasing power of unscrupulous combinations over the initiative and the energies of the individual, which is rapidly making beggars of us all.

The cause is known. It is the monopoly of natural opportunities through our laws which make the earth the property of the few, and make all of us beggars at the gates of the few for the right to live. The ownership of the land is the ownership of the people who must live upon it.

The remedy can be found by the commission in the book written by Henry George in 1879, and it will not cost them a fraction of a hundred thousand. It is safe gambling that they will not look there for it.

Chicago, Ill. G. V. W.

THE WISH TO BE GOOD

I was much interested in the article in the February number of EVERYBODY'S entitled "Advertising Goodness." There was so much of merit in the article that it seems a pity the writer thought it necessary to spoil it by half sneering at the church—the only agency I know which is continually devoting itself to advertising goodness of the genuine type.

But I must question the truth of the statement made by Mr. Lee that "everybody wants to be good." It reminds me of the famous story about the Dutchman who was called to rhapsodize over the great quantity of water falling over the precipice of Niagara, and who replied:

"Vell, vat's to hinder it?"

If everybody wants to be good, what is to "hinder" him from doing it? Isn't it true that "everybody" has a wish-bone in regard to this matter rather than a back-bone? Many people are being good in spite of untoward surroundings. I repeat, if all people want to do right, there is nothing to hinder them, as God stands ready to supply us all with the needed grace.

Phœnix, Arizona. F. C. R.

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A ROW OF BOOKS

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

"TELL us a fairy-story"—that's what all the world's saying, though not quite in those words, to the novelists. But the novelists fold their arms across their breasts and tilt their noses in the air, replying in chorus: "What d'you think we are? We don't write for children. We're experimenters in Life's laboratory and have grave, grave matters to discuss. If you do not like us, the loss is yours and not ours."

So they refuse to play with us, and grow bitter because their books don't sell; very frequently when they have grown thoroughly bitter, they call themselves realists. But the soul of life is in the things we dream—our doings are only a perishable body. When the men-and-women children of the world say, "Tell us a fairy-story," they prove themselves, unconsciously, truer artists than the novelists.

Every now and then there is some one sufficiently simple and kindly among our writers to unfold his arms and gather the children of the world about him. Perhaps he understands that the gravest things of life are the most beautiful and that they are to be found in the heart—not in social dissecting-rooms and marital laboratories. Post-mortem examinations are not pleasant, though they may be informing to scientists. So he turns our eyes to the mysteries of birth and love and longing; and he speaks of these most real of all realities in parables.

This season brings an armful of fairy-tales for grown-ups; among the best of them is "St. Quin" (Lane), by Dion Clayton Calthrop.

St. Quin was a very proper little boy and belonged to a very proper family. The St. Quins were so well-born that they could scarcely be reckoned individuals: they were heirlooms owned by their country and therefore bound to be conventional. But, strangely, despite the glass case in which they lived, just like crown jewels, and despite their carefully patrolled morals every St. Quin had a twist in his character—the gift at his christening of some mocking fairy. Edmund St. Quin's particular twist was the passion to live in a way that was romantic. As a boy he was kept in the traditional path by such warnings as, "The right people don't do that."

Ah, yes; but who are the right people?

In order that all the male St. Quins might get their wrongness over in one burst, an ancestor had left a curious legacy. When the son and heir became twenty-one he was called into his father's study, given ten thousand dollars, and told to go away and lose himself for five years. Throughout that time he was not allowed to communicate with friends or family. For ten years after he had returned he was pledged to keep silent as to where he had been and what he had done. With the five years of anonymous romance ended, he had to promise to live as a "right person," doing all the things that are considered proper. It was a bargain.

What Edmund St. Quin did with his respite from the glass case of convention, I am not going to tell. I only warn the reader to look out for Mariette and the old curio-shop in Paris.

St. Quin came home bronzed and penniless, and married a nice girl who was quite up to his family's standard of propriety. She was chosen for him; he raised no objections. For a while the elfin spirit in him slumbered, but presently it caused him to prowl. In an old Georgian street in London he reconstructed the fabric of his dream-world—it was there that he hid his imagination, in much the same way as the

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man in the Bible hid his talent in the earth. And his excuse? He thought that his wife was machine-made, as he himself pretended to be in her presence. But she wasn't. She also had her innocent, madcap dreams. One day, quite by accident, they found each other out and discovered each other to be the most deliciously lovable of improper persons.

And how this happened, once again, I am not going to tell.

"My Little Sister" (Dodd, Mead), by Elizabeth Robins, is also a fairy-story—an allegory with a grimly real-life ending. Something akin to this has happened many times in domestic history—a thing so complete in its tragedy that we lock the doors when we whisper of it. It is the story of murder done to the soul, which leaves the body to go on living tenantless. It is written in a spirit of hushed agony—from the first one is conscious of horror impending and reads on with clenched hands. Even when sunshine falls across the page, or the spring-time glory, which followed wherever the Little Sister went—even then one still feels the scarcely visible shadow of coming tragedy.

But this is a book of beauty—the quiet, intensest beauty which comes of remembered happiness. Very rarely in fiction has the glad, innocent freshness of girlhood, with its rain and sun, its joy and yearning, been so actually depicted.

We can see it all, clear-cut as a memory: The French mother in England, with her two daughters and no man in the family; the elder daughter, steady and capable; the younger, frivolous and lovable. The mother growing frailer, knowing that she will not live long enough to be a protector, and all the while half delighted and half appalled by her younger child's amazing beauty. So the elder girl, who tells the story, has been taught from the first that she must be her mother's deputy to the Little Sister.

How the task becomes difficult as they grow older, and how love enters into their lives through many doors: all this is told. And then the great climax, to which all the rest was preface—the journey of the two girls to London unaccompanied, the meeting at the station with the Grey Hawk, the strange house, the men, the discovery of the trap, the escape of the elder girl, and the murder done to the soul of the Little Sister.

All this has been written before in more detailed and brutal fashion. We have been given facts, facts, facts regarding the White Slave Traffic. But never before has the quivering horror of this commercialized murder of girls' souls—ten thousand times worse than mere physical murder—been so pitifully stated, with so much restraint, with so much passion. Miss Robins has accomplished something more than a work of supreme artistry; she has written a book sweet and grave and torturing—yes, and one which pulsates with noble anger. Its purpose is to rouse the social conscience; its way of doing this is by showing how beautiful was the soul so carelessly destroyed. There is an element of womanly greatness about the book's intention which goes far beyond mere literary worth.

"My Little Sister" is a story for which we should be thankful.

The third volume of Romain Rolland's extensive novel, "Jean-Christophe" (Holt), has at last come to hand. It is entitled "Journey's End." The series in reality consists of ten novels, which in the English rendering are bound up in three volumes for convenience. This last volume contains the three novels, "Love and Friendship," "The Burning Bush," "The New Dawn."

Romain Rolland has given us a new and daring fiction-method which will not be readily copied. He has taken the life of one man, a great, good-tempered child of genius, and he has shown us what the world made of him and what he thought of the world. He has done this for an invented character far more fully than any genuine biographer would have dared. And this is curious—he has made Jean-Christophe a more real person in our imaginations than are many of the men whose places of birth, death, and burial we may visit. For myself, I may say that not at one point in this extensive biography was my interest exhausted. I was always ready to go on and eager for more — there were loose strands of the stories of minor characters, which had been dropped, and which, I knew, must sooner or later be gathered up and woven into the main thread of the narrative.

Speaking of these minor characters, what amazes me most is the immense industry of invention which each one of them represents. They are thumbnailed in and there left; but any one of them would have afforded material for a complete romance.

The present volume shows us Jean-Christophe come into his fame. It shows us how he deteriorates, always consciously and lovably, and falls away from the austere standards of his poverty. It narrates his fugitive love-affairs—less worthy, though more human, than those of his early manhood. He becomes interested in Socialism and finds himself committed to anarchy. He kills his man, gentle dreamer though he is, and becomes a fugitive. Yet to the end the simple greatness of his

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nature is never for a moment obscured. It is the complex, grievous world that we blame for everything that happens—not Jean-Christophe. Things being as they were, the rest befell naturally.

It is useless to hope for such another series. But the fact that one does hope, is proof that this affront to the reader's patience has been appreciated. One is inclined to believe that Jean-Christophe will be held in higher estimation forty years hence than it is now. To-day one regards it as a miracle of industry; to-morrow it will be regarded as an inspired and energetic commentary on the manners, thought, and art-conceptions of the nineteenth century. For a man to read his own times correctly, he needs to be inspired; no amount of single-handed industry will help him to this success.

The story of "Nogi" (Holt), the Japanese Wellington, is told by Stanley Washburn in a little volume which would look well in the hands of every American schoolboy. Nogi was the Samurai, soldier and patriot, who crushed the Russians at Port Arthur and won for his country a footing on the mainland. Mr. Washburn was with him as war-correspondent both at Port Arthur and in the trenches at Mukden. He says of him: "He represents the most consistent idealist I ever knew"—that is the reason for writing his story. The temper of the little general was equal to that of the greatest Western soldiers in its chivalry, forbearance, and courage. In the narrative of his life the whole of his spectacular campaign passes in review. The book is valuable as a lesson in patriotism, as a comment on recent history, and as an interpretation of the finest side of Japanese character.

In the far-off days of Mrs. Oliphant the way to write a novel was to take a growing family and get them married. It was an easy and beautiful way for both reader and novelist—there were disappointments in love, the coming of the first baby, the doings of the black sheep of the family, who in the end turned out less black than he was painted; there were deaths, financial reverses, and all the host of little joys and sorrows to which a growing family is heir. When all's said and done, with all our cleverness we haven't improved much on Mrs. Oliphant and her contemporaries. She had one never-failing virtue—her characters were wholesome, genuine, and kindly.

How much this means you can judge by reading "Bobbie, General Manager" (Stokes), by Olive Higgins Prouty.

A more human little creature than Bobbie was never put between the covers of a book. If we don't know her in person, we know some one very like her. She's just a plain, loving, practical young person, the mother of a swarm of brothers and sisters, both older and younger than herself, whom she governs with American straightforwardness and humor. Undoubtedly she is the heroine; but she indulges in no heroics. She reports on her own likings and antipathies, but she never knows her own worth.

The story is the simple record of a New England family: the tender, incapable father, whose business is on the down-grade; the difficult twins; the vain little sister; the shallow sister-in-law; the cheap little sister-in-law from Vermont, who hides a heart of gold beneath her tawdry finery. All these people Bobbie has to manage — she does it.

The book is an excellent piece of social satire, and the satire has this rare merit—it is always true and unfailingly gentle. There is not one character for whom we do not feel toleration or sympathy. For some of them, especially for Bobbie, we have warm affection. And oh, by the way, of course Bobbie gets married.

For a girl to be christened Jezebel might be considered a handicap to her future. Richard Pryce has written a story about it—"Jezebel" (Houghton, Mifflin). Lord Dormoral suspected his wife of infidelity, so when a child was born he named her Jezebel. Lady Dormoral was so hurt in her feelings that she ran off with Mr. Riversley—and who can blame her? But as Jezebel grew to girlhood, Lord Dormoral recognized his own likeness and knew that he had suspected wrongly—his great fear was that the child might realize the slur he had cast upon her She had an inquisitive mind and was always inquiring. At first kisses sufficed to stifle her questions. But little by little she became aware that she was odd, so she did what many have done before her—she began to study her Bible, and with this result: She surprised the butler one day by looking down on him from the nursery casement, with cheeks smeared with vermilion from her paint-box, and hair piled up in an enormous chignon held together with pins and string.

"'Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?'" she asked. Whereto the astonished butler replied, "Take care you don't tumble." But he stroked his lip to hide a smile.

The book is full of delicious and whimsical bits of humor. Up to a point it is the feminine rendering of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." In the last part it falls off; but even to mention this of a story which has afforded so much enjoyment seems ungenerous.

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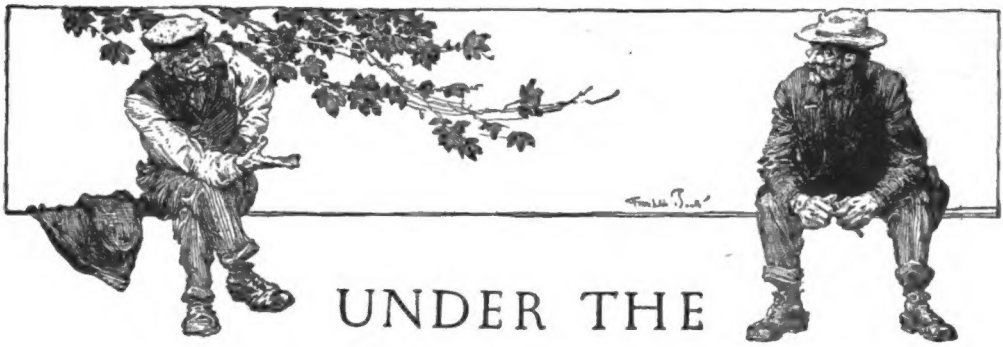

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A farmer in great need of extra hands at haying time finally asked Si Warren, who was accounted the town fool, if he could help him out.

"What'll ye pay?" asked Si.

"I'll pay what you're worth," answered the farmer.

Si scratched his head a minute, then announced decisively:

"I'll be *durned* if I'll work fer that!"

At a banquet of New York newspaper men, recently, a story was told to exemplify the pride which every man should take in the work by which he makes a living.

Two street-sweepers, seated on a curbstone, were discussing a comrade who had died the day before.

"Bill certainly was a good sweeper," said one.

"Y-e-s," conceded the other, thoughtfully. "But—don't you think he was a little *weak* around the lamp-posts?"

A well-known furniture dealer of a Virginia town wanted to give his faithful negro driver something for Christmas in recognition of his unfailing good humor in toting out stoves, beds, pianos, etc.

"Dobson," he said, "you have helped me through some pretty tight places in the last ten years, and I want to give you something as a Christmas present that will be useful to you and that you will enjoy. Which do you prefer, a ton of coal or a gallon of good whisky?"

"Boss," Dobson replied, "Ah burns wood."

The late John H. Twachtman, the well-known landscape-painter, was essentially an "artist's artist," in that his style appealed more to his colleagues of the art world than to the lay public. Any one familiar with the man and his work would say that the following incident, which is related of him, might easily be true:

A man who had bought one of the artist's paintings wished his opinion on the hanging of the picture, and invited him to dine. Mr. Twachtman expressed his approval of the background, of the height at which the canvas was hung, pronounced the light favorable—indeed, he said, there was only one particular in which he would suggest any change.

"And what is that?" inquired his host solicitously.

"Why," said the artist, "I should hang it the other side up. I always have."

During the demonstration of his new kinetophone, Thomas Edison said:

"With this invention an actor may hear himself speak as well as see himself act. Let us hope he won't be disappointed—like the piccolo-player in a music store who was urged to buy a phonograph. The dealer, as a last resort, got

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the man to make a phonographic record of 'The Last Rose of Summer' with his own piccolo.

"The dealer then ran the tune off, while the player—a really wretched performer—listened with a strange, frowning air. At the end the dealer said:

" 'There! Isn't that wonderful?'

" 'Hm—well—yes,' said the piccolo-player.

" 'And now,' said the dealer briskly, 'are you going to buy the phonograph?'

" 'No,' the player answered, 'I'm going to sell the piccolo.' "

Little Jimmy, aged six, had heard the expression "I should worry" for the first time one morning and had been repeating it all day whenever the occasion presented itself. That night when he knelt down to say his prayers he got it tangled up in them, and his mother was startled to hear this new version:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I should worry!"

An anxious traveler on a street-car, with watch in hand, seeing he had only a few minutes in which to catch a train, said to the conductor: "Can't you make any faster time than this?"

"Yes," answered the conductor, "I can, but I have to stay with the car."

An American mother was trying to instil in her seven-year-old daughter a spirit of patriotism while they were traveling in Mexico.

"Doris," she said, "this is George Washington's birthday!"

"Is it?" Doris queried indifferently. "What'd he get?"

Olaf, a big, heavy-handed Swede who drives a truck, rode home one evening on the street-car and gave the conductor a dime. The conductor sized him up as an "easy mark" and in change gave him a slick nickel that looked more like a tin tag than any sort of coin.

During lunch hour next day big Olaf had a crowd of drivers gathered round him and was telling them how he "got even" with his Nibs, the conductor.

"Yaa," said Olaf. "I giff tam conductor a dime. He giff me back slick nickel. Yaa—it ban so slick see y'face like mirror. I ban mad nuff to choke tam conductor. Yaa, but I waits for him to go up front car un' come back. T'en I says to him—'Misser Conductor, y'ban forget take my fare.' Yaa. Un' I giff back tam slick nickel to tam conductor!"

The late James R. Keane, himself almost a Forty-niner, used to tell many a story about the characters of those days.

"It was difficult then," he once said, "to be a temperance man, for to refuse to drink with a Forty-niner was a worse offense than to kiss his wife.

"A Forty-niner, twirling his long, drooping mustache, said to a tenderfoot in a bar-room:

" 'Have some red-eye with me.'

" 'Thank you—no,' said the tenderfoot, a total abstainer, firmly.

"There was a tense silence in the crowded bar. A pin could have been heard to drop. Then the Forty-niner reached back to his hip pocket and said with a weary sigh:

" 'Hell, can't I even take a drink without killin' a man?' "

The following sentences appeared in the small boy's letter to his chum:

"You know Bob Jones's neck. Well, he fell in the river up to it."

The manager of a lunch-room in Chicago is considerable of a figure in local politics and has a number of callers nearly every day. One of these came one day about lunch-time.

"Where's Jim?" he asked.

"Out to lunch," replied the cashier.

Certain promoters are so optimistic where other people's money is concerned, that they will promote not merely barren gold and silver mines, but the blue sky itself.

Former Postmaster-General Hitchcock was talking about a blue-sky promoter who had been convicted of fraud.

"This man's mine," he said, "reminded me, in its scarcity of gold, of the railway sandwich.

" 'There ain't no ham in this here sandwich,' a customer growled, seated on a high stool before the marble bar of a railway restaurant.

" 'Oh, you ain't come to the ham yet,' the attendant answered easily.

"The man ate on a while longer. Then he growled again: 'Still no ham.'

" 'Oh,' said the attendant, 'you've bit over it now.' "

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With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

"WASHINGTON, District of Columbia, on the Potomac River. Capital of the United States of America."

That is what the gazetteers say, and that it is, in steadily increasing degree.

Americans ought to keep their eyes on Washington. Not because it is a growing city of beautiful streets and historic buildings, but because of what's going on there nowadays. Things of more consequence in their effect on the common welfare of all of us than can easily be realized.

It is not merely the capital of the country in a geographical and historical sense. Not merely a place where bureaucrats have desk-room in which to wind and unwind red tape. Not merely a mailing address to which employees at large send reports and from which orders are sent.

Much more than that. A crucible where ideas from all parts of the country and all manner of men are being melted down and stirred and blended.

It is your capital, and you ought to keep track of what is going on there.

Hard to get at the truth? Indeed it is. Hard enough sometimes for those who are right there, "on the job."

For one thing, a tremendous amount of the significant work is done in committees, where little is seen by outsiders. Then, even those things that are visible are not reported to the extent that puts the reader in full command of events.

This is very different from the proceedings of the British Parliament, for instance. Leading newspapers by the dozen in London and the other important cities print every day literally pages of verbatim parliamentary reports—speeches, running debate, and all—besides the two or three column summary for hasty readers. And countless Britons read it all, every morning, to keep an eye on the Government at Westminster.

This is no rebuke of American newspapers because they don't do likewise. If they did, it is a question whether they would find readers for themselves thereby. And there's no question at all that such a newspaper policy would multiply speech-making for home consumption beyond all boundaries of space.

OUR ONE NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

Even the lure of the *Congressional Record* is hard to resist—not by readers, but by orators.

And yet the *Congressional Record* itself ought to have a larger circulation and a

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closer reading. Not that it tells the whole story of what goes on in Washington, or even all that is said on the floor of the two Houses. It represents little more than the revision of what men really said into what they wish to be understood as having said.

Nor does it carry the atmosphere and the significance of what is actually happening. If the unaccustomed reader is to get anything of service out of it, it has to be read in connection with some newspaper that undertakes a summary and running comment, with interpretation.

You see, we are saying a friendly word for all our contemporaries—the newspapers as well as the *Congressional Record*.

Then when it comes to the newspapers themselves, there is another puzzle that manifests itself to any one who reads two of them, of opposing views, any fine morning. Honest though they may be, partisan papers still emphasize the importance of things good or bad as they may appeal to the policy they support.

And if, as is naturally the case, the Republican reads a Republican paper, the Democrat a Democratic paper, the balance of judgment is thrown farther off center.

Wouldn't it be an interesting experiment for partisan readers to choose for one year partisan papers of the opposition instead of their own party organs? Surely some readjustments would occur, some tempers be stirred, and some fairer judgments be formed.

OUR WASHINGTON FRESHMEN

In Washington we have a new President, a new Cabinet, and a new party in control in Congress. Furthermore, Congress has so many new members who have never served before that the whole atmosphere of the Capitol is new.

Indeed, the atmosphere of Washington itself shows a change. It's almost like a college town in September, with a big, new, Freshman class just entered and feeling somewhat homesick, somewhat hazed.

Also, however, the Freshmen have still a lot of the fresh ideals that have been expressed for them by the home folks when they started out into the world.

So have the members of the new administration—President, cabinet, senators, and congressmen. Some of the idealism that they expressed while campaigning last fall. Some of what their loyal supporters credited to them. Some of the zeal that stirred their hearts as they faced the new, serious opportunity for service before them.

The cynical may call the ideals emotions, and the theories that will be offered fads, and the energy youthful enthusiasm. But it will be a great pity not to utilize the ideals and the theories and the enthusiasms.

Manifestly, things are going to be done in Washington this year. Things of far-reaching consequence in almost every phase of legislation and executive action. Things that will touch every citizen at some point of contact, and make him realize his Government more intimately than heretofore.

For there is fair assurance that the platform promises of the Administration are going to be watched from without and heeded from within official circles.

The President and the members of his Cabinet, executive commissions, committees of Congress, members old and new, all are stirring up legislative proposals with a fresh vision.

Think of the variety of things that will be at issue:

The revelations of the Pujo Committee; the currency and credit situation; the trusts and the tariff; the conservation of resources and health; the economies of our army and navy, and the good-will we may exchange with our Spanish-American neighbors; measures of administrative efficiency in every department of the Government service; and a host of other plans for real national betterment.

These are the final reason why all of us should be watching by every means available to know just what is going on at the nation's capital.

Observe how your congressman and your senator vote. Tell them clearly what you think of the righteousness of every measure on which you form a clear opinion. Notice if they justify a wrong position on a matter of national consequence by telling you of a public building gained for your county seat. Let them know you notice.

Try to think in terms of national benefits, of common welfare, instead of local pride or the advantage of any private interest, large or small.

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